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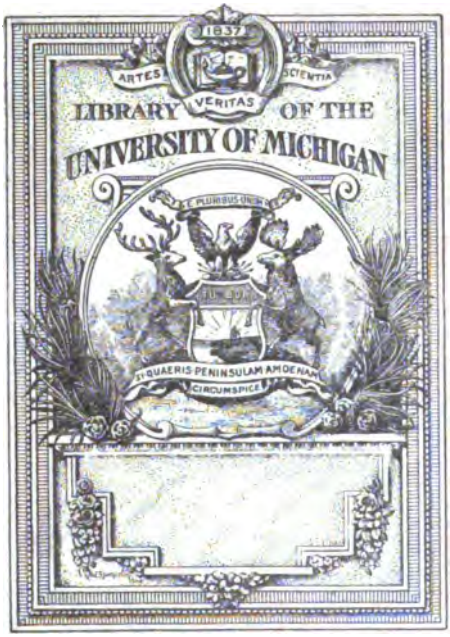

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HOOD'S OWN.

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
E. MOXON, SON, & CO., DOVER STREET.
1871.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE EPPING HUNT.

"Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself."—*Page* 157.

THE WORKS

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THOMAS HOOD.

LONDON:
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THE CARRIER'S WIFE.

"It's O for meat, it's O for drink,
And love the best of all the three!
Though gear is scant, I'd never want,
An' my good man were kind to me."

Old Ballad.

In the suburbs of Strasburg there lived a certain poor woman, by trade a sempstress, who was called Margaret. She was of the middle age; but so cheerful and sweet tempered, and besides so comely, and of such honest repute, that many tradesmen of respectable condition would have been glad to marry her. She had contracted herself, however, to one Kolmarr; a plausible fellow and a carrier, but in reality a smuggler and a very ruffian. Accordingly, whilst their honeymoon was yet in the wane, he began to use her very shamefully, till at last she was worse treated than his mules; upon which he made her to attend whilst he was smoking and drinking with his dissolute comrades.

Margaret, notwithstanding, being very humble and industrious, would never have repined at this drudgery; but on any ill luck which happened to him, his contraband wares being sometimes seized upon by the spies, he would beat her in a cruel manner. She concealed this treatment, however, from everybody, hoping some day to reclaim him by her kindness—never reproaching him, indeed, but by haggard and careful looks, which she could not help, for she shrank as often under the pinching hand of want as from that of her brutal husband. Her beauty and strength thus decaying together, she became at last so disgusting to him, that if he had not been as cautious and crafty as he was cruel, he

would have killed her without delay. As it was, he almost starved her, professing extreme poverty; at which Margaret never murmured, but only grieved for his sake over his pretended losses.

One day, as she was thus sitting disconsolate at her needle-work, and thinking over her hard condition, she heard a gentle knocking at the door, and going to see who it was, she beheld her cousin, a pedlar, who travelled through the country with his box of wares. At first sight of him she was very joyful, not having seen him for many years, but her heart soon sank again into despondence, when she remembered how wretchedly she must entertain him, if at all; for if Kolmarr knew that she bestowed even a crust of bread, he would certainly beat her. She bade her relation, however, to come in and rest himself.

"Alas!" she said, "I have nothing to give thee for thy supper, the house is so bare; and what is worse, I dare not make amends to thee with a night's lodging, for my husband is a very shy, reserved man, who cannot endure the presence of a stranger: if he found any one here, therefore, at his return, although he is kind enough upon other occasions, he would certainly chide me."

Her kinsman, after musing a little while over these words, answered her thus:

"Margaret, I perceive how it is. But do not be uneasy: the best houses may be found unprovided by a random comer. I am prepared, you see, against such emergencies: here is a flask of good wine, with a dried fish or two, and a handful of raisins,—of which I shall be glad to see you partake. Come, fall to;" and laying out his stores upon the table, he began to sup merrily.

Margaret, at this sight, was more alarmed than ever; nevertheless, after many persuasions, she began to eat also,

but casting her eyes continually towards the door, as if she feared a visit from an Apennine wolf. The time still drawing nearer for Kolmarr to return, she begged her kinsman to dispatch his meal, as he loved her, and then depart. "I will even do as you say," said he, still misunderstanding her; "so now show me to my chamber."

To this, Margaret, in great alarm, replied with what she had told him before, beseeching him not to take it ill of her that he could not sleep in her house; but to believe that she regarded it as one of her many misfortunes.

"I understand you," said he, "very well; but pray make me no more such excuses. I have told you I am not a man to quarrel with my accommodation. Though the bed be harder, and the sheets more coarse and ragged than you care to treat me with—I should lie very thankfully on the floor. So no words, woman, for hence I will not to-night for a king's bed of down."

Margaret, finding him so positive, and observing, besides, that he was flushed with wine, was fain to humour him; however, as she knew he was a discreet man, and that he would depart before sunrise, she hoped he might be lodged there that one night without the knowledge of Kolmarr. She took him up, therefore, into the garret, which contained nothing but a low sorry bed and a long stout rope, which Kolmarr had left there, probably, to tempt her to hang herself; for she had sometimes slept there alone when he ill-treated her. Her cousin, nevertheless, swore that it was a lodging for a prince.

"Nay," quoth she, "you are kind enough to view it so; but it is grievously troubled with the rats, as I have had cause to know;" and then hastily bidding him good night, she went down the stairs again, with her eyes brimful of tears.

After she had been down a little while, Kolmarr knocked

at the door, which made Margaret almost fall from her chair. He came in soberly, but in a grave humour, and observing how red her eyes were, he pulled her to him, and kissed her with much apparent affection. The poor woman was too full at heart to speak; but throwing her lean arms round his neck, she seemed to forget in that moment all her troubles; and still more when Kolmarr, with a terrible oath, swore that after that night he would never fret her again.

The grateful Margaret, being very humble and weak-spirited, was ready to fall down on her knees to him for this unusual kindness, and her conscience smiting her, she was just going to confess to him the concealment of her cousin, and to beseech his forgiveness for that disobedience, as the first she had ever committed as his wife. But luckily she held her peace, for her fears still prevailed over her; and on these terms they bestowed themselves together for the night.

Now, it was Kolmarr's custom of a night to pay a visit to his stable; he, as a rogue himself, being very fearful of the dishonesty of others; for which reason he likewise locked behind him the door of his bed-chamber, in which he deposited his commodities. About midnight, therefore, Margaret heard him go down as usual, but his stay was three times as long as ever it had been before. She became very uneasy at this circumstance; and moreover, at a strong smoke which began to creep into the chamber; whereupon, going to the window, she heard Kolmarr beneath, moaning like a person in great pain. In answer to her questions, he told her he had been beaten by some robbers, who had taken away his mules, and then set fire to the house.

"The back of it," said he, "is all wrapt in a flame; but what most grieves me of all, my dear Margaret, is that I cannot rescue thee; seeing that in my strife with the villains I have lost the key of the outer door. Nevertheless, if thou

wilt take courage, and cast thyself down, I will catch thee in my arms; or, at the worst, I have dragged hither a great heap of straw, so that no harm may befall thy precious limbs."

The crafty ruffian, however, intended her no kinder reception than the hard bare earth would afford to her miserable bones. His brutality being well known in the country, he did not care to kill her openly; whereas, in this way he hoped to make it apparent that her death was caused by accident; and besides, as it would be in a manner by her own act, he flattered himself there would be the less guilt upon his head.

The window being very far from the ground, Margaret, however, hesitated at the fall: and in the meantime the pedlar awaked; and smelling the smoke, and going forth to the window above, he overheard the entreaties of Kolmarr. The danger, by his account, was very imminent; so stepping in again for his pack, which was very heavy, the pedlar pitched it out in the dark by Kolmarr; who immediately began to groan in the most dismal earnest. The pedlar, knowing how heavy the box was, and hearing the crash, with the lamentations that followed, made no doubt that he had done for the man beneath; so, without staying to make any fruitless inquiries, he groped about for the rope which he had noticed in the chamber, and knotting it here and there, and tying one end of it to the bed, he let himself down, as nimbly as a cat, to his kinswoman's window. Margaret, touched by the moans of her husband, had just made up her mind to leap down at a venture, when the pedlar withheld her; and being very stout and active, he soon made shift to lower her down safely to the ground, and then followed himself like a sailor, by means of the rope.

As soon as Margaret was on her feet, she sought for

Kolmarr, who by this time was as quiet as a stone, and made no answer to her inquiries; the pedlar, therefore, concluded justly that he was dead, and speedily found out with his fingers that there was a great hole in the wretch's skull. At first he was very much shocked and troubled by this discovery; but afterwards, going behind the house, and seeing the smouldering remains of a heap of straw, which Kolmarr had lighted, he comprehended the whole matter, and was comforted. Then bringing Margaret, who was lamenting very loudly, to the same spot, he showed her the ashes, and told her how foolish it was to mourn so for a wicked man, who had died horribly through his own plotting against her life.

"The devices of the bloody man," said he, "have fallen upon his own head. Consider this, therefore, as the good deed of Providence, which, pitying your distresses, has ordained you a happier life hereafter; and for your maintenance, if God should fail to provide you, I will see to it myself."

In this manner, comforting her judiciously, Margaret dried her tears, reflecting, as many women do, but with less reason, that she must needs be happier as a widow than she had ever been as a wife. As for what he had promised, her kinsman faithfully kept his word, sending her from time to time a portion of his gains; so that, with her old trade of sempstress, and the property of Kolmarr, she was maintained in comfort, and never knew want all the rest of her days.

THE TWO FAITHFUL LOVERS OF SICILY.

"Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour,
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety but reward."
The Custom of the Country.

In the Island of Sicily there lived a beautiful girl called Biancafiore, whose father was a farmer of the imposts in that kingdom; she had several lovers, but the happiest one was Tebaldo Zanche, a young person of gentle birth but of indifferent estate, which caused him to be more favourably regarded by Bianca than her father desired, who had set his heart upon matching her with a certain wealthy merchant of Palermo. The power of a parent in those days being much more despotic than in our temperate times, the poor wretched girl was finally compelled to bestow her hand on the merchant, whereupon Tebaldo instantly took leave of his country, and with a hopeless passion at heart wandered over Europe.

As soon as she was married, Bianca was taken by her husband to his country-house, which was situated on the sea-coast, towards Girgenti, his chief delight being to watch the ships, as they fared to and fro on their mercantile embassies, whereas they only recalled to Bianca the small white sail which had disappeared with the unfortunate Tebaldo. This prospect of itself was sufficient to aggravate her melancholy, but her residence on the sea-shore was yet to expose her to still greater miseries.

It was not uncommon in those days for the Barbary cruisers, those hawks of the Mediterranean, to make a sudden stoop upon our coasts, and carry off with them, besides other

plunder, both men and women, whom they sold into slavery amongst the Moors, in default of ransom. In this manner, making a descent by night when Mercanti was absent at Palermo, they burnt and plundered his house, and took away Bianca; whose horror you may well conceive, when by the blazing light of her own dwelling she was carried off by such swarthy barbarians, whose very language was a sphinx's riddle to her, and might concern her life or death, and then embarked upon a sea of fire; for there happened that night a phenomenon not unusual in the Mediterranean, namely, the phosphorescence of the waters, which, whether caused by glowing marine insects or otherwise, makes the waves roll like so many blue burning flames. Those who have witnessed it know well its dismal appearance on a gloomy night, when the billows come and vanish away like fluxes of pallid fire, and withal so vapour-like and unsubstantial, that apparently the vessel, or any gross corporeal substance, must needs sink into its ghastly abyss. With such a dreary scene, therefore, and in the midst of those tawny-coloured infidel Moors, with their savage visages and uncouth garments and glittering arms, 'tis no marvel if Bianca thought herself amongst infernals and the demons of torture, on the sulphurous lake.

On the morrow, which scarcely brought any assuagement of her fears, they had lost sight of Sicily, and at last she was disembarked at Oran, which is an African port, over against Spain. Meanwhile Tebaldo was landing at Palermo, where he learnt, with a renewal of all his pangs, the fate of his beloved mistress. Forgetting all his enmity, therefore, he repaired presently to Mercanti, to concert with him how to redeem her out of the hands of the accursed Moors; a proceeding which he would not have paused for, had fortune put it in his power to proceed instantly to her ransom.

The merchant, lamenting his years and infirmities, which forbade him to go in search of his wife, Tebaldo readily offered himself to proceed in his behalf; adding, "that it was only through the poverty of his means that he had not sailed already at his own suggestion, but that if Mercanti would furnish him with the requisite sums, he should hope to restore the unfortunate Bianca to his arms." The merchant, wondering very much at this proposal, and asking, what securities he could offer for such a trust,—

"Alas!" quoth Tebaldo, "I have nothing to pledge for my performance, except an unhappy love for her, that would undergo thrice-told perils for her sake; I am that hopeless Tebaldo Zanche, who was made so eminently miserable by her marriage: nevertheless, I will forgive that, as well as all other mischances, if I may but approve my honourable regard for her, by this self-devoted service. There are yet some reasonable doubts you may well entertain of my disinterestedness and fidelity on such a mission, and I know not how to remove them; but when you think of the dangerous infidels in whose hands she now is, I have a hope that you may bring yourself to think her as safe at least in mine."

The passionate Tebaldo enforced these arguments with so many sincere tears and solemn oaths, and, besides, depicted so naturally the horrible condition of the lady amongst the Moors, that at last the merchant consented to his request, and furnishing him with the proper authorities, the generous lover, with a loyal heart, which designed nothing less than he had professed, set sail on his arduous adventure.

Let us pass over the hardships and dangers of such an enterprise, and above all its cruel anxieties, the hopes which were raised at Tunis being wrecked again at Algiers, till at

last he discovered Bianca amongst the slaves of a chief pirate at Oran, who, despairing of a ransom, began to contemplate her as his own mistress. Tebaldo's bargain was soon made; whereupon the lady was set at liberty, and to her unspeakable joy, by the hands of her own beloved Zanche; yet when they remembered the final consequence of her freedom, the brightness of their delight was quenched with some very bitter tears. The generosity of their natures, however, triumphed over these regrets, and with sad hearts, but full of virtuous resolution, they re-embarked together, in a Genoese carrack for Palermo.

And now their evil fortune still pursued them, for falling in with a Sallee rover, although they escaped a second capture by the fast-sailing of their ship, they were chased a long way out of their course, into the Straits of Gibraltar, and the wind turning contrary, increased towards night to a violent tempest. In this extremity it required all the tenderness of Tebaldo to encourage Bianca, whose low-spirited condition made her more fearfully alive to the horrors of the raging sea; which indeed roared round them as if the watery desert had hungry lions of its own, as well as the sandy wastes of Africa, but ten times more terrible; the ship's timbers, besides, straining as if they would part asunder, and the storm howling through the cordage, like the voices of those evil angels who, it is believed, were cast into the dreadful deep.

When the daylight appeared there was no glimpse of any land, but the ship was tossing in the centre of a mere wilderness of sea, and under the pitch-black and troubled clouds, which were still driving by a fierce wind towards the south. The sails were torn into shreds, and the mariners, ignorant of where they were, let the ship drift at the mercy of the unmerciful elements, which slacked not their fury

because the prey no longer resisted, but assaulted the helpless bark with unmitigated rage.

It could be no great wrong of Tebaldo and Bianca if, at such a time, they exchanged one embrace together in everlasting farewell. They then composed themselves to die calmly, as became them, in each other's company; not with any vain shrieks or struggles; but heroically, as they had lived and loved. Thus sitting together in a martyr-like mood, and listening to the awful rushes of the waters across the deck, they heard a sudden noise overhead, which caused Tebaldo to look forth, and, lo! there were the drunken mariners putting off from the ship's side in the long-boat, being beguiled to their fate by a glimpse of land, which none but their experienced eyes could yet discover. However, they had not struggled far with their oars, when three monstrous curling billows, a great deal loftier than any of the rest, turned the boat over and over, washing out all the poor gasping souls that were therein, whom the ensuing waves swallowed up one by one, without letting even their dying cries be heard through the bewildering foam.

After this sacrifice, as though it had appeased the angry Deity of the ocean, the storm sensibly subsided; and in an hour or two, the skies clearing up, Tebaldo perceived that they were off a small solitary island—the ship soon after striking upon a coral reef, about two hundred fathoms from the shore. The skies still frowning with a rearward storm, Tebaldo lost no time in framing a rude raft with spars and empty barrels; upon which placing Bianca, with such stores and implements as he could collect, he paddled towards the land, where they landed safely upon a little sandy beach.

Their first act was to return thanks to God for their miraculous preservation: after which they partook of a

repast, that after their fatigues was very needful; and then ascended a gentle sloping hill which gave them a prospect of the island. It was a small, verdant place, without any human inhabitants,—but there were millions of marine birds upon the rocks, as tame as domestic fowls, and a prodigious number of rabbits; the interior country, besides, seemed well wooded with various trees: and the ground furnished divers kinds of herbs, and some very gigantic vegetables, together with many European flowers, the transportation of which to such desolate and insular places is a mystery to this day.

The weather again turning boisterous, they took shelter in a rocky cavern, which the kind hand of Nature had scooped out so commodiously, that it seemed to have been provided with a foresight of their wants. Thus, with their stores from the ship, they were insured against any great present hardships—but one. Many unlucky lovers, I wot, have sighed for such an island, to take refuge in from the stern-hearted world; yet were two such fond persons in such an asylum, betwixt whom fate had set up an eternal bar! Such thoughts as this could not but present themselves very sorrowfully to the minds of Tebaldo and Bianca; nevertheless, he served her with the most tender and devoted homage, and as love taught him, contributed, by a thousand apt contrivances, to her comfort and ease.

In this manner suppose them to spend five or six days—the cave being their shelter, and Tebaldo, by fishing, or fowling, or ensnaring the conies, providing a change of food; so that, excepting the original hardship of their fortune, the lovers had little cause to complain. Their solitary condition, however, and the melancholy of Bianca, led to many little acts of fondness from Tebaldo, which were almost as painful to exchange as to withhold. It was no wonder, then, if

sometimes, in the anguish of his heart, some expressions of impatience burst from his lips, to which she answered with her tears.

At last, one day, when they were sitting on a gusty rock, which overlooked the sea, they both turned at once towards each other, with adverse faces and so despairing a look, that they cast themselves by common consent into each other's arms. In the next moment, however, forcing themselves asunder, Tebaldo began as follows, whilst Bianca covered her face with her hands :—

"I can bear this cruel life no longer! better were we far apart, as when you were living in Sicily, and I roaming for unattainable peace all over the world. The restraint of distance was dreadful but involuntary, and nothing so painful as this! Your tears flow before my sight, yet I must not kiss them away without trembling, nor soothe your audible grief upon my bosom—nor mingle my sighs with yours, though we breathe the same limited air and not in a distant clime. We were made for each other, as our mutual love acknowledges; and yet here, where there be none besides ourselves, we must be several and estranged. My heart is torn asunder by such imperative contradictions. Methinks there be but us two real creatures in the world, and yet the horrible phantom of a third steps in between and frowns us miserably apart! Oh, Bianca! I am crazed with doubts I dare hardly to name; but if fate did not mean to unite us in revocation of its former cruelty, why should we be thus thrown together, where there are none besides? As eternal a bar as was set up between us, is now fixed between you and your husband; Nature herself, by this hopeless separation, divorcing you from all other ties. God knows with what scrupulous exactness I have aimed at the fulfilment of my promise—but it were hard to be bound to

an impracticable solution. It was true we might not thus think of each other in Sicily—but we meet here as if beyond the grave. If we are, as I believe, in the forlorn centre of the vast ocean, what reasonable hope is there of our redemption:—since then, we are to spend the rest of our days together in this place, we can wrong no one, but redress a great wrong to ourselves, by the stricter union of our fates, which are thus far already married together, until the tomb."

The miserable Bianca wept abundantly at this discourse: however, she begged that Tebaldo would not mention the subject for at least seven more days, in which time she hoped God might save them from such a step by sending some ship to their succour. She spent almost all this interval in watching from the coast, but still there came no vessel, not so much even as a speck on the horizon, to give her any hope of return. Tebaldo then resuming his arguments, she answered him thus:—

"Oh, my dearest Tebaldo! let us rather die as we have lived, victims of implacable fate, than cast any reproach upon our innocent loves. As it is, no one can reprove our affection, which, though violently controlled, we have never disavowed; but it would kill me to have to blush for its unworthy close. It is true that in one point we are disunited, but there is no distance between our souls. We may not indeed gratify our fondness by caresses, but it is still something to bestow our kindest language, and looks, and prayers, and all lawful and honest attentions upon each other; nay, do not you furnish me with the means of life and everything that I enjoy? which my heart tells me must be a very grateful office to your love. Be content, then, to be the preserver and protector, and the very comforter of my life, which it is happiness enough for me to owe to your loving hands. It is true that another man is my husband,

but you are my guardian angel, and show a love for me that as much surpasses his love as the heavenly nature is above the earthly. I would not have you stoop from this pitch, as you needs must—by a defect of virtue and honour; still, if you insist, I will become what you wish, but I beseech you consider, ere that decision, the debasement which I must suffer in your esteem. Nevertheless, before such an evil hour, I hope God will send some ship to remove us, though, if I might prefer my own sinful will before His, I would rather of all be dead."

The despairing lovers at these words wished mutually in their hearts that they had perished together in the waves that were fretting before them,—when Bianca, looking up towards the horizon, perceived the masts and topmost sails of a ship, whose hull was still hidden by the convexity of the waters. At this sight, though it had come seemingly at her own invocation, she turned as pale as marble, and with a faltering voice bade Tebaldo observe the vessel, which with a deathlike gaze he had already fixed in the distance:—for doubtless they would rather have remained as they were till they died, than return to the separation which awaited them in Sicily:—however, the ship still approached with a fair wind, and at last put out a pinnace, which made directly towards the island.

And now Tebaldo became a bitter convertite from his own arguments, confessing that it was better to breathe only the same air constantly with Bianca, than to resign her companionship to another; neither did she refuse to partake in his regrets: and more tears were never shed by any exiles on the point of returning to their native land. With heavy hearts, therefore, they descended, hand in hand, like the first pair of lovers when they quitted their paradise, to whom, no doubt, these sad Sicilians inwardly compared themselves,

as they walked lingeringly to meet the boat, which belonged to a vessel of Genoa, and had been sent to obtain a supply of wood and water. The mariners wondered very much at their appearance, and especially at Bianca, who wore a fantastical cap made of rabbit skins, with a cloak of the same motley fur to defend her from the sharp sea air; and as for Tebaldo, his garments were as motley as hers, being partly seaman's apparel and partly his own, whilst his beard and mustaches had grown to a savage length.

The sailors, however, took them very willingly on board, where they inquired eagerly concerning Mercanti; but although the captain knew him well, having often carried his freightages, he could give no tidings of his estate. He promised, notwithstanding, to touch at Palermo; whither the ship made a very brief passage, to the infinite relief of the lovers; for now, after all their misfortunes, they were about to return to the same miserable point where they began. Bianca, therefore, spent the whole time of the voyage in grieving apart in her own cabin, not daring to trust herself in sight of Tebaldo; who, on his part, at the prospect of their separation after such an intimate communion of danger and distresses, was ready to cast himself into the sea.

Suppose them, then, arrived at Palermo, where Tebaldo, with a sadder heart than he had foreseen, proceeded to complete his undertaking, by rendering up Bianca to her husband. He repaired, therefore, to the house, and inquired for Mercanti; whereupon, being shown into his presence—

"I am come," said he, "to render up my trust, and would to God that my life were a part of the submission. I have redeemed your wife, at the cost of your ten thousand florins and some perils besides; for which, if you owe me anything,

I leave her my executor, for I have nothing left me now but to die."

The merchant, looking somewhat amazed at his discourse, then answered him thus :—

"If the lady you speak of is the wife of my brother, Gio. Mercanti, he has been dead these three months ; but I shall rejoice to see her, and, likewise, to make over the properties that belong to her by his bequest. And for the eminent service you have rendered to her, for my late brother's sake, I will gratefully repay you ; his last words having been full of concern for his dear lady, and of confidence in the integrity of the Signor Tebaldo Zanche ; which name, I doubt not, you have made honourable in your own person. I beseech of you, therefore, to lead me instantly to my kinswoman, that I may entertain her as she deserves."

The overjoyed Tebaldo, without waiting to make any answer to these courtesies, ran instantly on board ship to Bianca ; who now, without any reserve, cast herself into his loving arms. She did not forget, however, the tears that were due to the generosity of her dead husband, but mourned for him a decent season ; after which, with the very good-will of her parents and all parties, she gave her hand to the faithful Tebaldo. Thus, after many trials, which they endured nobly, they were finally made happy, as their long misfortunes and virtue well deserved ; and their names are preserved unto this day, as the Two Faithful Lovers of Sicily.

THE VENETIAN COUNTESS.

"The fire straight upward bears the souls in breath
Visions of horror circle in the flame,
With shapes and figures like to that of Death."—ALAHAM.

THE face of the Countess Rovinello, in the portrait which is still in the family palace at Venice, bears many signs of that stern and gloomy disposition which produced such bitter fruits in the end to herself and to others. The nose, more Roman than aquiline, resembling the features of the Cæsars, denotes forcibly her masculine firmness and determination of purpose; her dark eyes and lowering brow the pride of her heart, scarcely lower than that of the fallen Angel; and her puckered curling lip, the scorn and cruelty of her humour. Ambitious, inflexible, and haughty by nature, she was by education subtle, unmerciful, and a bigot; the confessor Landino, a Jesuit, being constantly at her elbow, and holding the secret direction of all her affairs.

This man coming one day into her chamber, discovered the Countess in a fit of uncontrollable rage, a thing in her very unusual; for she disdained, generally, to show any outward signs of her emotions. Mistrustful, therefore, of her own voice, lest it should falter, she held out an open letter, her hand quaking all the time like an aspen leaf, and made a motion for Landino to read it; who, as soon as he had glanced at the writing, gave back the paper with these words:—

"This affair is old news with me. The blind passion of your son for the young English heretic was well known to me months ago, and nothing has been omitted to break off

so scandalous a match. I have many skilful agents in England, but for this once they have been frustrated in their endeavours."

"Father," returned the offended Countess, "you are prudent and wise in most cases: but would it not have been as well to have shared your information with myself? The authority of a mother, in such a matter, might have had some weight in the scale."

"We have not failed," said Landino, "to menace him in the name of the Holy Church, the mother of his soul, whose mandates in authority exceed those of the mother of his body. As for your ignorance, it was a needful precaution, that any acts of severity might seem the inflictions of the spiritual parent rather than your own."

The Countess nodded her head gravely at this speech, to signify that she understood the hint of Landino, notwithstanding she felt anger enough at heart to have made her agree to any measures, however cruel, for the prevention of so hateful a marriage. Her great confidence, however, in the skill and subtlety of the confessor, assured her that no means had been omitted for that design, and now it only remained to concert together by what means they could separate the young people from each other. In the meanwhile, the artful Landino had craft enough to discover that the Countess meditated a match for her son, which would not have suited certain political views of his own; accordingly he changed his game, resolving that the marriage of Rovinello and the young English lady should stand good, trusting that he could afterwards mould it to his purpose.

"What you say of separating them," he said, "is well enough, as far as the mere punishment of the parties is concerned; but we must look beyond that, to other considerations. Nothing would be more easy, as you know,

than to annul the marriage, for which the Holy Church hath ample power and a sufficient good will; but it will be a more difficult thing to disentangle their affections from each other. Granted, then, though you should even tear away your son by force from the arms of the heretic, it will be impossible to drive him against his will into any other alliance. As for the girl, she is of gentle birth and a large fortune, and for loveliness might be one of the angels, seeing which, it is a pity but to think on the peril of her immortal soul. Such a woman, as the wife of your son, brings us endless sorrow and shameful annoy; whereas such a convert would tend to our infinite honour, and at the same time prevent the misery of the young people here, as well as the perdition of a soul hereafter."

The Countess understood clearly the drift of this discourse; and after some further arguments it was agreed that she should receive the young people with an apparent kindness, and induce them to reside with her for some time at the palace, during which she was to exert her joint influence with Landino to convert the young lady to the Roman Catholic faith.

It was with many justifiable misgivings that Rovinello contemplated the introduction of his beautiful bride to his mother, for he knew her implacable nature. Notwithstanding, with the fond imagination of a lover, he hoped that the loveliness and gentle manners of his mistress would finally overcome even the most stubborn of prejudices. Trusting in this delusion, he took his wife to the palace of the Countess, who was sitting, when they entered, on a couch at the further end of the apartment; but Rovinello could perceive a look on her countenance that filled him with despair; for her dark eyes were fixed upon him quite motionless, like those of a statue, and her lips were utterly

white through passionate compression. Notwithstanding that the young pair had advanced to the middle of the chamber, she never rose from her seat, till Rovinello, coming up to her very feet, with a faltering voice presented the young lady to her notice.

The inflexible Countess, in return, merely fixed her eyes on the Englishwoman, who at this strange reception began to shake all over with fear; and the more, because she felt the hand of Rovinello trembling within her own. After a long silence, more dreadful than any words, the timid creature, plucking up her courage a little, began to speak as follows, with great sweetness of tone and manner:—

"Pray, madam, do not scorn to receive me as your child, for I have no parent in this far-off land, unless the mother of my dear Rovinello. I cannot bear to think that I am hateful to any one that regards him with affection: pray, therefore, do not spurn me thus from your heart."

At the last of these words the Countess rose up, and with a tone at once calm and stern, and a befitting look, desired the young lady to kneel down and receive her blessing. The obedient girl, with bended knees and clasped hands, stooped down as she was commanded, at the feet of the haughty Countess; and in this position heard, but only half comprehended, in Latin, the following sentences:—

"From my mouth and from my heart, I curse thee, wicked heretic. I commend thee to flames here, and to flames hereafter. Amen. Amen."

I have said that the Englishwoman did not quite comprehend these words; but she saw by the ghastly countenance of Rovinello that they were very horrible. As for that unhappy gentleman, he let go the hand of his wife, and grasping his forehead between his palms, as though it were about to burst asunder, he staggered a step or two apart.

and leaned quite stunned and bewildered against the wall of the chamber. His cruel mother noticing this movement, cast a fiercer look than ever towards the speechless lady, and then turning towards Rovinello, addressed him thus :—

"Son, thou hast come home to me this day after years of travel; but in such a manner, that I would rather behold thee crucified;" and with that she pointed to a large ebony cross, whereon was the figure of our blessed Saviour curiously carved in ivory; the holy blood-drops being represented by rubies, so as to form a more lively effigy of the Divine sacrifice.

It was made evident by these speeches, that the implacable temper of the Countess had overcome all the counsels of Landino, who entered just at this moment, to perceive that his arguments had been in vain. He reproved her with some asperity, for her unchristian spirit, and her temper being by this time cool enough to be restrained by policy, by dint of much dissembling, there was an apparent reconciliation between all the parties. Thus, it was arranged as had been concerted beforehand, Rovinello consenting, with great satisfaction, to pass some months with his wife in the palace of his mother.

The unhappy Englishwoman, however, though now living under the same roof with the Countess, and caressed by her every day, began soon to find this reconcilement more intolerable than the former estrangement. At length, Rovinello seeing her grow more and more dejected, her beautiful eyes being filled with tears whenever he returned to her, after even an hour's absence, began to inquire the cause.

"Alas!" she said, "I have cause enough to weep; for I am treated here with such a cruel kindness, that but for your dear love, I should wish myself a hundred times a day

in my peaceable grave;—for I am assured, every hour, that the souls of my dear honoured parents are at this very time suffering unspeakable torments; a saying which, whether true or false, ought to cost me a great deal of misery or displeasure. To aggravate these feelings, the confessor Landino exhorts me so constantly to secure myself from the like perdition, that satisfied with a heart to love thee withal, I wish, sometimes, that I had no soul at all to care for."

Having spoken thus with some bitterness of manner, she again fell a-weeping; whereupon, Rovinello, touched with her tears, declared that her peace should no longer be assailed by such arguments; and in truth, having sojourned some years in England, his own sentiments on such matters partook of the liberality and freedom which belong seemingly to the very atmosphere of that fortunate country. Accordingly, after making various excuses to his mother, he set off with his lady to a country-seat, which was situated on the sea-coast; and here they lived together for some months very happily.

At the end of that time, Rovinello received one day a letter which required his immediate attendance at Rome, and taking a very tender farewell of his lady, he departed. His affairs detained him four or five days at the capital, and then he returned home with all possible speed, indulging in a thousand fanciful pictures by the way of his wife's joyful endearments at his return; whereas, when he reached the house, he was told that she had been carried off by force, no one knew whither; the servants being taken away likewise in the middle of the night. A Moorish turban, which had been left in one of the rooms, supplied the only clue for discovery of her destiny, for in those days it was a common thing for the Algerine rovers to make a descent on the Italian coasts. The distracted Rovinello, therefore, went instantly on ship-

board, and required to be carried over to Africa, intending at all perils to ransom his dear lady, or partake of the same captivity. There happened to be a neutral ship in the port, so that he engaged a vessel without much difficulty; but he had barely been out at sea a few hours, when fresh thoughts flashed on his mind, now at leisure for deliberate reflection, and made him alter his course. It was ascertained, from other vessels they fell in with, that no Barbary ships had been seen latterly near the coast, and besides, the very partial plunder of his own mansion, in the midst of many others, made it seem an improbable act to have been committed by the pirates; he ordered the helm, therefore, to be put down, and returned immediately to the shore.

And now a dreadful question began to agitate his mind, which, whether with or without reason, was very afflicting to entertain, for it seemed impossible, at the first glance, that any womanly heart could be so obdurately cruel and tiger-like, as wilfully to disjoint the married love of himself and his lady by a deed so atrocious; but when he recalled the stern temper of his mother, and above all her horrible malediction, his heart quite misgave him, and delivered him up to the most dreadful of ideas. It was rumoured, indeed, that Landino had lately been seen in the neighbourhood, and there were other suspicious reports afloat amongst the country people; but these things were very vague and contradictory, and all wanted confirmation.

The miserable Rovinello, with these suspicions in his bosom, repaired instantly to Venice, but the Countess was either guiltless or else dissembled so plausibly, that his thoughts became more bewildering than ever, and, at length, through grief and anxiety, he fell into a raging fever. His mother attended upon him with the most affectionate assiduity, almost to the removal of his doubts; and especially as she

seemed to consider his bereavement with a very moderate but sincere sorrow; whereas, to judge by the common rule, if she had disposed herself of the unhappy Englishwoman, she should have been constant and violent in her expressions of condolence.

In this manner several weeks passed away, Rovinello being very languid from his illness; at last, one day, after being more agitated than common, he desired to take an airing with his mother in her coach, and was observed to be particular in giving instructions to the driver as to his route. The man, attending to his commands with exactness, began to drive very slowly towards a certain spot, and at length stopped immediately in front of those terrible Lions' Heads of the Inquisition, which have heretofore swallowed so many secret denunciations. The Countess asking with some terror why he lingered at that spot, "I am come here, mother," he said, "to await the result of a very curious speculation."

With these words, he riveted his intense eyes upon those of the Countess, who very suddenly turned aside, and called out to the driver to go on; but the man remained still, according to the direction of Rovinello. The latter had now raised his lean hand to the coach window, and pointed to the gaping jaws that received the accusations.

"Mother," said he, "pray fix your eyeballs stedfastly upon mine; and now tell me, have you never fed yonder cruel Lions?"

Hereupon, he looked stedfastly upon the eyes of the Countess, which seemed instantly to reel in their sockets, and her cheek turned as pale as ashes. Rovinello, convinced of the guiltiness of his mother by her looks, did not wait for any other confession, but plainly saw his lady, as though through the solid stone walls, in the dreary dungeons of the

Inquisition. In the meantime, his hand had dropped from the window to his cloak, where he had concealed a small pistol, loaded with two balls; and setting the fatal engine against his heart, without another word he discharged it into his bosom, before the very eyes of his unnatural parent.

The servants getting down at the report, ran instantly to the door of the carriage, which was filled with smoke, so that at first they could not perceive the nature of the calamity; at length they discerned the Countess, leaning quite senseless against the back of the coach, her clothes bedabbled with blood, and the body of Rovinello stooping forward upon her knees. It was plain that he was quite dead, wherefore, placing the body upon a kind of litter, some of the people carried it home to the palace. The miserable Countess was driven back to the same place, where she continued for many hours, in frantic transports of horror and remorse; and when she became calmer, it was only from her strength being so exhausted that she could neither rave nor writhe herself any longer. As for the confessor Landino, he was never suffered to abide an instant in her presence, though he made many such attempts,—the mere sight of him throwing the wretched Countess into the most frightful ecstasies.

Some days after the catastrophe of Rovinello, there was a procession through the streets of Venice, which excited a lively interest amongst all classes, being nothing less than the progress of certain wicked heretics to the stake, where they were to be burnt, in order that the Christian spirit might revive, like a Phœnix, out of the human ashes. There had not been a festival of this sort for some time before, so that the people prepared for it with great eagerness, all putting on their holiday clothes, and crowding into the streets, almost to their mutual suffocation; the day being very warm, but otherwise as fine and serene as could be desired for such a ceremony.

The number of the wretched criminals was nine, of whom there was one woman. Their heads were all shaved, and their feet bare, with fetters round the ankles and wrists of each person. They were dressed in long, yellow penitential robes, painted all over with fiery tongues, or flames, except on the back, where there was a large blood-red cross. Their caps were of the same colours, tall and pointed, in shape somewhat like extinguishers, though not intended for that use, and each of the wretches held in the left hand a lighted taper; though this part of the show was rather dimmed by the brightness of the noontide sun. Certain bare-headed friars walked by the side of the criminals, holding up the cross at every few paces before their melancholy eyes, and exhorting them to suffer patiently, and without any impieties, to which the doleful creatures made answer only by their boisterous lamentations.

There were two of the procession, however, who differed in this particular from the rest, the first of them having become an Atheist, it was said, since his imprisonment by the Holy Office. This obdurate man marched along erect and silently, without either sigh or groan, to the sacrifice, having first cast his taper in scorn amongst the populace, who would fain have torn him in pieces for this act of contempt, but for the consideration that he was going to make a more adequate expiation.

As for the other person who did not join in the clamorous outcries of the rest, this was a female, young and beautiful, and indeed the wife of the unfortunate Rovinello, though that circumstance was unknown to the generality of the spectators. Her luxuriant hair had all been cut off, and she wore the same cap and robe of humiliation with the others, but in going barefoot, her tender small white feet were tipped with bloody red, like the morning daisies, through

trampling on the rugged flinty-hearted stones. Thus she marched beside the Atheist, not a whit more desponding than he, but with a better hope, looking often upward towards the merciful skies, which contained the spirit of her beloved Rovinello. The multitude beheld her meekness and devout submission, for so it seemed to them, with great satisfaction, nor did the friars omit to point her out frequently, for the edification of the bystanders.

And now, being come to the appointed spot, which was a convenient open space, the usual preparations were made for the burning. In the middle of the area stood four goodly stakes, which as well as the faggots had been smeared over with pitch and tar, that they might blaze the fiercer. The Chief Inquisitor, with the brethren of the Holy Office were comfortably seated in front, to overlook the spectacle, and on either side, the court, and the nobility according to their degree; meanwhile, the common rabble got such places as they could, some of them even being hoisted up on the shoulders of their fellows. And truly it was a goodly sight to look round on such a noble assemblage, in their robes of state, the very common people having their holiday suits on, and piety and contentment shining together on every countenance.

After sundry tedious formalities, the abominable Atheist, being the chiefest heretic, was placed foremost, immediately under the eyes of the Grand Inquisitor, who desired nothing so much as the glory of his conversion. The priests of the Holy Office, therefore, used a thousand arguments to persuade him of his errors; but the desperate man refused to listen to their discourse, replying, when opportunity offered, only by the most scornful expressions. Thus, although there were three friars constantly exhorting him at one time, namely, two Carmelites and a Benedictine, they might as

soon have persuaded the north wind to blow southward, as the current of his impiety to take another course.

In order to save him from the guilt of further blasphemies, the Grand Inquisitor made a sign for the faggots (the priests having first duly blessed them) to be heaped around his feet, hoping by this preparation to terrify him into recantation, whereas the unshrinking heretic looked on with the greatest composure. Observing that he smiled, the Grand Inquisitor demanded the cause of his mirth—for they were near enough to hold a conference together.

"I am thinking," said he, "how yonder bald-pated monks, who are flinching from the heat of the sun, will be able to bear the fiery circles of glory which they promise themselves about their crowns."

At this scoffing answer, his case seeming truly desperate, and his heresy incurable, the fire was ordered to be applied without further delay to the faggots, which kindling up briskly, the scornful countenance of the infidel was soon covered over by a thick cloud of smoke. As soon as the flames reached his flesh, a sharp cry of anguish was heard through the upper vapour, and a priest stepping close in to the stake, inquired if the criminal yet repented of his damnable errors.

"I called out," said he, "only for a little of your holy water."

The friar, overjoyed at this triumph, stepped back with all haste to get some of the sanctified element, and began to sprinkle him.

"Nay," quoth the relapsing heretic; "I meant it only to be bestowed on these scorching faggots."

At this fresh contempt the wood was strirred briskly up again, and sent forth redoubled volumes of fire and smoke, so that it was evident he would soon be consumed.

The flames lapping him quickly all round, and driving the smoke into the upper region, the burning figure could plainly be distinguished in the midst, now thoroughly dead, the wretched man having been stifled in the beginning of the fire. Notwithstanding, on a sudden there was a loud shout from the people, "He is praying! He is praying!" and lo! the scorched black carcase was seen plainly to lift its clasped hands towards the skies. Now the case was this, that the cords which confined his arms being burnt asunder by chance, before those which bound his wrists, his arms by the contraction of the sinews were drawn upwards, in the manner I have described—however, the multitude fancied quite otherwise, and the Atheist is affirmed to have become a convert to this very day.

A couple of wicked perverse Jews having been disposed of in the like way, (the rest of the criminals, save the female, being recusants who had been brought to the stake only for the sake of example)—there remained but the young Englishwoman to be dealt with. During the burning of the others, she had remained tied to the stake with the faggots about her feet, and the confessor Landino by her side, who promised himself much glory from her conversion, whereas she never condescended to listen to his harangues, but with eyes turned upward, and her mind absent, and in a better place, continued her secret prayers with much fortitude and devotion. The dreadful firebrand, which was made of three torches twisted into one to typify the holy mystery, being brought in readiness to kindle the fire, Landino besought her to consider whether her tender body could endure such torments.

"By the help of God," she replied, "I will. The smoke of your last offering is already in the skies, and my spirit is fain to follow."

The Grand Inquisitor hearing this answer, delivered with

such a resolute tone and look, made a sign to Landino to let him speak.

"Miserable child!" he cried, "do you believe that the souls of heretics enjoy, at the very first, that blessed ascension? Wretched, wretched creature, you will learn otherwise in purgatory!"—and he made a sign for the torch to be thrust into the pile.

"At least," interrupted Landino, "at least confess the tender mercy of the holy church thou contemnest, who thus, by this charitable purgation of thy body, redeems thy soul from everlasting perdition; and by these flames temporary, absolves thee from flames eternal."

"My parents," replied the lady very meekly, "were both Protestants; and it seems most becoming, at this last hour of my life, to continue in that faith whereunto they bred me. As for your flaming charity, I pray God that it may not be repaid to you in kind, at the great day of judgment;" with which answer she closed her eyes, and set herself stedfastly as if she would hear no more speeches.

The Confessor Landino, who heretofore had been unable to make any impression on her firmness, hereupon gave up all hope of prevailing over her quiet but constant spirit; but as for the Grand Inquisitor, he was quite beyond his patience. "Let her be burned!" he cried; which command was performed without delay.

At the first sharp pang of the cruel flames, a sudden flush, as though of red-hot blood, mounted up into the marble cheeks of the unfortunate lady, and she drew her breath inwards with a very long shuddering sigh. The reflection of the increasing fire soon cast the same ruddy hue on the countenances of all the spectators, for the flames climbed with merciful rapidity up her loose feminine garments. Those who were nearest saw her head drop suddenly, as she

choked, upon her bosom; and then the cords burning through and through, the whole lifeless body tumbled forward into the embers, causing a considerable flutter of dust and smoke; and when it cleared away, there was nothing to be seen but a confused heap of ashes and dying embers.

Thus perished that lovely, unhappy English gentlewoman, in her prime of youth, far away from all that regarded her with love, and with few that looked on her with any degree of pity. And now the people were about to depart with mutual congratulations, when suddenly there arose a great bustle towards the quarter of the Grand Inquisitor, and in a few moments the Countess Rovinello, in deep mourning, was seen kneeling at his feet. Her face was quite haggard and dreadful to look upon, and her dress so disordered as to make her seem like a maniac, but her gestures were still more frantic-like. Whatever her suit might be, the Inquisitor seemed much ruffled, and got up to depart; but she seized hold of his gown and detained him, whilst she continued to plead with great earnestness.

"You are too late!" he said, and withal he pointed his wand of office to the heap of black ashes that stood before him.

The Countess, letting go her hold, went and gazed for a minute on the cinders; then stooping down and gathering up a handful of the dust, she returned, and before he was aware, strewed some on the head of the Inquisitor, and the remainder upon her own.

"Let these ashes," she said, "be in token of our everlasting repentance."

After this awful ceremony,—neither of them without signs of remorse in their countenances,—they separated to console themselves as they might for their parts in this melancholy tragedy.

A TALE OF THE HAREM.

"Imprison'd songster, my unhappy fate
Is, like thy own, disconsolate;
Thou art a prisoner, I a prisoner too,
Thou singest, and I sing."—*Spanish Romances.*

In the maritime warfare between the Genoese and the Turks, though the Mussulmen were worsted in nine battles out of ten, it happened sometimes that one or two galleys of our own were taken by the Infidels; and through one of these mishaps an Italian gentleman named Benetto, who was a singing-master, and on his passage to England, became a captive to the enemy. Being a very resolute man, he fought till there were more slashes in his clothes than had been fashioned by the tailor; but the crew being mastered by a superior force, the musician was put in chains on board of the Turkish ship. The latter having been well mauled in the engagement, with many iron pellets sticking in her sides, and her tackling in a state of great disorder, made all the sail she could into port, where the captives were disposed of as slaves to the highest bidder.

Now it chanced luckily for Benetto, that he was purchased by an agent of the Sultan of Constantinople, and sent to work as an assistant in the gardens of the Seraglio; whereas others, being bought by avaricious people, underwent a variety of changes, passing from one master to another, but without any difference for the better in their condition. The fortunate Benetto, on the contrary, led an easy life enough, having only to tend upon the flowers and shrubs for the gratification of the ladies of the Harem; and what proved a great comfort to him was, that he had no mistress

to mourn for in a distant country; so that though he sighed sometimes for liberty, he never gave himself up to despondency like the rest of the captives.

Thus he continued to dig, and water the plants very contentedly, as though he had been born for that task, being a man of that happy cheerful disposition which can accommodate itself to any circumstances; and besides, the superintendent of the pleasure-grounds was of as pleasant a humour as himself, which tended very materially to his ease. And truly it was well that Benetto kept up a better heart than the captive Jews in Babylon; for he had by nature a melodious voice, improved by heart to great perfection, the science of music having been his peculiar study; and oftentimes he beguiled himself after his day's work by singing over his most favourite airs.

The apartment of the ladies of the Harem stood, luckily, at such a convenient distance, that Benetto's voice found its way through the windows, which were sure to be left open every night, for the sake of the warbling of the nightingales that harboured amongst the trees. The discourse of the ladies turning one evening on the ravishing notes of that bird, and its amours with the rose, there came a deep sigh from the bosom of one of the Sultanas, a Circassian, and she affirmed that there was a voice more enchanting than that which had been so much commended.

"As for the bird it belongs to," she said, "to judge from his tune, he must be of a most delicate figure and plumage; for though I cannot make out a single word, there seems a most passionate meaning in whatever he sings."

At this speech, one of the ladies burst into tears, and leaned down her beautiful face between her hands; for she was an Italian by birth, and remembered well the sweet languishing and love-breathing ditties of her native land;

the rest of the women crowding about her at these symptoms of emotion, and inquiring the reason,—

"Alas!" she sobbed, "the songs that you hear come from no bird, but from a human voice, which belongs to some unfortunate captive from my own dear country beyond the sea. I wonder not that you found it so touching, for that kind of melody belongs naturally to our clime. The songs there are so full of love and tenderness, that the amorous rose, instead of merely opening her bosom as she does to the song of the bulbul, would put forth wings in place of leaves, to fly after the musician."

Nor did the fond lady speak beyond her feeling in this matter, so dearly does memory exaggerate the merits of things beloved. Anon the clear voice of Benetto sounded again upon the distant wind; and when it was silent, the mournful lady responded with a canzonet so exquisitely pathetic, that the listeners, though they did not comprehend even one syllable of the words, were melted instantly into tears. The singer herself, coming at last to a certain passage, which seemed to cause the very breaking of her heartstrings, was so overcome, that she could proceed no farther; but, with a throat swelling with grief instead of harmony, cast herself upon a sofa, and gave way to an ecstasy of tears.

In the meantime Benetto, hearing the voice in the garden, had drawn near to the window, and recognised the song to be one of the compositions of Italy, which set his heart aching more seriously than ever since he had been a captive. However, he soon plucked up his spirits; and congratulating himself that there was one person at least in Constantinople to take part with him in a duet, he concerned himself only to contrive how to get admitted to the concert.

Accordingly, choosing the best of his pieces, he sang them

in the garden every night with the tenderest expression, the ladies being always confined after dusk within the palace. At last, the Sultan happening to hear his music, had a mind to enjoy it nearer; so, sending a slave to fetch the gardener into an ante-chamber, which was separated from that of the ladies only by a silken curtain, Benetto was commanded to sing some of his best songs. As he executed them in very excellent style, the Sultan, who had a good ear enough for an infidel, was exceedingly pleased with the performance. Commending the musician, therefore, in very gracious terms to Angelina, for that was the name of the Italian lady, she made bold to answer him as follows:—

"Sire, I agree with your Majesty that the slave has a sweet voice, and an agreeable style of singing; notwithstanding, there are several of the airs, and especially one piece, which, as far as I remember of the music, are capable of much tenderer expression. By your Majesty's leave, if I might hear that song once or twice over, I think I could remember the variations, which I think would afford your Majesty an increase of pleasure."

The Sultan, who was passionately fond of her voice, immediately commanded Benetto to sing over again the last song, and which was an air capable of very melancholy cadences. Now Angelina was an improvisatrice, and could compose verses at pleasure, so when it came to her turn to sing, she set extempore words in Italian to the music, which spoke to the following effect:—

"Ah, Florence! fair Florence! city of my heart, shall I never behold thee again?

"There are marble walls between us, and gates of brass—but my thoughts go wandering up and down thy familiar streets!

"Methinks I see my beloved home, with the very flowers that I left growing upon the terrace!

"Methinks I see thee, gentle Arno, shining merrily in the sun!

"Alas! my tears wash out this dream, like the colours on a cloud full of rain.

"I look again; and behold, there is nothing left but my prison wall!"

When she had done singing, Benetto, taking the hint, replied in the same manner, but with less eloquence; telling her, in plain language, to keep up her heart, and that by God's help she should one day see Florence again. The concert being then ended, he was dismissed, with a piece of gold as a mark of the approbation of the Sultan.

The next day, when the superintendent of the pleasure-grounds was walking about the royal gardens, Benetto came up to him and asked for a saw, in order to cut down a certain noxious tree. The superintendent desiring to know which it was, Benetto pointed out a particular tree, with a number of horizontal branches growing very closely together, but the Turk would by no means suffer it to be cut down. It was of so rare a kind, he said, that he did not know even its name; but Benetto, who had his wits about him, and knew that there was no other tree in the garden so likely for his purpose, did not give up the matter without another trial.

Accordingly, taking care never to bestow any water upon the plants within a certain distance of the tree, there being at the same time a long drought, they soon sickened and withered up; whereupon leading the superintendent to the spot, he pointed out this effect.

"This baneful tree," said he, "of the name of which you are so ignorant, is without question the deadly Upas of the island of Java, which is of so poisonous a quality, that it will not suffer any vegetable to grow under the shadow of its branches. Look how the herbs round it have all perished

as if they had been scorched up with fire; and, as I have read, the human life is quite as liable to be affected by its pernicious atmosphere. Thus, if any of the ladies of the Harem should by chance fall asleep under it, I doubt it would be as fatal as the Tree of Knowledge to their grandmother. We might as well chew the deadly leaves, as that anything of this kind should happen; for our death would be as certain in one case as in the other. For my own part, though the least splinter of this cursed wood is mortal if it should enter into the flesh, I will cheerfully undertake the hazard of cutting down this dangerous trunk, rather than have such a dreadful responsibility hanging continually over my head."

The good-natured superintendent agreeing with the prudence of this recommendation, Benetto got permission to cut down the tree as fast as he would, which he did not fail to perform; and after lopping away all the branches on two sides of the stem, in the manner of an espalier, he set down the tree carelessly in a bye-corner of the garden.

The same evening Benetto was sent for as before, to sing in the ante-chamber; and beginning with the same melancholy air, there came a voice suddenly through the silken screen commanding him to desist.

"I have been thinking," said the Sultan, as he turned to Angelina, who was sitting beside him on a sofa in the inner room; "I have been thinking that I should like now to hear some lively tune: the songs I have heard hitherto, though very beautiful, were all of a melancholy cast; and I am curious to know whether the genius of your music will admit also of comical expression."

"I can assure your Highness," said the lady, "there is no country that can boast of such pretty little laughing canzonets as my own, for though we have borrowed many

strains from the nightingale, we have others that warble as merrily as the carol of the morning lark."

"You make me impatient to hear one," replied the Sultan; whereupon an attendant was sent to convey this command to Benetto, who immediately struck up a very lively tune; and, as he had good news to communicate, he sang with unbounded gaiety and spirit. The words ran thus :—

"Ladders there are none in this place, neither of ropes nor of wood!

"But I have a pretty tree, with many branches, that will stand upright against a wall!

"What if I should place it against a lady's prison, in the middle of the night?

"Shall I see a vision, like Jacob, of a figure stepping down my ladder, who looks like an angel of light?"

The lady, being overjoyed at these welcome tidings, sang with an equal glee, and made answer by the same tune in a similar way.

"O joy of joys!—To hear this grateful news, there seems now but a smile, paved with wishes, between Florence and me.

"I feel myself already, like a bird with wings, amongst those pleasant boughs!

"Step by step, as I descend, I pluck the sweet apples of liberty, which relish even as the fruits of my own dear land!"

It happened that the piece they had been singing had a pretty little burthen at the end for two voices; so that when the lady came to that part, Benetto joined in with the proper chorus of the song, to the great admiration of the Sultan, who ordered him a piece of gold on his dismissal, which seemed to make the captive defer his plot for another night.

On the following day, about noon, when the superintendent

as usual came into the gardens, he was amazed to see Benetto working at a parterre with an extraordinary kind of hoe, the handle of which, rudely fashioned and rough, could not be less than a dozen feet long. The jolly Turk, tucking his hands in his sash, fell to laughing immoderately at this whimsical sight, for Benetto wielded his implement with considerable awkwardness; at last, fetching his breath again, he inquired the reason of such an extraordinary appearance.

Benetto, without turning his head aside, answered very sedately, that it was the universal custom of his country to use hoes with handles of that length.

"Now God forgive me!" answered the Mussulman; "but you have made me long to travel, since there are such wonderful scenes to be enjoyed abroad:" and with that he fell into a fresh convulsion of laughter.

In the meantime Benetto continued his work with inflexible gravity, though the exertion he used to handle the hoe with dexterity made the sweat-drops start out like great beads upon his forehead. At last, being fain to obtain a pause, he explained to the Turk, who had done laughing, that it was common in Italy to employ those long-handled hoes, in order to reach the weeds in the middle of a parterre without trampling amongst the plants.

"There is some reason in what you say," returned the superintendent; and taking the tool out of the hand of Benetto, he made aim at certain weeds in the middle of the bed; but at the very first stroke he mowed down a whole cluster of flowers.

Thereupon bursting into a fresh fit of mirth at his own clumsiness, the merry Turk thrust the wonderful hoe back again into the hand of the gardener, who resumed his labour with great earnestness; the Mussulman in the meanwhile walking away, but often turning his head over his shoulder

to look back at Benetto, who, as soon as the old fellow had gone out of sight, laid down the ponderous hoe with very great good will, and began to chuckle in his turn.

When the hour for music was come, he was summoned again to the ante-chamber, where he had the boldness, whilst he waited, to steal a peep through a crevice of the silken curtain, and discovered that his countrywoman was quite as beautiful a person as his fancy had suggested. He had taken care to compose some fresh words for the occasion, as well as to set them to another air, which he had not sung on any of the preceding nights; it had also a part for two voices, which the lady happened to know, and the Sultan was so delighted with the liveliness of the music, that he made them sing it to him several times over. At last, just as they were commencing the chorus for the fourth time, his face very suddenly altered, from the greatest pleasure to a look of gloom; and he turned his brows with such a frown upon the lady, that she stopped short in the middle of a note.

"How is this?" said he: "I understand nothing of the language, but I can perceive that you sing different words to the music every time it is repeated."

Angelina blushed and hung down her head at this abrupt question, for she could invent verses with far more facility than excuses. At last she told him, that it was usual in Italy to leave the words of such airy little songs to the fancy of the singers, and that, except when those happened to be persons of wit and genius, the verses were always composed of the most common-place expressions.

The Sultan listened to this explanation with a very grave look, and after meditating a while, spoke thus: "Madam, you must not take it ill of me, but hereafter I shall desire the Dragoman (or Interpreter) to partake with me in the delight of hearing you. He is as fond of music as I am, and will be

able to satisfy me whether the poetry of what you sing is answerable, in sentiment, to the music.

The lady and Benetto both suspected, from these expressions, that the Sultan entertained some mistrust of them; and therefore, when they sang again, it was with some quaverings which did not belong to the composition. The Sultan at length signifying that he had heard enough, the singers desisted, and Benetto was dismissed, for this once, without any piece of gold, the Sultan intending secretly to reward him on the morrow with two hundred stripes of the bastinado.

As soon as Benetto found his opportunity, he repaired therefore to the garden, convinced that it was time to put his design into execution. The skies fortunately were full of clouds, making the night very obscure, except at some intervals, when the moon broke through the vapours; so that he set about his work in the gloom with the greater confidence. Having learned at least the art of transplanting during his service in the gardens, his first step was to convey the tree, which has been already mentioned, towards the apartment of Angelina.

Now, her chamber opened upon a long gallery or balcony on the outside of the harem, against which Benetto rested the tree as securely as he could: nor was this an easy performance, for it was as heavy as he could well carry, so that his joints even cracked beneath the weight. After resting awhile to regain his breath, he began to mount up his extempore ladder; and as the branches were very close together, the ascent was quite an easy affair. Thus, he was able to look in at the lady's window in a very few seconds; but, alas! though he had not wasted a minute that could be saved, he was already too late, as will presently appear.

It is a barbarous custom with the Turks, when they

conceive any jealousy or disgust of their mistresses, to tie them up in sacks and cast them into the water; the sea, which is the object of marriage with the Venetian Doges, being to the Ottoman Sultans the instrument of divorce. As soon, then, as Benetto looked in at the window, his eyes were shocked by the sight of three black savage-looking slaves, who were preparing for this cruel ceremony, the victim being no other than his own unfortunate country-woman. Her mouth having been gagged beforehand, she could not utter any cries; but with her hands she made the most piteous supplications to the cruel Moors, two of whom held the mouth of the gaping sack wide open, whilst the other with his rude profane hands endeavoured by force to bind her delicate limbs.

The terrified Benetto, who comprehended this scene at the first peep, felt such a shock as a sleeper who oversteps a precipice in his dream. A sudden swimming in his head made him ready to tumble off the tree; but luckily his body was leaning against the rail-work of the gallery, so that he could not fall: in the meantime he was quite exposed to view from the window, but the blacks were so thoroughly employed, that they had not time to cast a look that way. After a minute or two, resuming his presence of mind, he bent down his body so as to be concealed behind the gallery, and in this uneasy posture deliberated within himself how he ought to proceed. His first impulse was to rush in upon the ruffianly slaves; but recollecting that he had no weapon, and that such an assault could but delay the fate of the lady for a few moments, he resolved on a more prudent course.

Taking down his ladder, therefore, which now seemed twice as burthensome as before, and his heart a great deal heavier, he set up the tree against the wall of the garden, on

the side next the water, whose murmurings through the stillness of the night he could sufficiently distinguish.

It took him but a few moments to clamber to the top of the wall, by the help of the friendly tree; which, however, was too cumbersome to be dragged up after him in order to effect a descent on the other side. In nine cases out of ten, this would have been the natural oversight of a man intent upon the first step of his escape; whereas the ingenious Benetto had foreseen and provided against this difficulty. In a few minutes, therefore, he was safely landed on the other side; and, without doubt, the superintendent, who ridiculed the gardener's long hoe, would have changed his tone to see it hanging on the outer part of the wall, for the accommodation of Benetto; for by this means he let himself down with ease, the handle reaching within a few yards of the ground.

And now the moon, breaking away through a sullen cloud, behind the chinks of which she had sometimes just glimmered like a bright fish entangled in a net, began to touch every object as with a silver wand: Benetto found it necessary, therefore, to shelter himself, like a man who shunned his own shadow, by going into the obscurest places, creeping on in this manner from tree to tree and from wall to wall, till he reached the water-side: but in what direction he should next proceed, in order to intercept the lady, was a question that got no better answer than those which are addressed to the echo.

Whilst he was thus wandering, the three black slaves, having tied up the unfortunate lady in the sack, proceeded with their burthen, as they were directed, towards a lonely place on the banks of the Bosphorus, in order to bestow her in her last bath with the greater privacy. Now it happened, through the goodness of God, that there was an English ship

of war then lying off at anchor, having brought over an ambassador to the Sublime Porte; and some of the sailors and junior officers, desiring a frolic, had put off secretly in the ship's boat, and landed about the same spot.

These jovial men wandering about the shore, it fell out that they encountered with the blacks; and being minded to joke with them, some of the sailors inquired by signs what they carried in that poke. The slaves, not caring to disclose the truth, made answer that it was some rotten wheat which they were going to cast into the sea; and with that, they endeavoured to get away, not caring to have to do with drunkards, for the mariners rolled about a good deal, as they are apt to do on the dry land. Now the lady, who, though gagged, had yet the use of her ears, had overheard the question of the sailors; and whilst the slaves were answering, she began to wriggle herself about in the sack as violently as she could. The sailor who stood nearest, observing this motion, did not fail to notice it to his comrades, and they became speedily as curious as himself to ascertain what it was that struggled so in the sack. The blacks, however, who relished them very little, still endeavoured to break away, whereas the strangers were equally bent upon their own satisfaction, so that the parties came in a little while to blows. The sturdy seamen prevailing, and getting possession of the sack, they soon discovered, with great indignation, the nature of its contents; whereupon the cowardly blacks, not waiting for the buffets which they were certain to receive, took instantly to their heels, and were out of sight in a minute.

The English sailors, who can melt upon a proper occasion as readily as their own pitch and tar, were infinitely concerned at the condition of the poor lady; wherefore, after releasing her limbs, as well as her tongue, which was not

backward in thanks to her deliverers, they rowed back with all diligence to the ship, where Angelina was treated with every kind of tenderness and attention.

The discomfited blacks in the interim had got under the shadow of a high wall, where they sat down to take breath; and after weeping together for awhile, they all opened their mouths at once with the same question, to ask what was to be done.

"For my part," said one, "I am not weeping thus merely because the lady has escaped, for we could easily devise a lie together and declare that the job was done. But, alas! I know that the chief of the eunuchs, old Abdalla, is so careful, that he will be waiting for us at the ducking-place, to see with his own eyes that she is thrown in."

The slaves, knowing this to be the most likely case, began to shed tears again, and howled in a low tone very dismally, for they felt that their heads were only fastened by a packthread to their shoulders. At last, Mezrou, who was the eldest, spoke as follows:—

"Our case," said he, "is indeed critical—so that my neck smarts already to think of the result. On the one hand, if we tell any lie, there is that accursed old chief of the eunuchs to detect us; and on the other, if we confess the simple truth, our heads will still fly off, because we did not fight with those sea-devils to the last extremity. I see therefore but one way to escape out of this scrape, which is, by putting some trick upon Abdalla. And now I think of it, there is a certain Frank lives hereabouts, who keeps a great sow pig in his backyard; and at the next house there is a baker, where we may obtain a sack. Now, if the swine were tied up fitly, and her head well muffled in my sash, so as to keep her from either grunting or squealing, I think the deception might pass; but it must be dispatched very quickly."

The other slaves thinking favourably of this scheme, they ran off together to the house of the baker, who was in bed; but they obliged him to get up and give them an empty flour-sack; after which, going to the pigsty of the Frank, they secured his sow in the sack with a little difficulty. Then taking up the burthen between them, which was full as lively as the other had been, they trotted gaily down to the water-side, where they soon perceived some person pacing to and fro, whom they took at the first glance for Abdalla. Going straight up to him, therefore, without any mistrust, they all called out together that they had brought the lady to be drowned, which was agreeable news enough to the man, for in truth it was no other than Benetto, who had been wandering up and down the shore in the greatest uncertainty and despair.

The words, then, had no sooner got clear of the thick foolish lips of the blacks, than the musician began to deal about him so roundly, that the foremost was laid sprawling in a twinkling upon the earth. The other two, at this sight, foreseeing that they should have use for all the hands they had, immediately pitched down the sack with very little ceremony; and any one may conceive how this action increased the fury of Benetto.

The battered swine resenting the outrage as much, and feeling herself more at liberty, began at the same moment to struggle vehemently within the sack, so that she partly released her nostrils from the sash, and began to call out with all her brutal breath for liberty.

Thus the rage of Benetto, whenever he began to faint, was roused up again by these half-stifled cries; which, struggling partly through the canvas and the linen, were equivocal enough to be mistaken for the voice of Angelina, even by the ear of a musician. These excitements lending him treble courage

and vigour, he was quite a match for the three slaves together, notwithstanding they fought lustily; and doubtless something tragical would have ensued but for the thriftiness of the baker.

This careful man, grudging to lend a new sack to strangers, had picked out an old one the canvas of which was very rotten and full of patches; so that as Benetto glanced his eyes every now and then towards the sack, to give himself fresh encouragement, on a sudden the cloth ripped up with a smart report, and the huge sow, jumping briskly out, went cantering off homewards, with the sash round her head, and grunting all the way to denote her satisfaction.

The blacks, through this accident, having nothing to contend for, gave over the contest; and after a little grinning, scampered away after the pig, to make up what story they could to the chief of the eunuchs.

As for Benetto, he stood as if rooted to the spot, and stared on the remains of the sack like one who had just witnessed some great stroke of enchantment. No sight, in truth, could have caused him such an astonishment, unless, indeed, the spectacle of a sow turning before his eyes into a lady, for he had made certain of Angelina being within the sack, even to the seeing of her, in fancy, through her veil of canvas. At last, coming to his senses, and catching sight of the English vessel, his thoughts began to turn upon his own safety; and stripping off his jacket and turban, he began to swim towards the ship, though with great difficulty, on account of his bruises.

It would not be easy to describe his transports, when he came on board and discovered Angelina: wherefore, let that topic be left untouched, as well as the mirth which prevailed at the relation of his adventures. The ship setting sail immediately for England, after a prosperous passage the two

happy Italians disembarked at London, where Benetto, by his skill in music and excellent singing, acquired an immense fortune in a very few years. In the meantime he espoused Angelina, and finally returned with her to Florence, where they lived for many years in great happiness and very merrily; for neither of them could ever smell pork, or pass by a hogstye, without an inclination to laughter.

As for the three black slaves, they wore their heads some years longer than they expected; the lie they made up being credited by Abdalla, the chief of the eunuchs, who had never stirred out from the palace. The superintendent of the pleasure-grounds was however more unlucky, for he suffered some hundred stripes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet for allowing the innovations of Benetto. In consequence, there are no more upas-trees to be found in the royal gardens; and the slaves labour, even unto this very day, with hoes that are but a yard long in the handle.

THE CHESTNUT-TREE.

"Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye."
Love's Labour Lost.

It is a deplorable custom with spendthrifts, when their purses are empty, to replenish them at the cost of the dryads, often cutting down the very trees that have sheltered the most venerable of their ancestors, as well as the timber which wants many years of its proper growth, according to the pressure of their wants. Many foolish persons, again, under false pretences of taste, will root up the sheltering woods and copses, that made comfortable fences against the

inclement wind, thus letting in the unmitigated tempest to rage against their bleak, naked mansions; both parties being equally mischievous in their way. There are other persons, however, who cut down their oaks, and chestnuts, for much better reasons, as you shall presently hear.

A certain Hidalgo was walking in a lonely plain, in the neighbourhood of Granada, when he was suddenly attacked by a small wild Spanish bull. The spiteful creature, with red sparkling eyes, and a body as black as any coal, made a run at the gentleman so nimbly, that he had barely time to save himself by climbing up a large chestnut-tree; whereupon the wicked beast began to toss about the loose earth with great fury, instead of the human clay he had intended to trifle with.

There is no such creature in the world as your bull for a revengeful memory, for he will cherish affronts or dislikes for a considerable while; and besides, he takes great pleasure in any premeditated mischief, which he will pursue with a vast deal of patience. Thus, whenever the Hidalgo set his foot upon the ground, the wily animal, who had kept at a convenient distance, immediately ran at him again, so that he was forced to betake himself to the tree with the utmost alacrity. Then the bull would stray farther off, still keeping a wary eye towards the tree; but feeding in the meantime so quietly, that every thought of malice seemed to have quite gone out of his round roguish head; whereas he was ready at a twinkling for a fresh career, his perseverance excelling that of grimalkin when she sits watching at a mouse's street-door.

The impatient Hidalgo, weary at heart of this game, where all his moves tended to no purpose, at last gave up the point, and removed higher up in the tree, in order to amuse himself with the surrounding prospect, which was

now enlivened by the oblique rays of the declining sun. "I will wait," said he, "till night makes a diversion in my favour, and, like the matadore, hangs her cloak on this wild devil's horns;" so turning himself about from side to side, he began to contemplate the various objects in the distance.

Whilst he was thus occupied, with his eyes turned towards the East, there came two men on foot from the opposite quarter, who, passing beyond the tree, approached the browsing bull without any kind of mistrust. The dissembling creature allowed them to come pretty near, without any suspicion; and then suddenly charging at the two men, they were obliged to run to the tree as the only shelter, and with great difficulty clambered out of reach of his mischievous horns. The animal, being thus foiled for the second time, revenged himself on the hat of one of the travellers which had been dropped in the race, and then began to feed again at the usual distance.

The two pedlars, for so they seemed, made several attempts, like the Hidalgo, to get away, but the bull still intercepted them in the same manner; so that at last they were fain to dispose themselves as comfortably as they could on a lower branch, and await the pleasure of the animal, to proceed on their way. The Hidalgo, being a shy, reserved man by nature, as well as very haughty on account of his nation and his birth, did not choose to make any advances towards his fellow-lodgers in the tree, who by their dress were people of the common sort. The two men, on their part, knew nothing of a third person being perched above their heads; wherefore, to pass away the time, they began to talk over their affairs together with as much confidence as if they had been sitting in the middle of the great Arabian Desert.

At first the Hidalgo, being much occupied by his own reflections, did not listen very attentively to their discourse;

besides, he had a great contempt for the conversation of such vulgar persons, which would have prevailed over any common curiosity; however, as some sentences reached him against his will, he happened to overhear a name passing between them that made him prick up his ears.

'I am afraid, Gines Spinello," said one of the voices, "that this cursed creature will spoil our sport for to-night."

Now, it was no wonder that the gentleman became so much interested in their conversation, for the fellow just mentioned was a notorious robber, and the terror of the whole province. The Hidalgo, therefore, felt a natural curiosity to behold so remarkable a character; and peeping down very cautiously between the leaves, he saw the two men sitting astride, with their faces towards each other, on the lowermost bough. They were so much below him, that he could not judge of their physiognomies; but of course the very hair of their heads seemed, to his fancy, to partake of a very ruffianly expression.

"As for that matter," returned Spinello, "our job to-night is a trifling one that may be dispatched in two hours. What frets me more is to be obliged to sit thus, cock-horse, upon a cursed branch; for I have always a misgiving at getting up into a tree, since nothing has proved so fatal to several of our gang."

The other, laughing heartily at these expressions, which he supposed to allude to the gallows, Gines interrupted him in a very grave tone

"I mean no such matter," said he, "as you conclude. The gibbet indeed has made an end of some of us; but the trees I mean were as much growing and flourishing as this. It was a chestnut, too, that cost so dear to poor Lazarillo; wherefore, I would rather that this tree had been a cypress, or a yew even, or of some other kind."

"For my part, chestnut or not," said the other, "I feel myself much beholden to this good plant: notwithstanding I should like to hear what happened to Lazarillo and the others of the gang."

The Hidalgo by this time was quite as much interested in the mishap of Lazarillo; so laying himself along the bough, and grasping it with both his arms, he stooped his head sideways as low as he could, to listen to the story that Gines was going to relate.

"You are aware," said Spinello, "that when we have no affair of moment upon our hands which requires us to go in company, it is usual for some of the cleverest amongst us to go abroad singly, on little adventures of their own. Thus it befel Lazarillo to take it in his head to pay a visit to a certain Hidalgo who resides not a long way from this spot. There was a clump of chestnut-trees in front of the house, all of them of wonderful bulk, having stood there a great many years, and it was the season when they were in full leaf. Lazarillo, coming a little too soon, and seeing a great many lights in the windows, clambered up into the greatest of these trees, which stood nearest to the house, in order to hide himself till dark, as well as to observe what was going on within the house. The boughs being very broad and smooth, he found his nest comfortable enough; and, besides, he was very well diverted to watch the motions of the servants, for some of the branches grew against the chamber windows, so that he could even see how the people bestowed the plate and valuables against the night. Whilst he was amusing himself in this way, the Hidalgo, who had been out sporting, came homewards with his fowling-piece in his hand; when just at this nick there flew up some large kind of bird, and made off directly for the tree."

"Well, wherefore do you stop?" asked the other rogue

very eagerly, for at these words Gines made a tolerable long pause.

"I was thinking," said Gines, "that I heard a rustling overhead; but it was only some breeze amongst the leaves. I suppose the Hidalgo was willing to discharge his gun before he entered the house, for it was loaded with very large shot, which are never used to kill birds with; however, he fired after the fowl into the very middle of the leaves, and the devil guiding the lead, some of it went into the body of poor Lazarillo, who tumbled in a trice to the ground. If the shot had not killed him, the fall would have broken his neck, so that he was stone-dead upon the spot; however, to make sure of that matter, our governors made a point of hanging him afterwards upon another tree."

Herewith Gines vented a thousand horrible imprecations against the unfortunate sportsman; who had the evil luck to be sitting at that very moment above his head. The unhappy Hidalgo, though he was miserably terrified, dared not even to quake—the least motion causing a rustling amongst the leaves, or a creaking of the bough; and getting cramped, as any one must, to ride so long on a wooden chestnut horse without a saddle, yet he could not venture to stretch a limb to relieve himself. In the meantime, fear caused such a boiling noise in his ears, as if of the devil's cauldron at a gallop, that he could not make out the history of the other robbers who had perished by means of the trees. The two rogues, on the contrary, finding themselves very much at their ease, continued to gossip together with great coolness, though the bull had now removed to a considerable distance. The Hidalgo, at last, resuming the use of his faculties, overheard as follows:—

"As for the chestnut-trees," said Gines, "you will see the stumps of them to-night, for the Hidalgo did not choose to

leave a perch for any more such birds so near his house. But there are other ways to know what goes on within, as well as by looking through the windows; and we shall soon see whether the people of this random shooter are more properly his servants or my own."

At this insinuation, the wretched person who sat aloft could not help uttering a half-stifled groan, which would have infallibly betrayed him, if it had not passed for the grumbling of the bull. Notwithstanding, he had to endure still worse tidings; to conceive which, suppose Gines to describe the abominable plot he had laid for the murder of the Hidalgo—two of his servants being in the pay of the banditti, and engaged to admit them in the middle of the night. The rogues did not omit, moreover, to dispose of the two daughters of the unfortunate gentleman overhead; and as their inclinations pointed differently, the one choosing the youngest, and the other the elder lady for a mistress, they soon came to an amicable understanding on this part of the design. Thus the Hidalgo, who had always intended to match his children as he would, without question even of the girls themselves, was obliged to hear them disposed of beforehand, and without having any voice whatever in the affair.

The encroaching dusk closing round, in the meantime, till the horizon was confined within a very narrow circle, the two villains at last dismounted from the bough, and proceeded on their way without any interruption from the bull, who was now scarcely visible amid the distant shadows. As soon as the rogues were out of sight, the Hidalgo scrambled down the trunk, to the infinite relief of his limbs, which, from long confinement to the same posture, had grown as rigid and almost as crooked as the boughs they had embraced; however, the thought of what was to take place at home soon enforced a suppleness in his joints, and he departed with a brisk shuffling

pace, from what had been to him such a very bitter tree of knowledge.

The dreadful fear which had lately possessed his bosom, turning, now that he was in safety, to the most revengeful feelings, he vowed, as he went along, that Gines and his gang should suffer in retaliation by the most exquisite torments. In this furious mood, with clenched hands and teeth, and terrible emphatic steps, he entered his own house, and repaired straight into the apartment of his daughters; who, seeing the flaming beacons of wrath in his countenance, were ready to swoon with dismay. It alarmed them the more, that they had not expected him to return for the night, and being ignorant of the true occasion, they were led, by certain misgivings of their own hearts, to impute his anger to a very different cause; wherefore, coming together with clasped hands, to kneel down at his feet, they besought him with many tears to be more calm and temperate.

At another time, this strange conduct would have astounded the Hidalgo; whereas, having other concerns in his mind, he did not stop to sift out the mystery, but in as few words as he could, explained the danger that was hanging over their heads. The two terrified maidens, at this horrible report, instantly forgot all other fears, for the mere words conjured up the figures of the banditti upon the vacant air; but when the Hidalgo came to speak of the design of the robber and his comrade, how they were to make mistresses of the two ladies, they sent up together, as if from one throat, a shrill involuntary scream. Anon, running hastily to different closets, for the greater danger always swallows up the less in this manner, they dragged forward a brace of young comely gallants, who, on their parts, seemed ready enough to protect them from Gines and his associates.

The two champions, as well as the Hidalgo, were somewhat

disconcerted by this abrupt introduction to each other, and the pale lily of fear that had blown on the cheeks of the damsels was burned up by a deep crimson blush. At last, one of the cavaliers, addressing himself to the Hidalgo, began to speak for both after this manner :—

"Sir, I know that you cannot behold us with any welcome ; and yet, for my own part, I am heartily thankful that we are here. Notwithstanding the ungracious method of our introduction, we beg so much favour of you as to be considered gentlemen for the present, and respecters of good manners ; who desire nothing better than to make amends, by our timely services, for an untimely intrusion. By your good leave, therefore, we will help to defend these ladies against the robbers,—and as we are men of honour, it shall be left to your own discretion whether you will bestow them upon us hereafter."

As the young gentleman spoke this with an air of great modesty and sincerity, the Hidalgo thought fit to accept of the assistance that was offered ; whereupon they began to consult together on the steps which should be adopted in such an extremity. Accordingly, it was concerted to send for the two traitorous servants, one by one, into the chamber, where, as soon as they entered, they were seized, and bound hand and foot before they could think of any resistance. The wretched men, finding themselves in this dreary plight, and that their lives were at command, began readily to confess all they knew of the plot ; adding several particulars which had not been touched upon by Spinello. Amongst other news, it came out that the banditti had deposited their arms in readiness in a certain hollow oak, which stood in the rear of the house ; whereupon the Hidalgo made a vow, inwardly, to cut down that dangerous tree, as he had done before by the chestnuts.

It was towards midnight, when Spinello, with his comrades, approached for the execution of their design. The night was very boisterous, with frequent gusts of wind, that drove the low black clouds with great rapidity across the sky. Thus every now and then there was a short bright glance of the moon, followed, at a few minutes' interval, by the most profound shadows; and, by the help of these snatches of light, the desperate Gines led on his fellows, who were about half a dozen in all, towards the hollow tree.

Now it happened, just as he came up, that a fresh cloud came over the face of the moon, so that the mark he aimed at was quite swallowed up in the gloom. Groping his way, therefore, with his hands, he began to feel about the ragged stem for the entry to the magazine; but he had no sooner thrust his arms into the opening, than they were seized by some person who was concealed within the hollow trunk.

I know not whether Gines recalled, at this moment, his superstition about a tree, but he set up a loud yell of dismay. The hidalgo, who lay close by in ambush, with his party, instantly discharged a well-aimed volley at the rest of the banditti, who finding themselves betrayed, and without arms, took at once to their heels, leaving two that were miserably wounded, upon the grass. By this time, Spinello, recovering his courage, made a desperate struggle to get away; but, before he could disengage his arms, the hidalgo came up with his assistants, and the robber was quickly overcome and secured. Of the other two men, one was already dead, the bullet having lodged in his breast: as for the second, his leg-bone was broken by a ball just above the ankle joint, and it happened that this was the very same rogue who had gossipped with Gines upon the chestnut-bough.

It was a dreadful sight to behold the countenance of the latter, when he was dragged into the chamber, and how he foamed and gnashed his teeth at the two desponding varlets, who had been double traitors, he supposed, to both masters. Although he was so securely bound, those wretched men could not look upon him without an extreme trembling; however, when he was informed of the true cause of the discovery, he raved no more, remarking only, to the other robber, that his misgivings about the chestnut tree had been justified by the event.

The hidalgo repairing afterwards, with the two young gentlemen, into the presence of his two daughters, there ensued many compliments between them, and joyful congratulations on the conclusion of the danger. At last, the hidalgo growing more and more pleased with the graceful manners and conversation of his guests, his heart warmed towards them, and he began to wish that they were all but his sons.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a late welcome is better than none at all, and especially when it comes maturely from the heart. Pray accept of this apology for my tardiness, and for your great services I will try to make amends to you on the spot. Your gallantry and agreeable bearing persuade me that you are truly the honourable young persons that you have named to me; and I rejoice, therefore, for my own sake as well as yours, that my daughters remain at my disposal. If you are willing, then, to accept of each other, I foresee no difficulties—that is to say, provided you can both agree in your election, as readily as my other two robbers."

It would be hard to declare whether the two ladies were most happy or confused by this unexpected proposal; they therefore made off, with fewer words than blushes, to their

own bedchamber; but the three gentlemen sat up together, for security, during the remainder of the night.

On the morrow the criminals were delivered to the proper authorities, and the process with such atrocious offenders being very summary, they were executed, before sunset, in divers places about the province. For the most part, they were suspended on lofty wooden gibbets; but the body of Spinello, in order to make the greater impression, was hung up on the very same Chestnut Tree that had led to his defeat.

THE FAIR MAID OF LUDGATE.

"O, she is sweeter than the rose
Now bathed among the balmy rain;
And I maun gang to yon town,
And see the lovesome maid again."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE reign of King Charles the Second of England was marked by two great public calamities; the first of them, that memorable Plague which devastated London; and then followed that deplorable Fire which destroyed such a large portion of the same devoted metropolis.

It happened shortly before the pestilence, that the king had a design to serve in the city; wherefore he rode that way on horseback, attended only by the lord Rochester, and one or two gentlemen of the Court. As they were riding gently, in this manner, up the hill of Ludgate, towards St. Paul's, the earl observed that the king stopped short, and fixed his eyes on a certain casement on the right hand side of the way. The gentlemen, turning their heads in the same direction, immediately beheld a young and beautiful

woman, in a very rich and fanciful dress, and worthy indeed of the admiration of the monarch; who, with sheer delight, stood as if rooted to the spot. The lady, for a while, did not observe this stoppage, so that the company of courtiers had full time to observe her countenance and dress. She wore upon her head a small cap of black velvet, which fitted very close, and came down with a point upon her forehead, where, at the peak of the velvet, there hung a very large pearl. Her hair, which was of an auburn colour and very abundant, fell down on either side of her face in large ringlets according to the fashion of the time, and clustered daintily about her fair neck and bosom, several of the locks, moreover, being bound together here and there by clusters of fine pearls. As for her bodice, it was of white silk, with a goodly brooch of emeralds in the shape of strawberry leaves, which were held together by stalks of gold. Her sleeves, which were very wide, and hung loose from the elbow, were of the same silk; but there was a short under-sleeve of peach-blossom satin, that fastened with clasps of emerald about the mid-arm. Her bracelets were ornamented with the same gem; but the bands were of gold, as well as the girdle that encircled her waist. Thus much the company could perceive, as she leaned upon the edge of the window with one delicate hand: at last—for in the mean while she had been stedfastly looking abroad, as in a reverie—she recollected herself, and, observing that she was gazed at, immediately withdrew.

The king watched a minute or two at the window, after she was gone, like a man in a dream; and, then turning round to Rochester, inquired if he knew anything of the lady he had seen. The earl replied instantly, that he knew nothing of her, except she was the loveliest creature that had ever feasted his eyes; whereupon the king commanded

him to remain behind, and learn as many particulars as he could. The king, with the gentlemen, then rode on very thoughtfully into the city, where he transacted what he had to do, and then returned with the same company by Cheapside, where they encountered the earl.

As soon as the king saw Rochester, he asked eagerly, "What news?" Whereupon the latter acquainted him with all he knew. "As for her name," he said, "she is called Alice, but her surname is swallowed up in that of The Fair Maid of Ludgate—for that is her only title in these parts. She is an only child, and her father is a rich jeweller; and so in faith was her mother likewise, to judge by this splendid sample of their workmanship."

"Verily I think so too," returned the monarch; "she must come to Court," and with that they began to concert together how to prosecute that design.

And doubtless the Fair Maid of Ludgate would have been ensnared by the devices of that profligate courtier, but for an event that turned all thoughts of intrigue and human pleasure into utter despondency and affright. For now broke out that dreadful pestilence which soon raged so awfully throughout the great city, the mortality increasing from hundreds to thousands of deaths in a single week. At the first ravages of the infection, a vast number of families deserted their houses, and fled into the country; the remainder enclosing themselves as rigidly within their own dwellings, as if they had been separately besieged by some invisible foe. In the meantime, the pestilence increased in fury, spreading from house to house and from street to street, till whole parishes were subjected to its rage. At this point the father of Alice fell suddenly ill, though not of the pest; however, the terrified domestics could not be persuaded otherwise than that he was smitten by the plague, and accordingly they all

ran off together, leaving him to the sole care of his afflicted child.

On the morning after this desertion, as she sat weeping at the bedside of her father, the Fair Maid heard a great noise of voices in the street; wherefore, looking forth at the front casement, she saw a number of youths, with horses ready saddled and bridled, standing about the door. As soon as she showed herself at the window they all began to call out together, beseeching her to come down, and fly with them from the city of death, which touched the heart of Alice very much; after thanking them therefore, with her eyes full of tears, she pointed inwards, and told them that her father was unable to rise from his bed.

"Then there is no help for him," cried Hugh Percy. "God receive his soul! The plague is striding hither very fast. I have seen the red crosses in Cheapside. Pray come down, therefore, unto us, dearest Alice, for we will wait on you to the ends of the earth."

The sorrowful Alice wept abundantly at this speech, and it was some minutes before she could make any answer.

"Hugh Percy," she said at last, "if it be as you say, the will of God be done; but I will never depart from the help of my dear father;" and with that, waving her hand to them as a last farewell, she closed the casement, and returned to the sick chamber.

On the morrow the gentle youths came again to the house on the same errand, but they were fewer than before. They moved Alice by their outcries to come at last to the window, who replied in the same way to their entreaties, notwithstanding the fond youths continued to use their arguments, with many prayers to her, to come down, but she remained constant in her denial; at length, missing some of the number, she inquired for Hugh Percy, and they answered

dejectedly, that he had sickened of the plague that very morn.

"Alas! gentle kind friends," she cried, "let this be your warning, and depart hence in good time. It will make me miserable for ever to be answerable for your mischances; as for myself, I am resigned entirely to the dispensation of God." And with these words she closed the window, and the melancholy youths went away slowly, except one, who had neither brought any horse with him, nor joined in the supplications of the rest. The disconsolate Alice, coming afterwards to the window for air, beheld him thus standing with his arms folded against the door.

"How is this, Ralph Seaton, that you still linger about this melancholy place?"

"Gentle Alice," returned Seaton, "I have not come hither like the others, to bid you fly away from hence; neither must you bid me depart against my will."

"Ralph Seaton, my heart is brim-full of thanks to you for this tenderness towards me; but you have a mother and sister for your care."

"They are safe, Alice, and far from this horrible place."

"Would to God you were with them! Dear Ralph Seaton, begone; and the love you bear towards me, set only at a distance in your prayers. I wish you a thousand farewells, in one word—but pray begone." And with that, turning away, with one hand over her eyes, she closed the casement with the other, as if for ever and ever.

The next morning the young men came for the third time to the house, and there was a red cross but a few doors off. The youths were now but three or four in number, several having betaken themselves to the country in despair, and others had been breathed upon by the life-wasting pestilence. It was a long while before Alice came to the window, so that

their hearts began to sink with dread, for they made sure that she was taken ill. However, she came forth to them at last, in extreme distress, to see them so wilful for her sake.

"For the dear love of God!" she cried, "do not come thus any more, unless you would break my heart! Lo! the dreadful signal of death is at hand, and to-morrow it may be set upon this very door. Do not cause the curses of your friends and parents to be heaped hereafter on my miserable head. If you have any pity for me in your hearts, pray let this be the uttermost farewell between us."

At these words, the sad youths began to shed tears: and some of them, with a broken voice, begged of her to bestow on them some tokens for a remembrance. Thereupon she went for her bracelets, and after kissing them, gave them between two of the young men. To a third she cast her glove, but to Seaton she dropped a ring, which she had pressed sundry times to her lips.

The day after the final departure of the young men, the ominous red cross was marked on the jeweller's door; for, as he was known to be ill, it was supposed, of course, that his malady was the plague. In consequence the door was rigorously nailed up, so that no one could pass in or out, and moreover there were watchmen appointed for the same purpose of blockade. It was the duty of these attendants to see that the people within the suspected houses were duly supplied with provision; whereas, by the negligence of these hard-hearted men, it happened frequently that the persons confined within perished of absolute want. Thus it befel, after some days, that Alice saw her father relapsing again, for the lack of mere necessaries to support him in his weakness, his disorder having considerably abated. In this extremity, seeing a solitary man in the street, she stretched out her arms towards him, and besought him for the love of

God to bring a little food; but the bewildered man, instead of understanding, bade her "flee from the wrath to come," and with sundry leaps and frantic gestures, went capering on his way.

Her heart at this disappointment was ready to burst with despair; but, turning her eyes towards the opposite side, she perceived another man coming down the street, with a pitcher and a small loaf. As soon as he came under the window, she made the same prayer to him as to the former, begging him for charity, and the sake of her dear father, to allow him but a sup of the water and a small morsel of the bread.

"It is for that purpose," said the other, "that I am come." And as he looked upward she discovered that it was Seaton, who had brought this very timely supply. You may eat and drink of these," he continued, "without any suspicion, for they come from a place many miles hence, where the infection is yet unknown."

The heart of Alice was too full to let her reply, but she ran forthwith, and fetched a cord to draw up the loaf and the pitcher withal, the last being filled with good wine. When her father had finished his repast, which revived him very much, she returned with the pitcher, and let it down by the cord to Seaton, who perceived something glittering within the vessel.

"Ralph Seaton," she said, "wear that jewel for my sake. The blessing of God be ever with you in return for this precious deed! but I conjure you, by the Holy Trinity, do not come hither again."

The generous Seaton with great joy placed the brooch within his bosom, and with a signal of farewell to Alice, departed without another word. And now her heart began to sink again to think of the morrow, when assuredly her beloved parent would be reduced to the like extremity; for

during all this time the negligent watchmen had never come within sight of the house. All the night hours she spent, therefore, in anguish and dread, which were still more aggravated by the dismal rumbling of the carts, that at midnight were used to come about for the corpses of the dead.

In the middle of the night one of these coarse slovenly hearses, with a cargo of dead bodies, passed through the street, attended by a bell-man and some porters, with flaming torches, unto whom the miserable Alice called out with a lamentable voice. The men, at her summons, came under the window with the cart, expecting some dead body to be cast out to them, the mortality admitting of no more decent rites; but when they heard what she wanted, they replied sullenly, that they had business enough of their own to convey away all the carrion,—and so passed on with their horrible chimes.

The morning was spent in the same alternations of fruitless hope and despair,—till towards noon, when Seaton came again with the pitcher and a small basket, which contained some cold baked meat, and other eatables, that he had procured with infinite pains from a country place, at a considerable distance. The fair maiden drew up these supplies with great eagerness, her father beginning now to have that appetite which is one of the first symptoms of recovery from any sickness; accordingly he fed upon the victuals with great relish. The gentle Alice, in the meanwhile, lowered down the empty basket and the pitcher to Seaton, and then again besought him not to expose himself to such risks by coming into the city; to which he made no answer but by pressing his hands against his bosom, as if to express that such errands gratified his heart; whereupon she made fresh signs to say farewell, and he departed.

In this manner several weeks passed away, the gallant youth never failing to come day after day with fresh provision, till at last the old jeweller was able to sit up. The gracious Providence preserved them all, in the meantime, from any attack of the Pestilence, though many persons died every day, on both sides of the street, the distemper being at its worst pitch. Thus the houses became desolate, and the streets silent, and beginning to look green even, by the springing up of grass between the untrodden stones.

The prison-house of the Fair Maid of Ludgate and her father soon became, therefore, very irksome, and especially when the latter got well enough to stir about, and to behold through the window these symptoms of the public calamity, which filled him with more anxiety than he had ever felt, on account of his dear child, whose life was not secure, any more than his own, for a single hour. His alarm and disquiet on this account threatening to bring on a relapse of his malady, the tender girl found but little happiness in his recovery, which seemed thus to have been altogether in vain. And truly, it was a sufficient grief for any one to be in the centre, though unhurt, of such a horrible devastation; whereof none could guess at the continuance, whether it would cease of its own accord, or rage on till there were no more victims to be destroyed.

The Plague, however, abated towards the close of the year, when the King, who had removed with his court to Windsor in the midst of the alarm, felt disposed one day to pay a visit to the metropolis. Accordingly, mounting on horseback, he rode into town, accompanied by the Lord Rochester, and the same gentlemen who had been his attendants on the former occasion.

The monarch was naturally much shocked at the desolate aspect of the place, which, from a great and populous city,

had become almost a desert; the sound of the horses' hoofs echoing dismally throughout the solitary streets, but bringing very few persons to look out at the windows, and of those, the chief part were more like lean ghastly ghosts than human living creatures. In consequence he rode along in a very melancholy mood of mind, which the pleasant Earl endeavoured to enliven by various witty jests, but without any effect, for they sounded hollow and untimely, even in his own ear.

At last arriving at the Hill of Ludgate, and the image of the Fair Maid coming to his remembrance, the King looked towards the house; and lo! there frowned the horrible red cross, which was still distinct upon the door. Immediately he pointed out this deadly signal to Rochester, who had already noticed it, and then both shook their heads, meaning to say that she was dead; however, to make certain, the Earl alighted, and knocked with all his might at the door. But there was no answer, nor any appearance of a face at any window. Thereupon, with very heavy hearts, they rode onwards for a few doors farther, where there was a young man, like a spectre, sitting at an open casement, with a large book like a bible in his hands. The King, who spied him first, asked of him very eagerly, whether the Fair Maid of Ludgate was alive or dead, but the ghostly man could tell nothing of the matter, except that the jeweller had been the very first person to be seized by the plague in their quarter. Thereupon the King made up his mind that the fair Alice had perished amongst the many thousand victims of the pest, and with a very sorrowful visage he rode on, through the city, where he spent some hours in noticing the deplorable consequences of that visitation.

Afterwards, he returned with his company by the same way, and when they came towards the jeweller's house,

in Ludgate, there were several young men standing about the door. They had been knocking to obtain tidings of the Fair Maid, but without any better success than before; so that getting very impatient, they began, as the King came up, to cast stones through the windows. The Earl of Rochester, seeing them at this vain work, called out as he passed,

"Gentlemen, you are wasting your labour! The divinity of your city is dead; as you may know, by asking of the living skeleton at yonder casement."

At these words, the young men, supposing that the Earl had authority for what he said, desisted from their attempts, and the two companies went each their several ways; the King, with his attendants, to Windsor, and the sad youths to their homes, with grief on all their faces and very aching hearts, through sorrow for the Fair Maid of Ludgate.

As for the gallant Ralph Seaton, he had ceased to come beneath the window for some time before, since there was no longer anyone living within the house to drink from his pitcher, or to eat out of his basket. Notwithstanding, he continued now and then to bring a few pieces of game, and sometimes a flask also, to the father of Alice, who lived under the same roof, for the elder Seaton was a good yeoman of Kent, and thither Ralph had conveyed the old citizen as soon as he was well enough to be removed. The old jeweller outlived the Plague by a score of years; but the Fair Maid of Ludgate, who had survived the pestilence, was carried off shortly afterwards by marriage, the title which had belonged to her in the city being resolved into that of the Dame Alice Seaton.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

"———Now confess and know,
Wit without money sometimes gives the blow."
VALENTINE.

ABENDALI of Bagdad had three sons; the two eldest, very tall and proper youths for their years; but the youngest, on account of the dwarfishness of his stature, was called Little Agib. He had, notwithstanding, a wit and shrewdness very unusual to any, especially of his childish age; whereas his brothers were dull and slow of intellect, to an extraordinary degree.

Now Abendali, though he had money, was not rich enough to leave behind him a competence for each of his sons; wherefore he thought it best to teach them in the first instance to scrape together as much as they could; accordingly, calling them all to him, on some occasion, he presented to each a small canvas purse, with a sequin in it, by way of handsel, and then spoke to them to this effect:

"Behold! here is a money-bag a-piece, with a single sequin, for you must furnish the rest by your own industry. I shall require every now and then to look into your purses, in order to see what you have added; but to that end you shall not have any recourse to theft, or violent robbery, for money is often purchased by those methods at too dear a rate; whereas the more you can obtain by any subtle stratagems, or smart strokes of policy, the greater will be my opinion of your hopefulness and abilities."

The three brethren accepted of the purses with great goodwill, and immediately began to think over various plans

of getting money; so quickly does the desire of riches take root in the human bosom. The two elder ones, however, beat about their wits to no purpose, for they could not start a single invention, except of begging alms, which they would not descend to; whereas the little Agib added another piece of money to his sequin before the setting of the sun.

It happened that there lived at some distance from Abendali an old lady, who was bed-ridden, but very rich, and a relation of the former, though at some degrees removed. As she was thus lying in her chamber, she heard the door open, and Agib came in, but he was so little that he could not look upon the bed. The lady asking who it was, he answered, and said, "My name is Little Agib, and I am sent here by my father, your kinsman, who is called Abendali; for he desires to know how you are, and to wish you a thousand years.

The old lady wondered very much that Abendali was so much concerned for her, since they had not held any correspondence together for a long while; however, she was very well satisfied with his attention, and gave a small piece of money to Agib, desiring the slaves moreover to bring him as many sweetmeats as he liked. The brethren showing their purses at night to their father, the two eldest had only their sequin a-piece, whereas little Agib had thus added already to his store.

On the following day, little Agib paid another visit to the sick lady, and was as well treated as before. He repeated the same compliments very many times afterwards, adding continually fresh monies in his purse; at last, Abendali, passing by chance in the same quarter of the city, took it into his head to inquire for his kinswoman; and when he entered her chamber, lo! there sat little Agib behind the door. As soon as he had delivered his compliments, which the lady

received very graciously, she pointed to little Agib, and said she had taken it very kindly that the child had been sent so often to ask after her health.

"Madam," said Abendali, who laughed all the while; "the little liar has not told you one word of truth. I know well enough why he came here; which was on none of my errands."

The little Agib prudently held his peace till his father was gone; whereupon the old lady asked him how he could be so wicked as to deceive her with such multiplied lies.

"Alas!" said Agib, pretending to whimper very much, "I hope God will not punish me with a sore tongue for such sinning. It is true, as my father says, that he never commanded me to come; but I was so scandalised at his shocking neglect, that I could not help calling upon you of my own accord, and making up those messages in his name."

The old lady hereupon was so much touched with the seeming piety and tenderness of Little Agib, that she bade him climb upon the bed and kiss her, which he performed; and because he had come so disinterestedly, and not, she believed, for the trifling pieces of money, she gave him a coin of more value, to make amends, as she said, for Abendali's injurious suspicion.

The same night, when he looked in Agib's purse, the old man saw that he had three pieces more; at which he nodded as if to say I know where these came from: whereupon Agib, being concerned for the honour of his ingenuity, spoke up to his father. "It is not," said he, "as you suppose; these two pieces I obtained elsewhere, than at the place you are thinking of;" and with that he appealed to his brethren.

"It is truth," said the eldest, "what he speaks. Observing that he had every night a fresh piece of money, whereas

we that are his elders could get nothing at all, myself and my brother besought of Little Agib, to acquaint us with his secret for making gold and silver; but he would not part with it, unless we gave him our two pieces, and thus we have no money whatever."

With that the elder brothers turned both at once on Little Agib, calling him a liar and a cheat; for that, when they called on the old lady, instead of giving them a piece of money or two, as he had reported, she said that she knew what they came for, and withal bade them to be thrust forth from the chamber.

During this relation, Abendali could not help laughing secretly at the cunning of Little Agib, who had thus added his brother's money to his own: however, he quieted the two elder ones, by declaring that Agib had told them the truth.

About a month after this time, the Angel of Death called upon Abendali, and touching him on the right side, bade him prepare to die. Accordingly the old man sent for his sons to his bedside, and after embracing them tenderly one by one, spoke as follows:

"My dear children, you will find all the money that I have in the world in a great earthen pot, which stands in a hole of the wall behind the head of my couch. As for its disposal my will is this, that it shall be equally divided between you two, who are the eldest. As for Little Agib, he has wit enough to provide for himself, and must shift as he can."

With these words he died, and the sons turned his face towards the east,—the two eldest setting themselves immediately to divide the money between them, in order to divert their grief; whereas Little Agib having nothing to do shed a great many tears. However, it happened so, that the soul of the infirm kinswoman of Abendali took flight to God the same evening, and she left by her will a sum of money, that

made Agib equal in means with his brethren; whereupon, having something likewise to occupy his thoughts, his eyes were soon as dry as the others.

After a decent season, the three brothers, desiring a change of scene, and to see a little of the world, determined to travel: accordingly, bestowing their money about their persons, they set forth in company, intending to go towards Damascus; but, before they had gone very far, they were set upon by a band of thieves, who took away all they had. The two elder ones, at this mischance, were very much cast down; but Little Agib, who was no worse off than he had been left by his father, kept up his heart. At last they came to a town, where Agib, who never had any mistrust of his wit, took care to hire a small house without any delay; but his brethren were very much dismayed at so rash an act, for they knew that there was not a coin amongst them all. Notwithstanding, Agib, by several dexterous turns, made shift to provide something every day to eat and drink, which he shared generously with the others, exacting from them only a promise that they would help him whenever they could.

At last even the inventions of Little Agib began to fail, and he was walking through the streets in a very melancholy manner, when he espied an old woman making over towards an artificer's with a brazen pan in her arms. A thought immediately came into his head: therefore, stopping the woman before she could step into the shop, and drawing her a little way apart, he spoke thus: "I doubt not, my good mother, that you were going to the brazier, to have that vessel repaired, and I should be loth to stop the bread from coming to any honest man's mouth. Notwithstanding, I have not eaten for three days;"—here the little hypocrite began to shed tears;—"and as I know something of the

craft, if you will allow me to do such a small job for you, it will be a great charity."

The old woman, in reply, told him that she was indeed going to the brazier's on such an errand, but nevertheless, the vessel having a flaw at the bottom, she was very well disposed to let him repair her pan, as it would be an act of charity, and especially as he would no doubt mend it for half-price. The Little Agib agreed to her terms; whereupon leading her to the door of his house, he took the pan from her, and desired her to call again in a certain time.

The brethren wondered very much to see Agib with such a vessel, when they had not provision to make it of any use; but he gave them no hint of his design, requiring only of them that they would go abroad, and raise money upon such parts of their raiment as they could spare. The two elder ones, having a great confidence in his cleverness, did as they were desired, but the greater part of their clothes having been pledged in the same way, they could borrow but two pieces for their turbans, which were left as security.

As soon as he got the money, Agib ran off to the brazier, who has been mentioned before, and ordered him to repair the brass pan in his best manner, and without any delay, which the man punctually fulfilled. Thereupon Agib made him a present of the two pieces, which amounted to much more than the usual charge for such a job, and made haste home with the pan, where he arrived but a breathing space before the old woman knocked at the door. She was very much pleased with the work, for the pan had a bran new bottom, perfectly water-tight, and neatly set in; but the moderate charge that was demanded by Agib delighted her still more, wherefore she began to hobble off, with great satisfaction in her countenance, when he beckoned to her to come back.

"There is but one thing," said he, "that I request of you, which is this: that you will not mention this matter to any one, for otherwise, as I am not a native of the place, I shall have all the braziers of the town about my ears."

The old woman promised readily to observe his caution; notwithstanding, as he had foreseen, she told the story to every one of her neighbours, and the neighbours gossiped of it to others, so that the fame of the cheap brazier travelled through the whole of her quarter. Thereupon, every person who had a vessel of brass or copper, or a metal pan of any kind that was unsound, resolved to have it mended at so reasonable a rate; and each one intending to be beforehand with the others, it fell out that a great mob came all at once to the door.

As soon as Agib heard the knocking, and the voices, and the jangling of the vessels, for the good people made a pretty concert without, in order to let him know what they wanted, he turned about to his brothers, and said that the time for their usefulness was arrived. Thereupon he opened the door, and saw a great concourse of people, who were all talking together, and holding up towards him the bottoms of kettles and pans. Whenever he could make himself heard through the clamour, he desired every one to make a private mark of their own upon the metal, which being done, he took in the articles one by one, and appointed with the owners to return for them on the morrow at the same hour.

The things which had been brought made a goodly heap in the chamber, being piled up in one corner to the very top of the room, a sight that amused Agib and his brothers very much, for the latter made sure that they were to sell the whole of the metal, and then make off with the money, which was quite contrary to the policy of Agib, who remembered the injunctions of Abendali, as to the danger of

such acts. However, there was no time to be wasted, having such a quantity of work before their eyes; accordingly, bidding his brothers perform after his example, Agib sat down on the floor with one of the brazen vessels between his legs, and by help of an old knife and some coarse sand, scraped and scoured the bottom till it looked very bright and clean. The two eldest laboured after the same manner with great patience, and persevered so stedfastly, that by daylight the bottoms of the vessels were all shining as brilliantly as the sun. "Now," said Agib, "we may lie down and rest awhile, for we have done the work of a score of hands."

At the time appointed, which was about noon, the people came in a crowd, as before, to fetch away their pans, every one striving to be first at the door. In the meantime, Agib had the vessels heaped up behind him, so as to be conveniently within reach; whereupon, opening the door, and holding up one of the articles in his right hand, one of the crowd called out, "That is my pan!" Immediately Agib reached forth the vessel to the owner, and without a word stretched out his left hand for the money, which in every case was a piece of the same amount that had been paid by the old woman; and his two brothers, who stood behind him with blacked faces, to look like furnacemen, put all the coins into a bag. In this way, Agib, as fast as he could, delivered all the things to the people; who, as soon as they saw the bright bottoms of their pots and kettles, were well satisfied, and withal very much amazed to think that so much work had been performed in such a little space.

"It is wonderful! it is wonderful!" they said to each other; "he must have a hundred workpeople in his house!" and with that and similar sayings they departed to their homes.

When the last of the pot-bearers was gone out of sight, Agib told his brothers that it was time for them to leave the place; whereupon the dull-witted pair began to think of redeeming their turbans, and, in spite of the entreaties of Agib, being very obstinate, as such thick-skulls usually are, they went forth on that errand. In the interval, Agib, who had many misgivings at heart, was obliged to remain in the house; so that the event fell out as unhappily as might have been foretold. In a little while, some of the people, who had paid for the mending of their pans, found out the trick, and these telling the others that were in the same plight, they repaired suddenly to the house, before Agib had time to escape, and carried him into the presence of the cadi.

The furious people told their story all at once, as they could, to the judge; and withal they held up so many shining pan-bottoms, of brass as well as copper, that he was quite dazzled, and almost as blind as Justice ought to be, according to the painters. Many of them, besides, to eke out their speech, laid sundry violent thumps upon the twanging vessels, so that such an uproar had never been heard before in the court. As for Agib, though he felt his case to be somewhat critical, he could not help laughing at the oddness of the scene; and there were others in the hall, who laughed more violently than he.

It was a common thing with the Caliph of Bagdad to go in disguise through his dominions, as well to overlook the administration of justice in different places, as for his own private diversion. Thus it happened at this moment, that the caliph was standing, unrecognised, amongst the spectators of the scene. He laughed very heartily at the eagerness of the complainants and their whimsical concert. At last, sending his royal signet to the cadi, with a message that it was

his pleasure to try the cause himself, he went up into the judge's seat.

As soon as the accusers perceived the caliph, they set up a new clamour, and a fresh clatter of their pans, so that he had much ado to preserve his gravity and his eyesight. However, when he had heard enough to comprehend the matter, he commanded them to hold their peace, and then called upon Agib to say what he could in his defence.

"Commander of the Faithful!" said Agib, "I beseech but your gracious patience, and I will answer all this rabble, and their kettles to boot. Your majesty must know then, that yesterday morning these people all made even such a tumult about my door as you have just heard. As soon as ever I came forth, they held up the bottoms of their vessels one and all towards me, as they have just done to your majesty; and if the Commander of the Faithful understands by that action that he is to mend all the bottoms of their pans, I confess that I am worthy of the bastinado."

The caliph laughed more heartily than ever at this idea of Agib's, in which he was joined by all the unconcerned parties in the court: whereas the pan-bearers looked very much disconcerted. At last, one of them, speaking in behalf of the rest, besought of the caliph that the old woman might be sent for, whose pot had been mended by Agib, and accordingly an officer was dispatched to bring her to the court. As soon as she came, the cadi interrogated her, by the command of the caliph, as to her transaction with Agib; whereupon she related the whole affair, and proved that he had undertaken by express words, to put a new bottom to her pan.

The caliph was very much vexed at this turn of the case against Agib, whereas the complainants were altogether in exultation, and asked eagerly and at once of the old woman,

whether her pan was not merely scrubbed bright at the bottom, and unserviceable, like theirs. The old woman, however, declared that it was no such matter, but that her pan was quite water-tight, and repaired with a new bottom in a workmanlike manner; whereupon the vessel being examined, it was discovered that she had told the truth.

The caliph, who was overjoyed at the favourable result, now laughed again till he was ready to fall out of his seat. Whereas, the pan-bearers fell into a fresh fit of rage, shaking their clanking utensils first at the old woman, and then at Agib, and at last at each other, every one shifting the blame of the failure from himself to his neighbour, who had prevented the cause from being properly heard. In the meantime, all the braziers and metal-workers of the place, who had heard of the subject of the examination, thronged into the court; and began to treat with the enraged people who had been juggled for the repairs of their pans: and these men falling into dispute with each other, there arose a fresh uproar. The cadi, therefore, would fain have had them all thrust out of the place, but the caliph desired that the rioters might have their way for a little longer, not doubting that some fresh mirth would arise out of the squabble. Accordingly, before long, the complainants came forward with a fresh accusation against the artificers, that under pretence of examining the vessels, they had thrust fresh holes in them, and withal they flourished the damaged pan-bottoms once more in the eyes of the Commander of the Faithful.

Little Agib, in the meantime, enjoyed this uproar in his sleeve, and casting a sly glance or two towards the seat of justice, he soon perceived that it was not more displeasing to the caliph. The latter after laughing a while longer,

put on a grave look by force, and commanded Agib to relate what passed with the people, at the delivery of their wares.

"Sire," replied Agib, "as soon as I had got all the pans together, which were thus forced as it were upon me, I examined them as narrowly as I could; but not being a brazier, nor knowing anything whatever of that trade, I could perceive only that they wanted a little scouring, which I performed by the help of my two brothers. This morning the people came again for their pots and pans, and seeing that they had only held up the bottoms towards me, in like manner I only held up the bottoms towards them; wherewith they were so well contented, that each gave me a small piece of money, without any demand on my part, and they went on their way."

As soon as Agib had concluded these words, he was silent; whereupon one of the braziers pushed his way through the crowd, and making his reverence before the caliph, spoke as follows:—

"Commander of the Faithful, what this young man has said is every word of it true. As for any sort of copper or brass work, he is quite ignorant of the craft, for the very morning before this, he brought to me a pan of his own to be repaired. By his desire, therefore, I put in a bran new bottom, for which he paid me very honestly as well as handsomely, so that I wish I had many more such liberal customers. As for these foolish people that make such a clatter, they are not worthy to be believed for an instant; for I leave it to your majesty to consider whether so many bottoms as they speak of could be put into their vessels by all the braziers in the place, in the course of a single night. The thing is impossible; and besides, if it could be done, there is no man alive that could do such a job con-

scientiously, under ten times the price which they confess to have paid to him. I am a judge and ought to know."

The caliph was very much diverted with this speech of the brazier, which made all the disconcerted pan-bearers hang down their heads. He then turned round to the cadi and asked what he thought of the case; the latter having given his answer, the crier was commanded to procure silence in the court, and the caliph stood up to give judgment.

"Your observation," said he, turning towards the cadi, "is both learned and just. I am of opinion, likewise, that the holding up of the bottoms of brazen pans, is not amongst any of the known forms of agreement. Thus there was no legal bargain on either side,"—and at these words the disappointed people, raising up their hands towards the Prophet in appeal against the injustice of the caliph, there arose a new flashing of brass and copper bottoms, and a fresh clatter of all the pans.

"Notwithstanding," continued the caliph, "as there seems to have been some evasion of a secret understanding between the two parties, my decree therefore is this, that the criminal shall receive two hundred strokes upon the soles of his feet;" and herewith the hands falling down again with satisfaction, there ensued a fresh clanking chorus throughout the hall.

"However," the caliph went on thus, as soon as there was silence—"it is necessary that justice on both sides should be equal and complete; wherefore, as the complainants did but hold up their pans, and then reckon that the order for the new bottoms was distinct, so it shall be sufficient for the executioner to lift up his arm two hundred times, and the criminal shall be deemed to have suffered as many stripes of the bastinado."

At this pleasant decision, there was a great shout of

applause in the court; but the discomfited pan-bearers departed in great dudgeon, with more clangour than ever; and almost in a temper to hang up their pans, like the kettles of the Turkish Janizaries, as the signals for a revolt.

As for Agib, he suffered the penalty, according to his sentence; but the caliph was so much delighted with his wit and address, that before long he raised him to be one of his Ministers of State. The two elder ones, on the contrary, being very dull and slow, howbeit very proper men, rose no higher than to be soldiers of the Body Guard. Thus the expectation of Abendali was fulfilled, the Little Agib, though last in birth and least in stature, becoming the foremost in fortune and the highest in dignity of the Three Brothers.

LAMIA;

A ROMANCE.

LAMIA was originally published in 1852, in the Appendix to the first volume of the "Autobiography of William Jerdan," * and is thus alluded to in the text: "I have a matter, as I venture to presume, of peculiar interest to relate, and which I cannot conveniently weave into my narrative, so near the close of the volume; I shall therefore, at the latest hour, beg for an allowance of time and credit till my next *tome* appears, for their revelation. Mr. Canning's Lisbon mission will then also demand my illustration; and, in the meanwhile, not inconsistently with the literary and miscellaneous character of my autobiography, I offer as a reward for granting me this boon, and to enrich these concluding pages with a production that cannot fail to charm every reader of taste and intelligence where the English tongue is spoken, an unpublished work of my late lamented friend, THOMAS HOOD, whose memory will stand on a higher pinnacle with posterity for his serious and pathetic writings than even for those quaint and facetious performances by which he contributed so largely to the harmless mirth of his age, and in which he was unrivalled."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLONIUS, *a philosopher, a sophist, tutor to* LYCIUS.
LYCIUS, *a young man of noble birth, pupil to* APOLLONIUS.
MERCUTIUS,
CURIO,
GALLO, and others, } *young wild gallants of Corinth.*
JULIUS, *brother to Lycius.*
DOMUS (*pro tempore*), *butler* to LAMIA.
PICUS (*pro tempore*), *steward to* LAMIA.
LAMIA, *an Enchantress, by nature a Serpent, but now under the disguise of a beautiful woman.*

THE SCENE IS IN OR NEAR CORINTH.

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* It was sent to him by my mother, shortly after my father's death and must have been written in some of these earlier years.

A mossy Bank with Trees, on the high Road near Corinth.

Enter LAMIA.

LAMIA.

HERE I'll sit down and watch; till his dear foot
Pronounce him to my ear. That eager hope
Hath won me from the brook before I viewed
My unacquainted self.—But yet it seemed
A most rare change—and still methinks the change
Has left the old fascination in my eyes.
Look, here's a shadow of the shape I am—
A dainty shadow! [*She sits down on the bank.*
How fair the world seems now myself am fair!
These dewy daffodils! these sweet green trees!
I've coiled about their roots—but now I pluck
Their drooping branches with this perfect hand!
Sure those were Dryades
That with such glancing looks peeped through the green
To gaze upon my beauty.

[LYCIUS *enters and passes on without noting her.*
Lycius! sweet Lycius!—what, so cruel still!
What have I done thou ne'er wilt deign a look,
But pass me like a worm?

LYCIUS.

Ha! who art thou? [*Looking back.*
O goddess, (for there is no mortal tint,
No line about thee lower than divine,)
What may that music mean, thy tuneful tongue
Hath sent in chase of me?—I slight! I scorn thee!
By all the light of day, till this kind hour
I never saw that face!—nor one as fair.

LAMIA.

O fie, fie, fie !—what, have you never met
That face at Corinth ?—turned too oft towards you,
Like the poor maiden's that adored Apollo :—
You must have marked it !—

LYCIUS.

Nay, then hear me swear !
By all Olympus and its starry thrones—
My eyes have never chanced so sweet a sight,
Not in my summer dreams !——

LAMIA.

Enough, enough !—why then I've watched in vain—
Tracked all your ways, and followed like your shadow ;
Hung you with blessings—haunted you with love—
And waited on your aspect—all in vain !—
I might as well have spent my loving looks,
Like Ariadne, on the sullen sea,
And hoped for a reflection. Youth, farewell.

LYCIUS.

O not yet—not yet farewell !
Let such an unmatched vision still shine on,
Till I have set an impress in my heart
To cope with life's decay !

LAMIA.

You say but well.
I must soon hie me to my elements ;
But take your pleasure at my looks till then.

LYCIUS.

You are not of this earth, then ! [*Sadly.*

LAMIA.

Of this earth?

Why not? And of this same and pleasant isle.
My world is yours, and I would have no other.
One earth, one sea, one sky, in one horizon,
Our room is wide enough, unless you hate me.

LYCIUS.

Hate you!

LAMIA.

Then you may wish to set the stars between us,
The dim and utter lamps of east and west.
So far you'd have me from you.

LYCIUS.

Cruel Syren!

To set your music to such killing speech.
Look if my eyes turn from you—if my brows,
Or any hinting feature, show dislike.
Nay, hear my lips—

LAMIA.

If they will promise love
Or talk of it; but chide, and you will kill me!

LYCIUS.

Then, love, speak forth a promise for thyself,
And all heaven's witnesses be by to hear thee.—

LAMIA.

Hold, hold! I'm satisfied. You'll love me, then?

LYCIUS.

With boundless, endless love.

LAMIA.

Ay, give me much on't—for you owe me much,
If you knew all.
I've licked the very dust whereon you tread—

LYCIUS.

It is not true!

LAMIA.

I'll swear it, if you will. Jove heard the wcrcs,
And knows they are sadly true.

LYCIUS.

And this for me

LAMIA.

Ay, sweet, and more. A poor, fond wretch, I filled
The flowers with my tears; and lay supine
In coverts wild and rank—fens, horrid, desolate!
'Twould shock your very soul if you could see
How this poor figure once was marred and vilified,
How grovelled and debased; contemned and hated
By my own self, because, with all its charms,
It then could hope no favor in your eyes;
And so I hid it,
With toads and newts, and hideous shiny things,
Under old ruins, in vile solitudes,
Making their haunts my own.

LYCIUS.

'Tis strange and piteous.—Why, then, you maddened?

LAMIA.

I was not quite myself—(not what I am)—

Yet something of the woman stayed within me,
To weep she was not dead.

LYCIUS.

Is this no fable?

LAMIA.

O most distrustful Lycius! Hear me call
On Heaven, anew, for vouchers to these facts. [*It thunders.*
There! Could'st thou question that? Sweet skies I thank ye!
Now, Lycius, doubt me if you may or can;
And leave me if you will. I can but turn
The wretched creature that I was, again,
Crushed by our equal hate. Once more, farewell.

LYCIUS.

Farewell, but not till death. O gentlest, dearest,
Forgive my doubts. I have but paused till now
To ask if so much bliss could be no dream.
Now I am sure——
Thus I embrace it with my whole glad heart
For ever and for ever; I could weep.
Thy tale hath shown me such a matchless love,
It makes the elder chronicles grow dim.
I always thought
I wandered all uncared for on my way,
Betide me good or ill—nor caused more tears
Than hung upon my sword. Yet I was hung
With dews, rich pearly dews—shed from such spheres
As sprinkle them in amber. Thanks, bounteous stars.
Henceforth you shall but rain your beams upon me
To bless my brightened days.

LAMIA.

O sweet! sweet! sweet!

To hear you parley thus and gaze upon you!
Lycius, dear Lycius!
But tell me, dearest, will you never—never
Think lightly of myself, nor scorn a love
Too frankly set before you! because 'twas given
Unasked, though you should never give again:
Because it was a gift and not a purchase—
A boon, and not a debt; not love for love,
Where one half's due for gratitude.

LYCIUS.

Thrice gracious seems thy gift!

LAMIA.

Oh, no! Oh, no!
I should have made you wait, and beg, and kneel,
And swear as though I could but half believe you;
I have not even stayed to prove your patience
By crosses and feigned slights—given you no time
For any bribing gifts or costly shows.
I know you will despise me.

LYCIUS.

Never, never,
So long as I have sight within these balls,
Which only now I've learned to thank the gods for.

LAMIA.

'Tis prettily sworn; and frankly I'll believe you!
Now shall we on our way? I have a house
(Till now no home) within the walls of Corinth:
Will you not master it as well as me?

LYCIUS.

My home is in your heart; but where you dwell,
There is my dwelling-place. But let me bear you, sweet!

LAMIA.

No, I can walk, if you will charm the way
With such discourse; it makes my heart so light,
I seem to have wings within; or, if I tire,
I'll lean upon you thus.

LYCIUS.

So lean for ever! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Market-place at Corinth.

APOLLONIUS *is discovered discoursing with various young Gallants, namely,* MERCUTIUS, CURIO, *&c.*

APOLLONIUS.

Hush, sirs!
You raise a tingling blush about my ears,
That drink such ribaldry and wanton jests—
For shame!—for shame!—
You misapply good gifts the gods have granted!

MERCUTIUS.

The gods have made us tongues—brains, too, I hope—
And time will bring us beards. You sages think
Minerva's owl dwells only in such bushes.

CURIO.

Ha! ha!—Why we'll have wigs upon our chins—
Long grizzled ones—and snarl about the streets,
Hugged up in pride and spleen like any mantle,
And be philosophers!

APOLLONIUS.

You will do wisely.

CURIO.

Ay—I hope—why not?
Though age has heaped no winter on our pates.
Is wisdom such a frail and spoiling thing
It must be packed in ice?

GALLO.

Or sopped in vinegar?

APOLLONIUS.

We would you were more gray—

MERCUTIUS.

Why, would you have us gray before our time?
Oh, Life's poor capital is too soon spent
Without discounting it. Pray do not grudge us
Our share;—a little wine—a little love—
A little youth!—a little, little folly,
Since wisdom has the gross. When they are past,
We'll preach with you, and call 'em vanities.

APOLLONIUS.

No!—leave that to your mummies. Sure your act
Will purchase you an embalming. Let me see!—
Here's one hath spent his fortune on a harlot,
And—if he kept to one it was a merit!—
The next has rid the world of so much wine—
Why that's a benefit. And you, Sir Plume,
Have turned your Tailor to a Senator;—
You've made no man the worse—(for manner's sake;
My speech exempts yourself). You've all done well;
If not, your dying shall be placed to your credit.

CURIO.

You show us bravely—could you ever praise one?

APOLLONIUS.

One? and no more! why then I answer, yes—
Or rather, no; for I could never praise him.
He's as beyond my praise as your complexion—
I wish you'd take a pattern!—

CURIO.

Of whose back, sir?

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, there you must begin and try to match
The very shadow of his virtuous worth,
Before you're half a man.

MERCUTIUS.

Who is this model?
An ape—an Afric ape—what he and Plato
Conspire to call a Man.

APOLLONIUS.

Then you're a man already; but no model,
So I must set my own example up;
To show you Virtue, Temperance, and Wisdom,
And in a youth too!—
Not in a withered graybeard like myself,
In whom some virtues are mere worn-out vices,
And wisdom but a due and tardy fruit.
He, like the orange, bears both fruit and flower
Upon his odorous bough—the fair and ripe!—

CURIO.

Why, you can praise too!

APOLLONIUS.

As well as I dispraise :—They're both in one,
Since you're disparaged when I talk of graces.
For example, when I say that he I spoke of
Is no wild sin-monger—no sot—no dicer,
No blasphemer o' th' gods—no shameless scoffer,
No ape—no braggart—no foul libertine—
Oh no—
He hugs no witching wanton to his heart,
He keeps no vices he's obliged to muffle ;—
But pays a filial honour to gray hairs,
And guides him by that voice, Divine Philosophy.

GALLO.

Well, he's a miracle !—and what's he called ?

(ALL.)

Ay, who is he ?—who is he ?

APOLLONIUS.

His name is Lycius.

CURIO.

Then he's coming yonder :—
Lord, how these island fogs delude our eyes !
I could have sworn to a girl too with him.

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, ay—you know these eyes can shoot so far,
Or else the jest were but a sorry one.

CURIO.

Mercutius sees her too.

MERCUTIUS.

In faith, I do, sir.

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, puppies!—nine days hence you will see truer.

OURIO.

Nay, but by all the gods—

GALLO.

We'll take our oath on't.

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, peace! (*aside*) I see her too—This is some mockery,
Illusion, damned illusion!——
What, ho! Lycius!

[LYCIUS (*entering*) *wishes to pass aside.* LAMIA *clings close to him.*

LAMIA.

Hark!—who is that!—quick, fold me in your mantle;
Don't let him see my face!—

LYCIUS.

Nay, fear not, sweet—
'Tis but old Apollonius, my sage guide.

LAMIA.

Don't speak to him—don't stay him—let him pass!—
I have a terror of those graybeard men—
They frown on Love with such cold churlish brows,
That sometimes he hath flown!—

LYCIUS.

Ay, he will chide me;
But do not you fear aught. Why, how you tremble!

LAMIA.

Pray shroud me closer. I am cold—death cold!—

[*Old* APOLLONIUS *comes up, followed by the Gallants.*

APOLLONIUS.

My son, what have you here?

LYCIUS.

A foolish bird that flew into my bosom :—
You would not drive him hence?

APOLLONIUS.

Well, let me see it;
I have some trifling skill in augury,
And can divine you from its beak and eyes
What sort of fowl it is.

LYCIUS.

I have learned that, sir ;—
'Tis what is called—a dove—sacred to Venus :—

[*The Youths laugh, and pluck* APOLLONIUS *by the sleeve.*

APOLLONIUS.

Fool! drive it out! [*To* LYCIUS.

LYCIUS.

No, not among these hawks here.

APOLLONIUS.

Let's see it, then.

(ALL.)

Ay, ay, old Graybeard, you say well for once ;
Let's see it ;—let's see it!—

APOLLONIUS.

And sure it is no snake—to suit the fable—
You've nestled in your bosom?

LAMIA (*under the mantle*).

Lost! lost! lost!—

MERCUTIUS.

Hark! the dove speaks—I knew it was a parrot!—

APOLLONIUS.

Dear Lycius—my own son (at least till now),
Let me forewarn you, boy!—

LYCIUS.

No, peace, I will not.

CURIO.

There spoke a model for you.

APOLLONIUS.

O Lycius, Lycius!
My eyes are shocked, and half my age is killed,
To see your noble self so ill accompanied!—

LYCIUS.

And, sir, my eyes are shocked too—Fie! is this
A proper retinue—for those gray hairs?
A troop of scoffing boys!—Sirs, by your leave
I must and will pass on. [*To the Gallants.*

MERCUTIUS.

That as you can, sir—

LYCIUS.

Why then this arm has cleared a dozen such.

[*They scuffle: in the tumult* APOLLONIUS *is overturned.*

APOLLONIUS.

Unhappy boy!—this overthrow's your own!—

[LYCIUS *frees himself and* LAMIA, *and calls back.*

LYCIUS.

Lift—help him—pick him up!—fools—braggarts—apes—
Step after me who dares!— [*Exit with* LAMIA.

GALLO.

Whew!—here's a model!—
How fare you, sir (*to* APOLLONIUS)—your head?—I fear
Your wisdom has suffered by this fall.

APOLLONIUS.

My heart aches more.
O Lycius! Lycius!—

CURIO.

Hark! he calls his model!—
'Twas a brave pattern. We shall never match him.
Such wisdom and such virtues—in a youth too!
He keeps no muffled vices.

MERCUTIUS.

No! no! not he!—
Nor hugs no naughty wantons in his arms—

CURIO.

But pays a filial honor to gray hairs,
And listens to thy voice—Divine Philosophy!

[*They run off, laughing and mocking.*

APOLLONIUS.

You have my leave to jest. The gods unravel
This hellish witchery that hides my scholar!
O Lycius! Lycius! [*Exit* APOLLONIUS.

SCENE III.

A rich Chamber, with Pictures and Statues.

Enter DOMUS *unsteadily, with a flask in his hand.*

DOMUS.

Here's a brave palace! [*Looking round.*
Why, when this was spread
Gold was as cheap as sunshine. How it's stuck
All round about the walls. Your health, brave palace!
Ha! Brother Picus! Look! are you engaged too?

(*Enter* PICUS.)

Hand us your hand: you see I'm butler here.
How came you hither?

PICUS.

How? Why a strange odd man—
A sort of foreign slave, I think—addressed me
I' the market, waiting for my turn,
Like a beast of burthen, and hired me for this service.

DOMUS.

So I was hired, too.

PICUS.

'Tis a glorious house!
But come, let's kiss the lips of your bottle.

DOMUS.

Ay, but be modest: wine is apt to blush!

PICUS.

'Tis famous beverage:
It makes me reel i' the head.

DOMUS.

I believe ye, boy.
Why, since I sipped it—(mind, I'd only sipped)—
I've had such glorious pictures in my brains—
Such rich rare dreams!
Such blooms, and rosy bowers, and tumbling fountains,
With a score of moons shining at once upon me—
I never saw such sparkling! [*Drinks.*

PICUS.

Here's a vision!

DOMUS.

The sky was always bright; or, if it gloomed,
The very storms came on with scented waters,
And, if it snowed, 'twas roses; claps of thunder
Seemed music, only louder; nay, in the end,
Died off in gentle ditties. Then, such birds!
And gold and silver chafers bobbed about;
And when there came a little gush of wind,
The very flowers took wing and chased the butterflies!

PICUS.

Egad, 'tis very sweet. I prithee, dearest Domus,
Let me have one small sup!

DOMUS.

No! hear me out.
The hills seemed made of cloud, bridges of rainbows,
The earth like trodden smoke.
Nothing at all was heavy, gross, or human:
Mountains, with climbing cities on their backs,
Shifted about like castled elephants;
You might have launched the houses on the sea,

And seen them swim like galleys!
The stones I pitched i' the ponds would barely sink—
I could have lifted them by tons. [*Drinks.*

PICUS.

Dear Domus, let me paint, too—dear, dear Domus.

DOMUS.

Methought I was all air—Jove! I was feared,
I had not flesh enough to hold me down
From mounting up to the moon.
At every step—
Bounce! when I only thought to stride a pace,
I bounded thirty.

PICUS.

Thirty! Oh, let me drink!

DOMUS.

And that too when I'd even eat or drank
At the rate of two meals to the hour! [*Drinks.*

PICUS.

Two meals to the hour—nay Domus—let me drink,
Dear Domus let me drink—before 'tis empty!—

DOMUS.

But then my fare was all so light and delicate,
The fruits, the cakes, the meats so dainty frail,
They would not bear a bite—no, not a munch,
But melted away like ice. Come, here's the bottle!

PICUS.

Thanks, Domus—Pshaw, it's empty!—Well, who cares—
There's something thin and washy after all

In these poor visions. They all end in emptiness,
Like this. [*Turns down the bottle.*

DOMUS.

Then fill again, boy—fill again!
And be ——. I say, look there!—

PICUS.

It is our Lady!

[LAMIA *enters leaning upon* LYCIUS.

DOMUS.

Our Lady's very welcome: (*bowing*) yours, my lady—
Sir, your poor butler: (*to* LYCIUS) Picus—man—speak up,
The very same that swam so in my dreams;
I had forgot the goddess!—

LAMIA.

Peace, rude knave!
You've tasted what belonged to nobler brains,
And maddened!—My sweet love (*to* LYCIUS) 'twas kept for you,
'Tis nature's choicest vintage.
(*to* DOMUS) Drink no more, sir!
Except what I'll provide you.

DOMUS.

O sweet Lady!
Lord, and I had a cup I'd thank you in it!—
But you've been drunk—sweet lady—you've been drunk!
Here's Master Picus knows—for we drunk you.

PICUS.

Not I, in faith.

LYCIUS.

Ha! ha! my gentle love,
Methinks your butler should have been your steward.

DOMUS.

Why you are merry, sir—
And well you may. Look here's a house we've come to!
O Jupiter!
Look here are pictures, sir, and here's our statues!
That's Bacchus! [*Pointing.*
And there's Apollo—just aiming at the serpent.

LAMIA.

Peace, fool—my dearest Lycius,
Pray send him forth.

LYCIUS.

Sirrah, take him off! [*To Steward.*

PIOUS.

Fie, Domus—know your place.

DOMUS.

My place, slave!
What, don't I know my place? [*Falls on his back.*
Ain't I the butler?

LYCIUS.

No more—no more—there—pull him out by the heels—
[DOMUS *is dragged out.*
(*To* LAMIA.) My most dear love—how fares it with you now?
Your cheek is somewhat pale.

LAMIA.

Indeed, I'm weary,
We'll not stay here—I have some cheer provided
In a more quiet chamber. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street in Corinth; on one side a very noble building, which is the residence of LAMIA. MERCUTIUS, *with the other Gallants, come and discourse in front of the house.*

MERCUTIUS.

So, here they're lodged!
In faith a pretty nest!

GALLO.

The first that led us hither for revenge—
O brave Mercutius!

CURIO.

Now my humor's different,
For while there's any stone left in the market-place
That hurt these bones, when that pert chick o'erset us,
I'd never let him sleep!—

GALLO.

Nor I, by Nemesis!
I'd pine him to a ghost for want of rest.
To the utter verge of death.

MERCUTIUS.

And then you'd beat him.
Is that your noble mind?

GALLO.

Lo! here's a turncoat!
D'ye hear him, gentles?—he's come here to fool us!

MERCUTIUS.

Not I; but that I'm turned, I will confess it;

For as we came—in thinking over this—
Of Lycius, and the lady whom I glanced
Crouching within his mantle—
Her most distressful look came so across me—
Her death-white cheeks—
That I, for one, can find no heart to fret her.

CURIO.

Shall Lycius then go free?

MERCUTIUS.

Ay, for her sake :—
But do your pleasure; it is none of mine. *Exit.*

GALLO.

Why, a false traitor!

CURIO.

Sirs, I can expound him;
He's smit—he's passion-smit—I heard him talk
Of her strange witching eyes—such rare ones
That they turned him cold as stone.

GALLO.

Why let him go then—but we'll to our own.

CURIO.

Ay, let's be plotting
How we can vent our spites on this Sir Lycius—
I own it stirs my spleen, more than my bruises,
To see him fare so well—hang him!—a model!—
One that was perked too, underneath our noses,
For virtue and for temperance.
I have a scheme will grieve 'em without end:
I planned it by the way.

You know this fellow, Lycius, has a father
Some fifteen leagues away. We'll send him thither
By some most urgent message.

GALLO.

Bravely plotted:
His father shall be dying. Ah! 'tis excellent.
I long to attempt the lady;—nay, we'll set
Mercutius, too, upon her! Pray, let's to it.
Look! here's old Ban-dog. [APOLLONIUS *appears in the distance.*

CURIO.

Nay, but I will act
Some mischief ere I go. There's for thee, Lycius!
[*He casts a stone through the window, and they run off.*

Enter APOLLONIUS.

APOLLONIUS.

Go to, ye silly fools!—Lo! here's a palace!
I have grown gray in Corinth, but my eyes
Never remember it. Who is the master?
Some one is coming forth. Lycius again!
[LYCIUS *comes out disordered, with his face flushed, and reels up to* APOLLONIUS.

LYCIUS.

Why, how now, Graybeard? What! are these your frolics,
To sound such rude alarum in our ears?
Go to!

APOLLONIUS.

Son, do you know me?

LYCIUS.

Know you? Why?
Or how? You have no likeness in our skies!

Gray hairs and such sour looks! You'd be a wonder!
We have nothing but bright faces. Hebes, Venuses;
No age, no frowns!
No wrinkle, but our laughter shakes in wine.
I wish you'd learn to drink.

APOLLONIUS.

O Lycius! Lycius!
Would you had never learned to drink, except those springs
We supped together! These are mortal draughts;—
Your cup is drugged with death!

LYCIUS.

Grave sir, you lie!
I'm a young god. Look! do you not behold
The new wings on my shoulders? You may die;
That moss upon your chin proclaims you're mortal,
And feel decays of age. But I'm renewable
At every draught I take! Here, Domus! Domus!

Enter DOMUS.

Bring a full cup of nectar for this churl. [*Exit* DOMUS.
'Twill give you back your youth, sir—ay, like magic—
And lift you o'er the clouds. You'll dream of nothing
That's meaner than Olympus. Smiling goddesses
Will haunt you in your sleep. You'll walk on flowers,
And never crush their heads.

Enter DOMUS *with wine.*

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, madman, peace!
None of your draughts for me—your magic potions,
That stuff your brains with such pernicious cheats!
I say, bear off the bowl!

LYCIUS.

What !—will he not ?—
Then cast it over him—'twill do as well ;—
He shall be a demi-god against his will.
Cast it, I say !— [*To* DOMUS.

DOMUS.

'Tis such a sinful waste !
Why, there, then—there ! [*He throws it over* APOLLONIUS.
Look how it falls to the ground !
Lord, you might soak him in it year by year,
And never plump him up to a comely youth
Like you or me, sir !—

LYCIUS.

Let him go. Farewell !—
Look, foolish Graybeard—I am going back
To what your wisdom scorned. A minute hence
My soul is in Elysium ! [*Exit with* DOMUS

APOLLONIUS.

Fool, farewell !
Why, I was sprinkled ; yet I feel no wet.
'Tis strange !—this is some magic, against which
Philosophy is proof. I must untangle it.
Hold !— [*He stands in meditation.*
I have it faintly dawning in my brain.
'Tis somewhere in my books (which I'll refer to)—
Speaking of Nature's monstrous prodigies,
That there be witching snakes—Circean births—
Who, by foul spells and forgeries, can take
The mask and shape of woman—fair externe,
But viperous within. And so they creep
Into young hearts, and falsify the brain

With juggling mockeries. Alas, poor boy,
If this should be thy case! These are sad tales
To send unto thy father.

[MERCUTIUS *enters without perceiving* APOLLONIUS: *going up to* LAMIA'S *house, he recollects himself.*

MERCUTIUS.

Here again?
What folly led me hither? I thought I was
Proceeding homeward. Why I've walked a circle
And end where I began! [APOLLONIUS *goes up and calls in his ear.*

APOLLONIUS.

I'll tell you, dreamer;
It's magic, it's vile magic brought you hither,
And made you walk in a fog.
There, think of that;—be wise, and save yourself!
I've better men to care for! [*Exit* APOLLONIUS.

MERCUTIUS.

What did he say?
The words were drowned in my ear by something sweeter.
[*A strain of wild music within the house.*
Music! rare music!—It must be her voice;
I ne'er heard one so thrilling! Is it safe
To listen to a song so syren-sweet—so exquisite?—
That I might hold my breath, entranced, and die
Of ardent listening? She is a miracle!

Enter DOMUS.

Look, here's a sot will tell me all he knows.
One of her servants—
Is that your lady's voice? (*to* DOMUS) her pipe's a rare one.

DOMUS.

Ay, marry. If you heard it sound within,

Till it makes the glasses chime, and all the bottles,
You'd think yourself in heaven.

MERCUTIUS.

I wish she'd sing again.

DOMUS.

And if you saw her eyes, how you would marvel!
I have seen my master watch them, and fall back
Like a man in his fits. I'm rather dizzy,
And drunken-like myself. The vile quandaries
Her beauty brings one into— [*Staggers about.*
Ay, I'm crazed. But you should see our Picus—
Lord, how he stands agape, till he drops his salver,
And then goes down on his knees.

MERCUTIUS.

And so should I,
Had I been born to serve her! [*Sighs.*

DOMUS.

Why you shall, boy;
And have a leather jerkin—marry, shall you!
We need a helper sadly. I'm o'er-burdened
(You see how I am burdened); but I'll teach you
What manners you may want.

MERCUTIUS.

Well, I'm for you—
(I will dislike no place that brings me near her)—
Mind, you have 'listed me.

DOMUS.

And I can promise
You'll not dislike your fare—'tis excellent, light

As well as savoury, and will not stuff you;
But when you've eat your stretch to the outer button,
In half an hour you'll hunger. It is all feasting,
With barely a tithe of fasting. Then such drinking!
There's such a cellar!
One hundred paces long (for I have paced it),
By about two hundred narrow. Come along, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Chamber in LAMIA'S *House.* LAMIA *and* LYCIUS *are discovered sitting on a couch.*

LAMIA.

Nay, sweet-lipped Silence,
'Tis now your turn to talk. I'll not be cheated
Of any of my pleasures; which I shall be,
Unless I sometimes listen.

LYCIUS.

Pray talk on,
A little further on. You have not told me
What country bore you, that my heart may set
Its name in a partial place. Nay, your own name—
Which ought to be my better word for beauty—
I know not.

LAMIA.

Wherefore should I talk of such things
I care not to remember? A lover's memory
Looks back no further than when love began,
As if the dawn o' the world.
As for my birth—suppose I like to think

That we were dropped from two strange several stars
(Being thus meant for one), why should you wish
A prettier theory, or ask my name,
As if I did not answer, heart and eyes,
To those you call me by? In sooth, I will not
Provide you with a worse.

LYCIUS.

Then I must find it. Now I am but puzzled
To compound sweet superlatives enough
In all the world of words. [DOMUS *enters boisterously with a letter.*

DOMUS.

An express! an express!
Faith, I've expressed it. I did not even wait (*aside*)
To pry between the folds.

[LYCIUS *takes the letter, and reads in great agitation.* LAMIA *watches him.*

LAMIA.

Alas! what news is this? Lycius! dear Lycius!
Why do you clutch your brow so? What has chanced
To stab you with such grief? Speak! speak!

LYCIUS.

My father!

LAMIA.

Dead?

LYCIUS.

Dying—dying—if not dead by this.
I must leave you instantly.

LAMIA.

Alas! I thought
This fair-eyed day would never see you from me!
But must you go, indeed?

LYCIUS.

I must! I must!
This is some fierce and fearful malady
To fall so sudden on him. Why, I left him,
No longer since—ay, even when I met you
We had embraced that morn.

LAMIA.

It was but yesterday!
How soon our bliss is marred! And must you leave me?

LYCIUS.

Oh! do not ask again with such a look,
Or I shall linger here and pledge my soul
To everlasting shame and keen remorse!

LAMIA.

The Fates are cruel!
Yet let me cling to thee and weep awhile:
We may not meet again. I cannot feel
You are safe but in these arms! [*She embraces him.*

LYCIUS.

I'm split asunder
By opposite factions of remorse and love;
But all my soul clings here.

DOMUS.

It makes me weep.
He will not see his father. [LYCIUS *casts himself on the couch.*

LAMIA (*striking* DOMUS).

Wretch! take that,
For harrowing up his griefs! Dearest!—my Lycius!
Lean not your brow upon that heartless pillow!

DOMUS.

How he groaned then !

LAMIA.

Lycius, you fright me !

You turn me cold !

LYCIUS (*rising up*).

Oh ! in that brief rest,
I've had a waking vision of my father !
Even as he lay on his face and groaned for me,
And shed like bitter tears !
Oh, how those groans will count in heaven against me !
One for pain's cruelty, but two for mine,
That gave a sting to his anguish.
His dying breath will mount to the skies and curse me.
His angered ghost
Will haunt my sight, and when I'd look upon you
Step in like a blot between us.

LAMIA.

Go, go ! or you will hate me. Go and leave me !
If I now strive by words or tears to stay you
For my pleasure's sake or pain's,
You'd say there was something brutal in my nature
Of cold and fiendish, and unlike woman ;
Some taint that devilish——
Yet give me one long look before you go—
One last long look ! [*She fixes her eyes on his.*

LYCIUS.

O gods ! my spirit fails me,
And I have no strength to go, although I would !

LAMIA.

Perhaps he is dead already !

LYCIUS.

Ha! Why, then,
What can I? Or, if not, what can I still?
Can I keep him from his urn? or give him breath?
Or replenish him with blood?

LAMIA.

Alas! alas!
Would I had art or skill enough to heal him!

LYCIUS.

Ay, art and skill, indeed, do more than love
In such extremities. Stay! here, hard by,
There dwells a learned and most renowned physician,
Hath wrought mere miracles.
Him I'll engage, armed with our vows and prayers,
To spend his utmost study on my father,
And promptly visit him. A short farewell.

[*Exit.* DOMUS *follows.*

LAMIA.

Farewell—be not o'er long. It made me tremble
That he should see his father! The oldest eyes
Look through some fogs that young ones cannot fathom,
And lay bare mysteries. Ah me! how frail
Are my foundations! Dreams, mere summer dreams,
Which, if a day-beam pierce, return to nothing!
And let in sadder shows. A foot—so soon!
Why, then, my wishes hold.

Enter DOMUS *and* PICUS.

DOMUS.

He's gone! he's gone!
He had not snuffed the air, outside o' the gate,

When it blew a change in his mind. He bade me tell you,
A voice from the sky-roof, where the gods look down,
Commanded him to his father.

LAMIA.

No more! no more!
(The skies begin, then, to dispute my charms.)
But did he ne'er turn back?

DOMUS.

Ay, more than twice
He turned on his heel, and stood—then turned again,
And tramped still quicker as he got from hence,
Till at last he ran like a lapwing!

LAMIA.

This is a tale
Coined by the silly drunkard. You, sir, speak. [*To* PICUS.

PICUS.

Nay, by our troths—

[LAMIA.

Then, sirrah, do not speak.
If such vile sense be truth, I've had too much on't.
Hence! fly! or I will kill you with a frown.
You've maddened me!

PICUS.

I saw her eyes strike fire!

[PICUS *and* DOMUS *run out.* LAMIA *looks round the chamber*

LAMIA.

Alone! alone!
Then, Lamia, weep, and mend your shatter-web,
And hang your tears, like morning dew, upon it.
Look how your honey-bee has broken loose

Through all his meshes, and now wings away,
Showing the toils were frail. Ay, frail as gossamers
That stretch from rose to rose. Some adverse power
Confronts me, or he could not tear them thus.
Some evil eye has pierced my mystery!
A blight is in its ken!
I feel my charms decay—my will's revoked—
And my keen sight, once a prophetic sense,
Is blinded with a cloud, horrid and black,
Like a veil before the face of Misery!

Another Apartment in LAMIA'S *House. Enter* JULIUS (LYCIUS'S *brother*) *and* DOMUS.

JULIUS.

Rumour has not belied the house i' the least;
'Tis all magnificent. I pray you, sir,
How long has your master been gone?

DOMUS.

About two quarts, sir;
That is, as long as one would be a drinking 'em.
'Tis a very little while since he set off, sir.

JULIUS.

You keep a strange reckoning.
Where is your mistress? Will she see me?

DOMUS.

Ay, marry;
That is, if you meet; for it is good broad daylight.

JULIUS.

This fellow's manners speak but ill for the house. (*Aside.*)
Go, sirrah, to your lady, with my message:
Tell her one Julius, Lycius's best friend,

Desires a little converse. [*Exit* DOMUS.
Now for this miracle, whose charms have bent
The straightest stem of youth strangely awry—
My brother Lycius!
He was not use to let his inclination
Thus domineer his reason: the cool, grave shade
Of Wisdom's porch dwelt ever on his brow
And governed all his thoughts, keeping his passions
Severely chastened. Lo! she comes. How wondrously
Her feet glide o'er the ground. Ay, she is beautiful!
So beautiful, my task looks stern beside her,
And duty faints like doubt.

Enter LAMIA.

Oh, thou sweet fraud!
Thou fair excuse for sin, whose matchless cheek
Vies blushes with the shame it brings upon thee,
Thou delicate forgery of love and virtue,
Why art thou as thou art, not what here seems
So exquisitely promised?

LAMIA.

Sir, do you know me?
If not—and my near eyes declare you strange—
Mere charity should make you think me better.

JULIUS.

Oh, would my wishful thought could think no worse
Than I might learn by gazing.
Why are not those sweet looks—those heavenly looks,
True laws to judge thee by, and call thee perfect?
'Tis pity, indeed 'tis pity,
That anything so fair should be a fraud!

LAMIA.

Sir, I beseech you, wherefore do you hang

These elegies on me? For pity's sake
What do you take me for? No woman, sure,
By aiming thus to wound me (*weeping*).

JULIUS.

Ay, call these tears
Into your ready eyes! I'd have them scald
Your cheeks until they fade, and wear your beauty
To a safe and ugly ruin. Those fatal charms
Can show no sadder wreck than they have brought
On many a noble soul, and noble mind.
Pray count me:
How many men's havocks might forerun the fall
Of my lost brother Lycius?

LAMIA.

Are you his brother?
Then I'll not say a word to vex you: not a look
Shall aim at your offence. You are come to chide me,
I know, for winning him to sell his heart
At such a worthless rate. Yet I will hear you,
Patiently, thankfully, for his dear sake.
I will be as mild and humble as a worm
Beneath your just rebuke. 'Tis sure no woman
Deserved him; but myself the least of all,
Who fall so far short in his value.

JULIUS.

She touches me! (*Aside.*)

LAMIA.

Look, sir, upon my eyes. Are they not red?
Within an hour, I've rained a flood of tears.
To feel, to know
I am no better than the thing I am,

Having but just now learned to rate my vileness.
You cannot charge
My unworthy part so bitterly as I do.
If there's about me anything that's honest,
Of true and womanly, it belongs to Lycius,
And all the rest is Grief's.

JULIUS.

Then I'll not grieve you—
I came with frowns, but I depart in tears
And sorrow for you both; for what he was,
And what you might have been—a pair of wonders,
The grace and pride of nature—now disgraced,
And fallen beyond redress.

LAMIA.

You wring my heart!

JULIUS.

Ay, if you think how you have made him stain
The fair-blown pride of his unblemished youth,
His studious years—
And for what poor exchange? these fading charms—
I will not say how frail.

LAMIA.

O hold—pray hold!
Your words have subtle cruel stings, and pierce
More deeply than you aim! This sad heart knows
How little of such wrong and spiteful ill
Were in love's contemplation when it clasped him!
Lycius and bliss made up my only thought;
But now, alas!
A sudden truth dawns on me, like a light

Through the remainder tatters of a dream,
And shows my bliss in shreds.

JULIUS.

I pity you!
Nay, doubtless, you will be, some wretched day,
A perished cast-off weed when found no flower—
Or else even then, his substance being gone,
My brother's heart will break at your desertion.

LAMIA.

O never, never! [*Fervently.*
Never, by holy truth! while I am woman
Be false what may, at least my heart is honest.
Look round you, sir; this wealth, such as it is,
Once mine, is now all his; and when 'tis spent,
I'll beg for him, toil for him, steal for him!
God knows how gladly I would share his lot
This speaking moment in a humble shed,
Like any of our peasants!—ay, lay these hands
To rude and rugged tasks, expose these cheeks
You are pleased to flatter, to the ardent sun;
So we might only live in safe pure love
And constant partnership—never to change
In each other's hearts and eyes!

JULIUS.

You mend your fault.
This late fragmental virtue much redeems you;
Pray, cherish it. Hark! what a lawless riot.

[*A loud boisterous shout is heard from below.*

O hope—Again! (*the noise renewed*) why then this is a triumph
Of your true fame, which I had just mistaken;
Shame on thee, smooth dissembler—shame upon thee!

Is this the music of your songs of sorrow,
And well-feigned penitence—lo! here, are these
Your decent retinue——

Enter the wild Gallants, flushed with wine.

LAMIA.

Sir, by Heaven's verity
I do not know a face! *indeed I do not;*
They are strange to me as the future.

CURIO.

Then the future
Must serve us better, chuck. Here, bully mates,
These, lady, are my friends, and friends of Lycius!

JULIUS.

Is it so?—then Lycius is fallen indeed!

CURIO.

Ay, he has had his trip—as who has not, sir?
I'll warrant you've had your stumbles.

JULIUS.

Once—on an ape.
Get out o' the way of my shins. [*Going.*

LAMIA.

Sir, dearest sir,
In pity do not go, for your brother's sake,
If not for mine—take up my guardianship
'Gainst these ungentle men. [*She lays hold of* JULIUS.

JULIUS.

Off, wanton, off!
Would you have me of your crew, too? [*Exit roughly.*

GALLO.

Let him go!—
He has a graft in him of that sour crab,
The Apollonius—let him go, a churl!

CURIO.

Sweet lady, you look sad—fie, it was ill done of Lycius
To leave his dove so soon—but he has some swan
At nest in another place.

GALLO.

I'll bet my mare on't.

LAMIA.

Kind sirs, indeed I'm sorry
Your friend's not here. If he were by,
He would help you to your welcome.

CURIO.

We've no doubt on't; [*Bitterly.*
But we'll not grieve, since here we are quite enough
For any merriment.

GALLO.

And as for a welcome,
We'll acknowledge it on your cheer.

LAMIA.

Then that's but sorry, sir,
If you mean what lies in my heart.

GALLO.

No, no, in faith,
We mean what lies in your cellar—wine, rare wine,
We will pledge you in floods on't, and when knocked off our legs,
Adore you on our knees.

LAMIA.

Hear me, sweet gentles,
How you shall win my favour. Set to work and copy—
Be each a Lycius.

GALLO.

Lycius, forsooth! hang him!
A model again! the perfect model!

CURIO.

As if we could not match his vices!
Pray ask your Lycius, when he's new come back
(If ever he come back),
What his father ailed, or if he ailed at all,
And how it ailed too, that his brother Julius
Got no such forged advice.

GALLO.

It had charmed your heart to see how swift he ran
(Whether to get from hence or gain elsewhere,
I know not), but I never saw such striving,
Save at the Olympic games to win the goal.

(ALL.)

Ha! ha! ha!

LAMIA.

Laugh on, I pray, laugh on. Ye puny spites!
You think to fret me with those ill-coined tales;
But look, I join in your glee, *[She attempts to laugh.*
Or if I cannot, 'tis because I'm choked with a curse.
[She hurries out.

GALLO.

It works! it wings her! What shall we next?
Follow her, or carry her off?

CURIO.

These are too violent,
And perilous to ourselves; but I will fit
Our revenge to its other half. Sir Lycius now
Must have the green eye set in his head, and then
They'll worry each other's hearts without our help.
Julius or Apollonius will be our ready organs
To draw his ear.

GALLO.

'Tis plausible, and cannot fail to part 'em,
And when he has shaken her from off his bough
It needs she must fall to us.

CURIO.

I wonder where
That poor sick fool Mercutius is gone?
He hath a chance now.

GALLO.

Methought I glanced him
Below, and, forsooth, disguised as a serving-man;
But he avoided me.

CURIO.

The subtle fox!
Let us go beat him up.

[*Exeunt, hallooing.*

SCENE VI.

The Street before LAMIA'S *House. Enter* APOLLONIUS *with* JULIUS.

APOLLONIUS.

I say she is a snake—

JULIUS.

And so say I;

APOLLONIUS.

But not in the same sense—

JULIUS.

No, not exactly.
You take that literal, which I interpret
But as a parable—a figure feigned
By the elder sages (much inclined to mark
Their subtle meanings in dark allegories)
For those poisonous natures—those bewitching sins—
That armed and guarded with a woman's husk,
But viperous within, seduce young hearts,
And sting where they are cherished.

APOLLONIUS.

Your guess is shrewd;
Nay, excellent enough to have been my own.
But, hark you, I have read in elder oracles
Than ever you will quote, the fact which backs me.
In Greece, in the midst of Greece, it hath been known,
And attested upon oath, i' the faith of multitudes,
That such true snakes have been—real hissing serpents,
Though outwardly like women.
With one of such, a youth, a hopeful youth,

Sober, discreet, and able to subdue
His passions otherwise—even like our Lycius—
For a fortnight lived in a luxury of wealth,
Till suddenly she vanished, palace and all,
Like the shadow of a cloud.

JULIUS.

The dainty fable!
But now unto the proof. Methinks this sounds
Like a real door (*knocking*); a cloud scarce wars so,
But when Jove strikes it with a thunderbolt.
I'll tell you, sir,
She is a wanton, and that's quite enough
To perish a world of wealth. [PICUS *comes to the door.*
Ho, sirrah! fellow!
Is your lady now within?

PICUS.

No, sir, she's out.
Something hath put her out—she will see nobody.
She's ill, she's grievous bad—her head won't bear
The rout of company. [*A loud shout without.*

APOLLONIUS.

Why, then, I think
The medical conclave might observe more quiet.
Look, knave! are these her grave, her learned physicians?
Well met, sirs. [*Another shout, and* CURIO, *&c., issue forth.*

CURIO.

That's as may be. Ha! old mastiff!
Go to your kennel.

JULIUS.

You are just in time, sirs,

To settle our dispute: we have a gage on't,
The sophist here and I.
There is one lives in that house—(*pointing to* LAMIA'S)—
how would you call her?
A woman?

CURIO.

Ay; and sure a rare one,
As I have proved upon her lips.

[LAMIA *opens a window gently and listens.*

GALLO.

Ay, marry, have we!
She was kind enough, for our poor sakes, to send
One Lycius, her late suitor, on an errand
That will make him footsore.

CURIO.

Yes, a sort of summons
Cunningly forged to bid him haste to his father,
Who lay in the jaws of death. Lord, how he'll swear
To find the old cock quite well!

JULIUS.

This is too true. [*To* APOLLONIUS.
I left our father but this very morn
The halest of old men. He was then on his way
Toward this city, on some state affair.
They'll encounter upon the road!

APOLLONIUS.

Here is some foul and double-damned deception.

[LAMIA, *by signs, assents to this reflection.*

I'll catechise myself. Here, sir—you—you— [*To* CURIO.
Who have gazed upon this witch, touched her, and talked
with her,
How know you she is woman, flesh and blood,

True clay and mortal lymph, and not a mockery
Made up of infernal elements of magic?
Canst swear she is no cloud—no subtle ether—
No fog, bepainted with deluding dyes—
No cheating underplot—no covert shape,
Making a filthy masquerade of nature?
I say, how know ye this?

CURIO.

How? by my senses.
If I nipped her cheek till it brought the white and red,
I wot she is no fog.

APOLLONIUS.

Fie on the senses:
What are the senses but our worst arch-traitors?
What is a madman but a king betrayed
By the corrupted treason of his senses?
His robe a blanket, and his sceptre a straw,
His crown his bristled hair.
Fie on the shallow senses! What doth swear
Such perjuries as the senses?—what give birth
To such false rumors and base verdicts render
In the very spite of truth? Go to: thy senses
Are bond-slaves, both to madness and to magic,
And all the mind's disease. I say the senses
Deceive thee, though they say a stone's a stone.
And thou wilt swear by them an oath, forsooth,
And say the outer woman is utter woman,
And not a whit a snake! Hark! there's my answer.

[LAMIA *closes the window violently.*

That noise shall be my comment.

GALLO.

He talks in riddles,

Like a sphinx lapped in a blanket. Gentles—Curio—
Let us leave him to his wisdom.

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, I'll promise
'Twill dive far deeper than your feather wits
Into some mysteries. [*Going towards the door.*

CURIO.

There's one I know in her house,
By name Mercutius, a most savage fellow:
I commend ye to his wrath. [*Exeunt* CURIO, GALLO, &c.

APOLLONIUS.

So, get ye gone,
Ye unregarded whelps.

JULIUS.

But will you in,
Whether she will or no?

APOLLONIUS.

Indeed I mean it.
Sirrah (*to* PIGUS), lead on. I'll charge you with your message. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Chamber in LAMIA'S *House. Enter* MERCUTIUS *in a distracted manner.*

MERCUTIUS.

Where is this haunting witch? Not here! not here!—
Why then for a little rest and unlooked calm—
Ay, such a calm

As the shipmate curses on the stagnate sea
Under the torrid zone, that bakes his deck
Till it burns the sole of his foot. My purpose idles,
But my passions burn without pause; O how this hot
And scarlet plague runs boiling through my veins
Like a molten lava! I'm all parched up.
There's not a shady nook throughout my brain
For a quiet thought to lie—no, not a spring
Of coolness left in my heart. If I have any name,
It is Fever, who is all made up of fire,
Of pangs—deliriums—raving ecstacies—
And desperate impulse. Ha! a foot!—I know it!—
Now then, I'll ambush here, and come upon her
Like a wild boar from a thicket.

[*He hides himself behind an arras:* LAMIA *enters, holding her forehead betwixt her palms.*

LAMIA.

This should be a real head, or 'twould not throb so;
Who ever doubts it?
I would he had these racking pains within;
Ay, and those he hath set in my heart, to drive him mad.
How now, sir!

Enter PICUS.

PICUS.

There are two below beseech you
For a conference. The one's a wrinkled greybeard,
The other—

LAMIA.

You need not name. I will see neither;
And tell them—look—with a copy of this frown,
If they congregate again beneath my eaves,

I have that will hush their twitting. [*Exit* PICUS.

Why must I reap
These unearned spites where I have sown no hate?
Do the jealous gods
Stir up these cankered spirits to pursue me?
Another! (MERCUTIUS *comes forward*) What brings thee hither?

MERCUTIUS (*gloomily*).

I do not know—
If love or hate—indeed I do not know—
Or whether a twine of both—they're so entangled.
Mayhap to clasp thee to my heart, and kiss thee,
To fondle thee, or tear thee, I do not know:
Whether I come to die, or work thy death,
Whether to be thy tyrant or thy slave,
In truth, I do not know.
But that some potent yearning draws me to thee,
Something, as if those lips were rich and tempting,
And worthy of caressing—fondly endeared—
And something as if a tortured devil within me
Sought revenge of his pangs: I cannot answer
Which of these brings me hither.

LAMIA.

Then prythee hence,
Till that be analysed.

MERCUTIUS.

Ha! ha! turn back:
Why if I am a tiger—here's my prey—
Or if the milk-mild dove—here is my choice—
Do you think I shall turn back howe'er it be?
Let the embrace prove which. Nay, do not shrink,

If an utter devil press into thy arms,
Thyself invoked him!

LAMIA.

Ah! I know by this
Your bent is evil!

MERCUTIUS.

Then 'twas evil born!
As it works 'twas wrought on—look—say what I am,
For I have no recognisance of myself.
Am I wild beast or man—civil or savage—
Reasoning or brutal—or gone utter mad—
So am I as thou turned me—hellish or heavenly,
The slavish subject of thy influence—
I know not what I am—nor how I am,
But by thy own enforcement—come to force thee,
Being passion-mad.

LAMIA.

How have I brought thee hither?
I would thou wert away!

MERCUTIUS.

Why dost thou sit, then,
I' the middle of a whirlpool drawing me unto thee?
My brain is dizzy, and my heart is sick,
With the circles I have made round thee and round thee!
Till I dash into thy arms!

LAMIA.

There shalt thou never
Go! desperate man; away!—and fear thy gods,
Or else the hot indignation in my eyes
Will blast thee. O, beware! I have within me

A dangerous nature, which, if thou provoke,
Acts cruelty. Ne'er chafe me; thou hadst better
Ruffle a scorpion than the thing I am!
Away!
Or I'll bind thy bones till they crack!

MERCUTIUS.

Ha! ha! dost threaten?
Why then come ruin, anguish or death,
Being goaded onward by my headlong fate
I'll clasp thee!—
Though there be sugared venom on thy lips
I'll drink it to the dregs—though there be plagues
In thy contagious touch—or in thy breath
Putrid infections—though thou be more cruel
Than lean-ribbed tigers—thirsty and open fanged,
I will be as fierce a monster for thy sake,
And grapple thee.

LAMIA.

Would Lycius were here!

MERCUTIUS.

Ha! would'st thou have him gashed and torn in strips
As I would scatter him? then so say I
"Would Lycius were here!" I have oft clenched
My teeth in that very spite.

LAMIA.

Thou ruthless devil!
To bear him so bloody a will!—Why then, come hither,
We are a fit pair.

[MERCUTIUS *embracing her, she stabs him in the back with a small dagger.*

MERCUTIUS (*falling*).

O thou false witch!
Thou hast pricked me to the heart! Ha! what a film
Falls from my eyes!—or have the righteous gods
Transformed me to a beast for this! Thou crawling spite,
Thou hideous—venomous— [*Dies.*

LAMIA.

Let the word choke thee!
I know what I am. Thou wilful desperate fool,
To charge upon the spikes!—thy death be upon thee!—
Why would'st thou have me sting? Heaven knows I had spared thee,
But for thy menace of a dearer life.
O! Lycius! Lycius!
I have been both woman and serpent for thy sake—
Perchance to be scorned in each:—I have but gored
This ill-starred man in vain!—hush, methought he stirred;
I'll give him another thrust (*stabs the body*); there—lie thou quiet.
What a frown he hath upon his face! May the gods ne'er mention it
In their thunders, nor set the red stain of his blood
For a sign of wrath in the sky!—O thou poor wretch!
Not thee, dull clod!—but for myself I weep—
The sport of malicious destinies!
Why was I heiress of these mortal gifts
Perishing all whether I love or hate?
Nay, come out of sight [*To the body.*
With thy dismal puckering look—'twill fright the world
Out of its happiness. [*She drags the body aside, and covers it with drapery.*
Would I could throw
A thicker curtain on thee—but I see thee

All through and through, as though I had
The eyes of a god within ; alas, I fear
I am here all human, and have that fierce thing
They call a conscience ! [*Exit.*

[This subject was probably suggested to my father by the poem of Keats's—who was an intimate friend of my mother's family. (I possess one or two unpublished poems of his, and a letter to my mother, into which he had copied the lines from the "Endymion," commencing "O Sorrow !") It is probable that the talking over of literary matters between my father and Keats, led to the writing of this fragment. I append the extract from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," forming the note to Keats's poem.

"Philostratus, in his fourth book *de Vita Apollonii*, hath a memorable instance in his kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that, going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which, taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him ; but she, being fair and lovely, would die with him that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius ; who by some probable conjectures found her out to be a serpent—a Lamia ; and that all her furniture was, like a Tantalus' gold described by Homer, no substance, but mere illusions. When she saw herself described she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant. Many thousands took notice of this fact ; for it was done in the midst of Greece."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, part 3, sect. 2, memb. 1, subs. 1.]

1829.

[In 1829 my father edited "The Gem"—bearing on its title-page the couplet—

"Buds and Flowers begin the year—
Song and Tale bring up the rear."

For this, besides the Preface, he wrote "The Farewell," to a picture by A. Cooper—"Hero and Leander" to one by H. Howard—and a prose sketch entitled "May Day," illustrated by F. P. Stephanoff.

But the most important of his contributions was "The Dream of Eugene Aram," which made a considerable impression at the time. I find the following passage in a letter from Bernard Barton. "Thy own Poem of 'Eugene Aram' is the gem of the Gem; and alone worth the price of the book. I thank the 'Gazette' critic for quoting that entire, as I shall cut it out and save it." Sir John—then Mr.—Bowring, one of the old "London" contributors, and an intimate friend of my father's, writes "I have read that Aram story, which I will put by the side of the very grandest productions of poetical conception."]

PREFACE.

It is with some diffidence that I come forward as the editor of an annual, and present myself in a fraternity already so numerous. Indeed I feel something of the shrinking spirit of that urbane person recorded by old Howell, who, standing at the threshold of Paradise, and seeing a great many strange faces, said, "Gentlemen, if I intrude here, I am ready to walk out again."

I cannot, without some natural misgivings, put my raw unpractised skill in the management of such a miscellany against the mature judgment and experience of veteran

conductors, with whom taste and discrimination have had time to become habits of body.

Accustomed to select only from my own portfolio, I cannot guess what sort of a compiler I may prove of the writings of others; but I have done my best to secure a good parade by engaging as many as I might of the literary giants, and enrolling none who were not at least a head taller than mediocrity. On looking over the names—with their associations—that grace my muster roll, I confess I entrust the issue, with a very slight anxiety, to those merciful judges, the reviewers, and that vast unpacked jury, "my partial public."

To Sir Walter Scott—not merely a literary feather in my cap, but a whole plume of them—I owe, and with the hand of my heart acknowledge, a deep obligation. A poem from his pen is likely to confer on the book that contains it, if not perpetuity at least a very Old Mortality.

To the rest of the contributors, though many are particular friends, I can only offer a general acknowledgment.

In spite of the proverbial facility of thanks, I feel it difficult to speak in adequate terms of their kindness; but they have enabled me to string together a rosary of genius and talent, which I shall frequently tell over with pride and pleasure.

It is proper to mention in this place that the merit due for the selection and character of the embellishments of this work, is attributable to the taste and judgment of A. Cooper, Esq., the Royal Academician, who has kindly taken that department under his able and especial care.

With such auspices I feel assured that the plates will be found worthy of the enlightened gusto that prevails in these days for works of graphic art.

I am desired by the proprietor to express his grateful

sense of the liberality and kindness of the artists who have permitted him to make use of their paintings; and at the same time, to return his thanks—in the best line manner—to the engravers, whose exertions have entitled them to the most honourable mention.

And now, having adjusted all the preliminaries, I commend this little volume, a year old, to the start; and if the aged ones carry weight, as they ought to do, and hitherto have done, I shall look with confidence to its running a good race, and being at least "well placed by the judges."

ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEANDER.

WHY, Lover, why
Such a water rover?
Would she love thee more
For coming *half seas over*?

Why, Lady, why
So in love with dipping?
Must a lad of *Greece*
Come all over *dripping*?

Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter?
Were not any boat
Better than a *lighter*?

Why, Madam, why
So intrusive standing?
Must thou be on the stair
When he's on the *landing*?

THE FAREWELL.

TO A FRENCH AIR.

Fare thee well,
Gabrielle!
Whilst I join France,
With bright cuirass and lance!
Trumpets swell,
Gabrielle!
War horses prance,
And Cavaliers advance!

In the night,
Ere the fight,
In the night,
I'll think of thee!
And in pray'r,
Lady fair,
In *thy* pray'r,
Then think of me!

Death may knell,
Gabrielle!
Where my plumes dance,
By arquebuss or lance!
Then farewell,
Gabrielle!
Take my last glance!
Fair Miracle of France!

A MAY-DAY.

I KNOW not what idle schemer or mad wag put such a folly in the head of my Lady Rasherly, but she resolved to celebrate a May-day after the old fashion, and convert Porkington Park—her Hampshire Leasowes—into a new Arcadia. Such revivals have always come to a bad end: the Golden Age is not to be regilt; Pastoral is gone out, and Pan extinct—Pans will not last for ever.

But Lady Rasherly's fête was fixed. A large order was sent to Ingram, of rustic celebrity, for nubbly sofas and crooked chairs; a letter was despatched to the Manager of the P——h Theatre, begging a loan from the dramatic wardrobe; and old Jenkins, the steward, was sent through the village to assemble as many male and female, of the barn-door kind, as he could muster. Happy for the Lady, had her Hampshire peasantry been more pig-headed and hoggishly untractable, like the staple animal of the county: but the time came and the tenants. Happy for her, had the good-natured manager excused himself, with a plea that the cottage hats and blue bodices and russet skirts were bespoke, for that very night, by Rosina and her villagers: but the day came and the dresses. I am told that old Jenkins and his helpmate had a world of trouble in the distribution of the borrowed plumes: this maiden turning up a pug-nose, still pugger, at a faded bodice; that damsel thrusting out a pair of original pouting lips, still more spout-like, at a rusty ribbon; carroty Celias wanted more roses in their hair, and dumpy Delias more flounces in their petticoats. There is a natural tact, however, in womankind as to matters of dress,

that made them look tolerably, when all was done: but pray except from this praise the gardener's daughter, Dolly Blossom,—a born sloven, with her horticultural hose, which she had *pruned* so often at top to *graft* at bottom, that, from long stockings, they had dwindled into short socks; and it seemed as if, by a similar process, she had coaxed her natural calves into her ankles. The men were less fortunate in their toilette: they looked slack in their tights, and tight in their slacks; to say nothing of Johnny Giles, who was so tight all over, that he looked as if he had stolen his clothes, and the clothes turning King's evidence, were going to "*split* upon him."

In the mean time, the retainers at the Park had not been idle. The old mast was taken down from the old barn, and, stripped of its weathercock, did duty as a May-pole. The trees and shrubs were hung with artificial garlands; and a large marquee made an agreeable contrast, in canvas, with the long lawn. An extempore wooden arbour had likewise been erected for the May Queen; and here stood my Lady Rasherly with her daughters: my Lady, with a full-moon face, and a half-moon tiara, was Diana; the young ladies represented her Nymphs, and they had all bows and arrows, Spanish hats and feathers, Lincoln-green spencers and slashed sleeves,—the uniform of the Porkington Archery. There were, moreover, six younger young ladies—a loan from the parish school—who were to be the immediate attendants on her Sylvan Majesty, and, as they expressed it in their own simple Doric, "to *shy* flowers at her *fut*!"

And now the nymphs and swains began to assemble: Damon and Phillis, Strephon and Amaryllis—a nomenclature not a little puzzling to the performers, for Delia answered to Damon, and Chloe instead of Colin,—

"And, though I called another, Abra came."

But I must treat you with a few personalities. Damon was one Darius Dobbs. He was entrusted with a fine tinsel crook, and half-a-dozen sheep, which he was puzzled to keep by hook or by crook, to the lawn; for Corydon, his fellow-shepherd, had quietly hung up his pastoral emblem, and walked off to the sign of the Rose and Crown. Poor Damon! there he sat, looking the very original of Phillips's line,—

"Ah, silly I, more silly than my sheep,"—

and, to add to his perplexity, he could not help seeing and hearing Mary Jenks, his own sweetheart, who, having no lambs to keep, was romping where she would, and treating whom she would with a kindness by no means sneaking. Poor Darius Dobbs!

Gregory Giles was Colin; and he was sadly hampered with "two hands out of employ;" for, after feeling up his back and down his bosom and about his hips, he had discovered that, to save time and trouble, his stage-clothes had been made without pockets. But

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;"

and, accordingly, he soon set Colin's fingers to work so busily that they twiddled off all the buttons from his borrowed jacket.

Strephon was nothing particular, only a sky-blue body on a pair of chocolate-coloured legs. But Lubin was a jewel! He had formerly been a private in the Baconfield Yeomanry, and therefore thought proper to surmount his pastoral uniform with a cavalry cap! Such an incongruity was not to be overlooked. Old Jenkins remonstrated, but Lubin was obstinate; the steward persisted, and the other replied with a "positive

negative;" and, in the end, Lubin went off in a huff to the Rose and Crown.

The force of *two* bad examples was too much for the virtue of Darius Dobbs: he threw away his crook, left his sheep to anybody, and ran off to the ale-house, and, what was worse, Colin was sent after him, and never came back!

The chief of the faithful shepherds, who now remained at the Park, was Hobbinol—one Josias Strong, a notorious glutton, who had won sundry wagers by devouring a leg of mutton and trimmings at a sitting. He was a big lubberly fellow, that had been born great, and had achieved greatness, but had not greatness thrust upon him. It was as much as he could do to keep his trousers—for he was at once clown and pantaloon—down to the knee, and more than he could do to keep them up to the waist; and, to crown all, having rashly squatted down on the lawn, the juicy herbage had left a stain behind, on his calimancoes, that still occupies the "greenest spot" in the memoirs of Baconfield.

There were some half-dozen of other rustics to the same pattern; but the fancy of my Lady Rasherly did not confine itself to the humanities. Old Joe Bradley, the blacksmith, was Pan; and truly he made a respectable satyr enough, for he came half drunk, and was rough, gruff, tawny and brawny, and bow-legged, and hadn't been shaved for a month. His cue was to walk about in buckskins, leading his own billy-goat, and he was followed up and down by his sister Patty whom the wags called *Patty Pan*.

The other Deity was also a wet one—a Triton amongst mythologists, but Timothy Gubbins with his familiars,—the acknowledged dolt of the village, and remarkable for his weekly slumbers in the parish church. It had been ascertained that he could neither pipe, nor sing, nor dance, nor even keep sheep, so he was stuck with an urn under his arm,

and a rush crown, as the God of the fish-pond,—a task, simple as it was, that proved beyond his genius, for, after stupidly dozing a while over his vase, he fell into a sound snoring sleep, out of which he cold-pigged himself by tumbling urn and all, into his own fountain.

Misfortunes always come pick-a-back. The Rose and Crown happened to be a receiving-house for the drowned, under the patronage of the Humane Society, wherefore the *Water God* insisted of going there *to be dried;* and Cuddy, who pulled him out, insisted on going with him! These two had certainly some slight excuse for walking off to the ale-house, whereas Sylvio thought proper to follow them without any excuse at all!

This mischance was but the prelude of new disasters. It was necessary, before beginning the sports of the day, to elect a MAY QUEEN, and, by the influence of Lady Rasherly, the choice of the lieges fell upon Jenny Acres, a really pretty maiden, and worthy of the honour; but, in the mean time, Dolly Wiggins, a brazen strapping dairy-maid, had quietly elected herself,—snatched a flower-basket from one of the six Floras, strewed her own path, and, getting first to the royal arbour, squatted there firm and fast, and persisted in reigning as QUEEN in her own right. Hence arose civil and uncivil war,—and Alexis and Diggon, being interrupted in a boxing match in the Park, adjourned to the Rose and Crown to have it out; and as two can't make a ring, a round dozen of the shepherds went along with them for that purpose.

There now remained but five swains in Arcadia, and they had five nymphs apiece, besides Mary Jenks, who divided her favour equally amongst them all. There should have been next in order a singing match on the lawn, for a prize, after the fashion of Pope's Pastorals; but Corydon, one of the warblers, had bolted, and Palemon, who remained, had

forgotten what was set down for him, though he obligingly offered to sing "Tom Bowling" instead. But Lady Rasherly thought proper to dispense with the song, and there being nothing else, or better, to do, she directed a movement to the marquee, in order to begin, though somewhat early, on the collation. Alas! even this was a failure. During the time of Gubbins's ducking, the Queen's coronation, and the boxing match, Hobbinol, that great greedy lout, had been privily in the pavilion, glutting his constitutional voracity on the substantials, and he was now lying insensible and harmless, like a gorged boa-constrictor, by the side of the table. Pan, too, had been missing, and it was thought he was at the Rose and Crown,—but no such luck! He had been having a sly pull at the tent tankards, and from half drunk had got so whole drunk, that he could not hinder his goat from having a butt even at Diana herself, nor from entangling his horns in the table-cloth, by which the catastrophe of the collation was completed!

The rest of the fête consisted of a succession of misfortunes which it would be painful to dwell upon, and cruel to describe minutely. So I will but hint, briefly, how the fragments of the banquet were scrambled for by the Arcadians—how they danced afterwards round the May-pole, not tripping themselves like fairies, but tripping one another—how the Honourable Miss Rasherly, out of idleness, stood fitting the notch of an arrow to the string—and how the shaft went off of itself, and lodged, unluckily, in the calf of one of the caperers. I will leave to the imagination, what suits were torn past mending, or soiled beyond washing—the lamentations of old Jenkins—and the vows of Lady Rasherly and daughters, that there should be no more May-days at Porkington. Suffice it, that night found *all* the Arcadians at the Rose and Crown: and on the morrow, Diana and her

Nymphs were laid up with severe colds—Dolly Wiggins was out of place—Hobbinol in a surfeit—Alexis before a magistrate—Palemon at a surgeon's—Billy in the pound—and Pan in the stocks, with the fumes of last night's liquor not yet evaporated from his grey gooseberry eyes.

[In this volume of "The Gem" seemingly appeared two articles by my father's close friend, Charles Lamb. The first was the poem "To an Infant Dying as soon as Born"—written to my father's first child. The second was a prose sketch entitled "The Widow," and signed "C. Lamb," but really written by my father as a joke. The following letter from Lamb, in my father's autograph book, refers to this literary forgery.

"Enfield.

"DEAR LAMB,

"You are an impudent varlet, but I will keep your secret. We dine at A——'s on Monday. Miss —— and her tragedy be d——d, so may *not* you and your rib. Health attend you.

"Yours,

"T. HOOD, Esq."

"Miss Bridget Hood sends her love."

THE WIDOW.

A WIDOW hath always been a mark for mockery—a standing butt for wit to level at. Jest after jest hath been huddled upon her close cap, and stuck like burrs upon her weeds. Her sables are a perpetual "Black Joke." Satirists—prose and verse—have made merry with her bereavements. She is a stock character on the stage. Farce bottleth up her crocodile tears, or labelleth her empty lachrymatories. Comedy mocketh her precocious flirtations. Tragedy even girdeth at her frailty, and twitteth her with the "funeral baked meats coldly furnishing forth the marriage-tables."

I confess, when I called the other day on my kinswoman G——, then in the second week of her widowhood, and saw her sitting, her young boy by her side, in her recent sables, I felt unable to reconcile her estate with any risible associa-

tions. The Lady with a skeleton moiety—in the old print, in Bowles's old shop window—seemed but a type of her condition. Her husband—a whole hemisphere in love's world—was deficient. One complete side, her left, was death-stricken. It was a matrimonial paralysis unprovocative of laughter. I could as soon have tittered at one of those melancholy objects that drag their poor dead-alive bodies about our streets.

It seems difficult to account for the popular prejudice against lone women. There is a majority, I trust, of such honestly decorous mourners as my kinswoman: yet are Widows like the Hebrew, a proverb and a byword amongst nations. From the first putting on of the sooty garments, they become a stock joke—chimney-sweep or blackamoor is not surer—by mere virtue of their nigritude.

Are the wanton amatory glances of a few pairs of graceless eyes, twinkling through their cunning waters, to reflect so evil a light on a whole community? Verily the sad benighted orbs of that noble relict, the Lady Rachel Russell, blinded through unserene drops for her dead Lord,—might atone for all such oglings!

Are the traditional freaks of a Dame of Ephesus, or a Wife of Bath, or a Queen of Denmark, to cast so broad a shadow over a whole sisterhood? There must be, methinks, some more general infirmity, common probably to all Eve-kind to justify so sweeping a stigma.

Does the satiric spirit, perhaps, institute splenetic comparisons between the lofty poetical pretensions of posthumous tenderness, and their fulfilment? The sentiments of Love especially affect a high heroical pitch, of which the human performance can present at best but a burlesque parody. A Widow that hath lived only for her husband, should die with him. She is flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone; and it

is not seemly for a mere rib to be his survivor. The prose of her practice accords not with the poetry of her professions. She hath done with the world—but you meet her in Regent-street. Earth hath now nothing left for her—but she swears and administers. She cannot survive him—and invests in the *Long* Annuities.

The romantic fancy resents, and the satiric spirit records, these discrepancies. By the conjugal theory itself there ought to be no Widows; and, accordingly, a class, that by our milder manners is merely ridiculed, on the ruder banks of the Ganges is literally roasted

C. LAMB.

[About this period was the reign of short poems, published separately with humorous illustrations, such as "Monsieur Tonson"—"Monsieur Nontongpaw." In accordance with the public fancy, my father published "The Epping Hunt" in this form, with illustrations from the inimitable pencil of George Cruikshank. The idea must have been under consideration long before it was carried out, for I find, in a letter from the artist to the publisher, dated Jan. 1827, the following passage:—"With respect to the Easter Hunt,—will Mr. Hood make all the designs, so that I should have nothing to do but to draw them? Such ideas and sketches as 'The Mad Staggers' are worth half a dozen finished drawings." Attached to this note in my father's autograph book is a charming little sketch by Cruikshank of the head of Rounding (whose portrait formed the frontispiece), which my father laid especial store by, as being a marvellous likeness of an old friend, as well as a clever drawing.]

THE EPPING HUNT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

STRIDING in the Steps of Strutt—the historian of the old English Sports—the author of the following pages has endeavoured to record a yearly revel, already fast hastening to decay. The Easter Chase will soon be numbered with

the pastimes of past times: its dogs will have had their day, and its Deer will be Fallow. A few more seasons, and this City Common Hunt will become uncommon.

In proof of this melancholy decadence, the ensuing epistle is inserted. It was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than writing.

"Sir,

"About the Hunt. In anser to your Innqueries, their as been a great falling off laterally, so much so this year that there was nobody allmost. We did a mear nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, wich is a proof in Pint. In short our Hunt may be sad to be in the last Stag of a decline.

"I am, Sir,
"With respects from
"Your humble Servant,
"Bartholomew Rutt."

THE EPPING HUNT.

"HUNT'S ROASTED ——."

"On Monday they began to hunt."—*Chevy Chase.*

John Huggins was as bold a man
As trade did ever know;
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round
And single Glos'ter flat;
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish—in a *pat.*

Six days a week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At *counter*, with his apron tied
About his *counter-part.*

The seventh, in a Sluice-house box
He took his pipe and pot;
On Sundays, for *eel-piety*,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed!
One Easter-tide, some evil guide
Put Epping in his head!

Epping, for butter justly famed,
And pork in sausage popp'd;
Where, winter time or summer time,
Pig's flesh is always *chopp'd*.

But famous more, as annals tell,
Because of Easter chase;
There every year, 'twixt dog and deer,
There is a gallant race.

With Monday's sun John Huggins rose,
And slapped his leather thigh,
And sang the burden of the song,
"This day a stag must die."

For all the live-long day before,
And all the night in bed,
Like Beckford, he had nourished "Thoughts
On Hunting" in his head.

Of horn and morn, and hark and bark,
And echo's answering sounds,
All poets' wit hath every writ
In *dog*-rel verse of *hounds*.

Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *deer!*

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, although
'Twas whispered of his *eggs!*

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;
Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee,
And Surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was *Warren*-ted to shine.

His yellow buckskins fitted close,
As erst upon a stag;
Thus well equipped he gayly skipped,
At once upon his nag.

But first to him that held the rein
A crown he nimbly flung;
For holding of the horse?—why, no—
For holding of his tongue.

To say the horse was Huggins' own
Would only be a brag;
His neighbour Fig and he went halves,
Like Centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the gray,
Unknown to brother cit;
The horse he knew would never tell,
Although it was a *tit*.

A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
As he began to show,
By quickly "rearing up within
The way he ought to go."

But Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne'er from saddle cast;
Resolved, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast.

And so he jogged to Tot'n'am Cross,
An ancient town well known,
Where Edward wept for Eleanor
In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
To play on such a loss;
Wherever she set down her *orts*,
Thereby he put a *cross*.

Now Huggins had a crony here,
That lived beside the way;
One that had promised sure to be
His comrade for the day.

Whereas the man had changed his mind
Meanwhile upon the case!
And meaning not to hunt at all,
Had gone to Enfield Chase!

For why, his spouse had made him vow
To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood
May break a bit of bone.

"Now, be his wife a plague for life!
A coward sure is he!"
Then Huggins turned his horse's head,
And crossed the bridge of Lea,

Thence slowly on through Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker's box—
No Friends to hunters after deer,
Though followers of a *Fox*.

And many a score behind—before—
The self-same rout inclined;
And, minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
And swell, and blood, and prig;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
According to their gig.

Some long-eared jacks, some knacker's hacks
(However odd it sounds),
Let out that day *to hunt*, instead
Of going to the hounds!

And some had horses of their own,
And some where forced to job it:
And some, while they inclined to *Hunt*,
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart;
Here rolled along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart!

And lo! a cart that held a squad
Of costermonger line;
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slaved for all the Nine!

Yet marvel not at any load
That any horse might drag;
When all, that morn, at once were drawn
Together by a stag.

Now when they saw John Huggins go
At such a sober pace;
"Hallo!" cried they; "come, trot away,
You'll never see the chase!"

But John, as grave as any judge,
Made answer quite as blunt;
"It will be time enough to trot,
When I begin to hunt!"

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the *reins*, of course,
Prepared for *heavy wet*.

And lo! within the crowded door,
Stood Rounding, jovial elf;
Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself.*

* Alluding to the frontispiece.

A snow-white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush;
A claret tint laid on by health,
With master Reynard's brush;

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learned it from;
His age about threescore and ten,
And there you have Old Tom.

In merriest key I trow was he,
So many guests to boast;
So certain congregations meet,
And elevate the host.

"Now welcome lads," quoth he, "and prads,
You're all in glorious luck:
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck.

Fair Mead's the place, where Bob and Tom,
In red already ride;
'Tis but a *step*, and on a horse,
You soon may go *a-stride*."

So off they scampered, man and horse,
As time and temper pressed—
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branched off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob.

"But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branch'd off from all the rest."—*Page* 158.

Idlers to wit—no Guardians some,
Of Tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That *shambled* to and fro!
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough!*

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climbed a wall!

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
*Stag*nation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood;
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse—though not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *dear deceased!*

And now began a sudden stir,
And then a sudden shout,
The prison doors were opened wide,
And Robin bounded out!

His antlered head shone blue and red,
Bedecked with ribbons fine;
Like other bucks that comes to 'list
The hawbucks in the line.

One curious gaze of mild amaze,
He turned and shortly took:
Then gently ran adown the mead,
And bounded o'er the brook.

Now Huggins, standing far aloof,
Had never seen the deer,
Till all at once he saw the beast
Come charging in his rear.

Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like High and Low
And Jack pursuing Game!

Good Lord! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the purling brook,
Enjoyed their "early purl."

A score were sprawling on the grass,
And beavers fell in showers;
There was another *Floorer* there,
Beside the Queen of Flowers!

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show:
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *Statue* quo.

"Till all at once he saw the beast
Come charging in his rear."—*Page* 160.

"O dear! O dear!" now might you hear,
"I've surely broke a bone;"
"My head is sore"—with many more
Such Speeches from the *Thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved
The wide Satanic clan,
Who grinned, as once the Devil grinned,
To see the fall of Man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses "throwing off"
So long before the hounds.

For deer must have due course of law,
Like men the Courts among;
Before those Barristers the dogs
Proceed to "giving tongue."

But now Old Robin's foes were set
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows:
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all,
No single tongue was mute;
The stag had led a hart, and lo!
The whole pack followed suit.

No spur he lacked; fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch!

Away, away! he scudded like
A ship before the gale;
Now flew to "hills we know not of,"
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Another squadron charging now,
Went off at furious pitch;—
A perfect Tam O'Shanter mob,
Without a single witch.

But who was he with flying skirts,
A hunter did endorse,
And, like a poet, seemed to ride
Upon a wingèd horse?

A whipper-in? no whipper in:
A huntsman? no such soul:
A connoisseur, or amateur?
Why, yes—a horse patrol.

A member of police, for whom
The county found a nag,
And, like Acteon in the tale,
He found himself in stag!

Away they went, then, dog and deer,
And hunters all away;
The maddest horses never knew
Mad staggers such as they!

Some gave a shout, some rolled about,
And anticked as they rode;
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *tally-ho'd!*

About two score there were, or more,
That galloped in the race;
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase!

But even those that galloped on
Were fewer every minute;
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up, and left the hunt
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and "ran a muck,"
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense;
What else could be premised of blades
That never learned to fence?

But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge, nor ditch could stay;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap-years in a day!

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate;
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

"Hold hard! hold hard! you'll lame the dogs!"
Quoth Huggins, "so I do;
I've got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you!"

Good Lord! to see him ride along,
And throw his arms about,
As if with stitches in the side
That he was drawing out!

And now he bounded up and down,
Now like a jelly shook;
Till bumped and galled—yet not where Gall
For bumps did ever look!

And rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride;
With every kick he gave a prick
Deep in the horse's side!

But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze!

"And like a bird was singing out,
While sitting on a thorn."—*Page* 165.

Where, sharper set than hunger is,
He squatted all forlorn;
And, like a bird, was singing out
While sitting on a thorn!

Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign:
"Possession is nine points," but his
Seems more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That entered in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in!

Now had a Papist seen his sport,
Thus laid upon the shelf,
Although no horse he had to cross,
He might have crossed himself.

Yet surely still the wind is ill
That none can say is fair;
A jolly wight there was, that rode
Upon a sorry mare!

A sorry mare, that surely came
Of pagan blood and bone;
For down upon her knees she went
To many a stock and stone!

Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolved, by changing horses here,
To hunt another stage!

Though felony, yet who would let
Another's horse alone,
Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
By riding on his own?

And yet the conduct of the man
Seemed honest-like and fair;
For he seemed willing, horse and all,
To go before the *mare!*

So up on Huggins' horse he got,
And swiftly rode away,
While Huggins mounted on the mare
Done brown upon a bay!

And off they set in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim,
The farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him!

Alas! with one that rode so well
In vain it was to strive;
A dab was he, as dabs should be—
All leaping and alive!

And here of Nature's kindly care
Behold a curious proof,
As nags are meant to leap, she puts
A frog in every hoof!

Whereas the mare, although her share
She had of hoof and frog,
On coming to a gate stopped short
As stiff as any log;

"But tho' there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate."—*Page* 167.

While Huggins in the stirrup stood
With neck like neck of crane,
As sings the Scottish song—"to see
The *gate* his *hart* had gane."

And, lo! the dim and distant hunt
Diminished in a trice:
The steeds, like Cinderella's team,
Seemed dwindling into mice;

And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark—
Though still the forest murmured back
An echo of the bark!

But sad at soul John Huggins turned:
No comfort could he find;
While thus the "Hunting Chorus" sped,
To stay five bars behind.

For though by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate—
Howbeit there was no toll at all—
They could not clear the gate.

And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mused a new Gray's elegy
On his departed gray.

Now many a sign at Woodford town
Its Inn-vitation tells:
But Huggins, full of ills, of course
Betook him to the Wells,

Where Rounding tried to cheer him up
With many a merry laugh :
But Huggins thought of neighbour Fig,
And called for half-and-half.

Yet, spite of drink, he could not blink
Remembrance of his loss ;
To drown a care like his, required
Enough to drown a horse.

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
Struck up without the door—
The mounted mob were all returned ;
The Epping Hunt was o'er !

And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle, and of shaft ;
And men, by dint of drink, became
The only "*beasts of draught.*"

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer ;
And overtaken men discussed
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deerlike, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could :—

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunned a beast, whose very horns
They knew could *handle* knives !

"And when they cleared the clay before,
How 'worse remained behind.'"—*Page* 169.

How Huggins stood when he was rubbed
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How worse "remained behind."

And one, how he had found a horse
Adrift—a goodly gray!
And kindly rode the nag, for fear
The nag should go astray;

Now Huggins, when he heard the tale,
Jumped up with sudden glee;
"A goodly gray! why, then, I say,
That gray belongs to me!

"Let me endorse again my horse,
Delivered safe and sound;
And gladly I will give the man
A bottle and a pound!"

The wine was drunk—the money paid,
Though not without remorse,
To pay another man so much
For riding on his horse;—

And let the chase again take place
For many a long, long year—
John Huggins will not ride again
To hunt the Epping Deer!

MORAL.

Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The publisher begs leave to say, that he has had the following letter from the author of this little book :—

"Dear Sir,

"I am much gratified to learn from you, that the 'Epping Hunt' has had *such a run* that it is *quite exhausted*, and that you intend therefore to give the work what may be called '*second wind*,' by a new impression.

"I attended the last Anniversary of the Festival, and am concerned to say that the sport does not improve, but appears an ebbing as well as an Epping custom. The run was miserable indeed; but what was to be expected? The chase was a Doe, and, consequently, the Hunt set off with the *Hind* part before. It was, therefore, quite in character for so many Nimrods to start, as they did, before the hounds, which, as you know, is quite contrary to the *Lex Tallyho-nis*, or Laws of Hunting.

"I dined with the Master of the Revel, who is as hale as ever, and promises to reside some time in the *Wells* ere he *kicks the bucket*. He is an honest, hearty, worthy man, and when he dies there will be 'a cry of dogs' in his kennel.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours, &c.,

"T. Hood.

"Winchmore Hill, *June*, 1830.

1830.

[This year was the first year of the "Comic Annual"—the most popular of all my father's undertakings. The first volume was dedicated to Sir Francis Freeling, and was ushered in by a humorous preface. All the papers written for it by my father were subsequently reprinted in "Hood's Own." As it is not intended to incorporate the two volumes of "Hood's Own" with this edition—of which they are to form a part as they stand—the "Comic" will be represented here only by its Preface.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1830.

DEDICATION.

To SIR FRANCIS FREELING, Bart.,

The great Patron of Letters, Foreign, General, and Twopenny,
Distinguished alike by his fostering care of the Bell Letters, and his
Antiquarian regard for the Dead Letters;
Whose increasing efforts to forward the spread of Intelligence,
as a corresponding Member of all Societies,
(and no man fills his Post better,)
Have singly, doubly, and trebly endeared him to every class—
This first volume of the "Comic Annual" is, with
Frank Permission, gratefully inscribed by
Thomas Hood.

PREFACE.

In the Christmas holidays—or rather holly days, according to one of the emblems of the season—we naturally look for

mirth. Christmas is strictly a Comic Annual, and its specific gaiety is even implied in the specific gravity of its oxen. There is an English proverb of "laugh and grow fat," a saying which our graziers interpret—on the authority of some Prize Oxonian—by growing the fattest of fat for the merriest of months. The proverb, however, has another sense, implying a connection between cachinnation and corpulence in the human body; and truly, having seen gentlemen of twenty-stone in their seats, I am ready to allow that a fat man is always a cheerful.

Taking the adage in the latter sense, it is my humble hope and aim to contribute towards the laughter and lustiness of my fellow-creatures, by the production of the "Comic Annual,"—a work not equivocating between mirth and melancholy, but exclusively devoted to the humorous—in plain French, not an "Ambigu," but an "Opéra Comique." Christmas indeed seems a tide more adapted for rowing in the gig or the jolly than tugging in the barge or the galley, and accordingly I have built my craft. The kind friends who may patronise my present launch are assured that it will be acknowledged by renewed exertion, and that I seriously intend to come before them next year, with

"A braver bark, and an increasing sail."

The materials which were in preparation for a Third Series of "Whims and Oddities" have been thrown into the present volume—that work may, therefore, be still considered as going on, though its particular name is not exhibited—but it is a partner in the Comic Firm. Each future Series will in the same manner be associated with the whims and oddities of other authors; and it will be my endeavour to feed every succeeding volume with the choicest morsels that can be procured, in short, the work will be Pampered—like

Captain Head. In the meantime many little defects, incidental to a first attempt, will be observed and pointed out by judicious critics;—to whom, consciously and respectfully, I bow, like Norval, "with bended bow and quiver full of errors;" merely hoping, timidly, that as second thoughts are allowed to be best, they will deal mildly with my first ones.

In my illustrations, as usual, preferring wood to copper or steel, I have taken to box as the medium for making hits. For some of the designs I am indebted to private friends, and in particular to one highly talented lady, who has liberally allowed me to draw upon her drawings, and with an unusual zeal for my wood-cuts, has, I may say, devoted her head to the block. It is difficult to return thanks for such deeds, but I feel deeply indebted to the kindness by which her pencil was led. I am under a similar obligation to several pens, justly deserving the title of "good office pens" from the friendly nature of their service.

Of the President of the Royal Academy, his Fellows and Associates, I humbly beg pardon for any offences against the rules of their art. My pretensions are modest—I only profess to blacklead a little, and not to blacklead the great—I presume merely to handle a small slip of pencil, and not to wield, like them, the cedars of Lebanon. The literary critics are requested to look upon the letter-press in the same spirit, and to remember, before killing "The Comic," that it is, as the late giraffe, "the only one of its kind in England." The work, indeed, at present, is like the celebrated elephant that had no rival but himself. If, however, others of the kind should spring up, all the Editor wishes for is an open field and fair play.

[In 1830 my father published a series of Comic Melodies, which consisted of songs written for the Entertainment of Mathews and Yates. The motto on the cover of each number was—

"A doleful song a doleful look retraces,
And merry music maketh merry faces."

Over this was a comic illustration of the lines, consisting of some musical notes, the heads of which were filled in with laughing and grimacing countenances.]

THE SHIP LAUNCH.

SUNG BY MR. MATHEWS IN THE ENTERTAINMENT CALLED "THE SPRING MEETING."

WORDS BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ. MUSIC BY S. BLEWITT.

THE day is bright, the wind is light,
And gay with flags and streamers;
From side to side old Thames's tide
Is mobb'd with boats and steamers.
Put up, my dear, the bottled beer,
And pack the mutton haunch now;
Then off we go, row, brothers, row,
And let us see the launch now.

PATTER.*

Now, my dear—now Tommy—mind your footing!—Boat sir! oars! Boat for the launch!—Now, Mr. B., I insist you look at the watermen's sleeves; I'll go with none but regular *badgers!*—Pooh, pooh, pooh!—Don't pooh, pooh me; I have my fears of *wherries*, and they may be *verified!*—Here you are, sir!—I say, I had my finger in the gemman's eye afore you!

* This monopolylogue, spoken by Mathews, is supposed to be sustained by several characters, sufficiently distinguishable not to need indication individually.

This here's the boat, ma'am, the prize wherry! You'll be upset in his'n, he was a turn-over in his 'prenticeship!—You row! you've no more *row* in you nor a shotten 'erring!—Shove off, Bill!—Mr. B., do look at those watermen. How can their backs see what's before 'em?—Pooh, pooh, pooh! Civil men, don't like to turn their backs on the fare!—Mamma, look how I'm rowing our ship!—A little wretch; take your hand out of the water directly!—Mr. B., do look to that child; he'll he drown'd in his best clothes!—Ax pardon, sir, d'ye see that 'ere opening; them's the new Catherine Docks's.—Ah, I don't like new docks in opposition to old docks; they are not orthodox.—Where's the Tunnel?—Just over and above it, sir; but it can't *proceed* for want of *proceeds;* half their outgoings was spent in stopping the *comings in!*—Bless me, there's an 'ulk!—Ax pardon, ma'am, but that 'ere's the Hark; a wessel dewoted to seafaring parsons for pious porpuses. T'other's the tender.—Papa, why is it called the tender?—Pooh, pooh! Don't you know? It's called the tender because it *tenders* its services in *pressing* emergencies.—Waterman, where are we now?—Nigh Blackwall's end, ma'am.—Well, I never knew Wallsend of any other colour!—Now, Mrs. B., look this way, I'll show you a view worth seeing. You see that pint of land; well, you see four black things on it; well, they're four men hanging!—Hanging! Dear me! What for?—Waterman, do you know why those four men are supported by chains on the suspension principle?—For sinking their own wessel, sir. It was loaded with *coals* and they *scuttled* it!—Oh, papa! What place is this?—Pooh, pooh! Don't you know it? Why, it's either Green-*wich* or Wool-*wich*, I don't know *which*.—Ax your pardon, sir, but it's neither on 'em; it's Grinnage.—So it is. My dear, hold up the child to see the hospital!—There, Tommy, in that noble edifice naval valour has a

hankering after age and infirmities; that's their harbor vitæ or harbour for life!—Pray, waterman, are the pensioners paid in proportion to their ages?—No, ma'am, in proportion to their wounds; the more limbs they lose the more *stumpy* they get.—Ah, it's a beautiful foundation! There you may see veterans that have drunk Duncan's grog and ate Nelson's biscuit!—Yes, and Lord Howe's too, sir; his lordship's own gunner is among 'em, and Lord Howe's never out of his mouth—"*Lord how* it blows," says he, "*Lord how* it rains;" it's *Lord how* everything!

So off we go, row, brothers, row,
And let us see the launch now,
So off we go, row, brothers, row,
And let us see the launch now!

The gallant ship is on the slip,
Her banners waving o'er her;
And now she slides, away she glides,
And drives the foam before her.
Long may she brave the wind and wave,
And foil the foe's endeavour;
Now let us say "Huzza, huzza,
Our wooden walls for ever!"

PATTER.

Now for a little lunching before launching. Tommy, give me the basket.—La, papa, it's left upon Tower stairs.—Lost the *prog!* Just what I *prog*nosticated! Where's the seed cake?—Mamma carried that!—Bless me, so I did, but I don't know where it is.—Mr. B., you took care of the pie.—No, I didn't.—Yes, you did!—No, I didn't, for I dropt it overboard!—Now, ma'am, this side, if you please. That 'ere

is Captain Parry's ship, the Nor' Poler!—Indeed! Pray, did they reach the Pole?—Why, they think, ma'am, if they'd had more *fur on*, they wouldn't have been *fur off!*—Ah, I don't like Polish expeditions; it's risking human life; they'll come to *a stick in the ice!*—Ax pardon, sir, but that's jist what they're sarching arter!—Waterman, I believe that's a guard-ship.—Yes, ma'am, a blackguard ship, what's called an 'ulk, and chuck full of thieves and bad characters!—What a shocking idea!—Pooh, pooh!—Why?—Because, if it should go down, what *a sink of iniquity!*—Come, pull ahead there! the oars 'll be foul in a minit!—Papa, how can oars be fowl?—Pooh, pooh, pooh; when they *feather* 'em!—Now, sir! now, ma'am! there's the launch, a beautiful craft, the Royal William, pierced for 96, carries 110; round starn, you see, sir!—Ah, there's great improvements in naval architecture since Noah's arkitecture!—Waterman, what is that ship made of?—All hoak, ma'am, except the rudder, and that's *helm*.—Wonderful! Who would think that prodigious vessel came out of an acorn!—Mrs. B., pray admire that figure head!—I can't say I do: a naked ancient Briton with a toasting fork!—Ax pardon, ma'am, that ere's Neptune, as stands proxy on this occasion for the Lord High Admiral! Directly as she leaves her cradle she'll be christened by Lady Hogle, who will shy at her starn a bottle of port wine that has been round the world and back!—Mr. B., how can a lady be god-father?—Pooh, pooh, pooh; sex signifies nothing in ships; for instance, we may say our three-*masters* are *mistresses* of the ocean!—(*Bang!*)—There's the gun, sir! there she goes. Oh! beautiful sight! off she goes! Hearts of oak! Rule Britannia! There's a plunge, there's a *foamentation!* Huzza! huzza! huzza! That I call adding another brick to our wooden walls! Pull away, pull away, out of the swell! My eyes, Bill, there's a crab cotch'd! Vy, that's overboard

he vent!—Overboard! Who! where! what!—O, don't you be afeard, ma'am, he can swim. There he goes! pick him up. I say, whaler, ahoy, vy don't ye pick him up with a harpoon?—Well, if ever I come on the water again.—Pooh, pooh, pooh! What, not to see a launch?—No, not if you'd launch me to all eternity! I've been starved alive, and frightened to death, and I didn't see the bottle thrown after all!—Ax pardon, ma'am, but I see it quite plain, and the lady miss'd.—Pooh, pooh, pooh! Miss a Seventy-four! —I'll tell you how it was, sir; she shut vun eye to take a wery good aim, and forgot the t'other eye was a glass 'un!

Now off we go, row, brothers, row,
For we have seen the launch now,
Now off we go, row, brothers, row,
For we have seen the launch now.

GOG AND MAGOG.

A GUILDHALL DUET.

MAGOG.

WHY, Gog, I say, it's after One,
And yet no dinner carved;
Shall we endure this sort of fun,
And stand here to be starved?

GOG.

I really think our City Lords
Must be a shabby set;
I've stood here since King Charles's time,
And had no dinner yet!

MAGOG.

I vow I can no longer stay;
I say, are we to dine to-day?

GOG.

My hunger would provoke a saint,
I've waited till I'm sick and faint;
I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both,
I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth.

MAGOG.

I wish I had a round of beef
My hungry tooth to charm;
I've wind enough in my inside
To play the Hundredth Psalm.

GOG.

And yet they feast beneath our eyes
Without the least remorse;
This very week I saw the Mayor
A feeding like a horse!

MAGOG.

Such loads of fish, and flesh, and fowl,
To think upon it makes me growl!

GOG.

I wonder where the fools were taught,
That they should keep a giant short!
They'll stop our growth, they'll stop our growth;
They'll starve us both, they'll starve us both!

MAGOG.

They said, a hundred years ago,
That we should dine at One;
Why, Gog, I say, our meat by this
Is rather over-done.

GOG.

I do not want it done at all,
So hungry is my maw,
Give me an Alderman in chains,
And I will eat him raw!

MAGOG.

Of starving weavers they discuss,
And yet they never think of us.
I say, are we to dine to-day;
Are we to dine to-day?

GOG.

Oh dear, the pang it is to feel
So mealy-mouthed without a meal!

MAGOG.

I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth!

GOG.

I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both!

BOTH.

They'll stop our growth, they'll starve us both!

VALENTINE'S DAY.

SURELY the mornin' Cupid was born in
  Ought to be kept, 'tis Valentine's day,
Father and Mother, Sister and Brother;
  This, that and t'other may preach as they may,
But nothing shall hinder a peep at the *winder*
  To see if the Postman is over the way.

PATTER.

Well, I wonder if I shall have a valentine; I know I shall wonder if I don't!—Ah, I know who from!—No, you don't!—Yes, I do!—Who, then?—Why, from each of the young gentlemen at Prospect House Academy!—(*Little Girl.*) I say, Mary Maggs, shall you have a Valentine?—(*Little Girl.*) I do' know; is it dood to eat?—(*Big Girl.*) Hush, you little fools, you'll bring Governess!—Well, I never saw such a post. It can't be called post-haste, can it? He's been this hour in the row, and got only to Number Four!—Ah, that's Miss Latham's, she takes in a limited number of scholars, but an unlimited number of Valentines!—Does she really?—Lord! what a delightful school! how I should like to run away from it! As for sweethearts, our Governess won't allow them; she's got the palsy, and shakes her head at the most innocent things in the world!—(*Mimicking palsied Governess.*) "I do not approve of Valentines—love indeed!—It's only fit for young people when they're old people. Remember Miss Robinson last year, she curled her hair with a Valentine and it turned her head!"—(*Girl.*) Oh, that's just like her!—(*Stuttering Girl.*) Well, I'm sure of my Valentine!—You are? (*stutters.*)—Yes, I gave Cook a shilling to

smuggle it in; it's to come wrapped round a pound of butter! —(*Girl, elbowing.*) Miss Murray, do not squeeze so, you'll have me out of window! Hush.—Why? Hush.—Who? Governess!—Where? Hush.—There! Hush.—How very provoking of her!—(*Palsied Governess.*) Upon my word, this is very pretty! I cannot muster a single class!—(*French Governess.*) Ah, Madame, dey have all First-floored demselfs to look out for a man of letters. As soon as it was nine on de clock, dere was nine-and-twenty on de watch. It is Mister Valentine's Day!—(*Governess.*) Valentine's Day! Here's decency! Here's propriety! Fetch 'em all down! Here Betty! Thomas! Sally! where are ye. Lock the area —bolt the street door—put the chain up—pull down the blinds—and don't suffer any cupidity to enter the house! —(*Girl, whispering.*) Is she gone?—Yes!—I've got it! (*clapping her hands and jumping.*) I've got it!—What?— My Valentine, to be sure! Look here, Post mark, Harrow; that comes from a beau of course! marked strictly private! Oh, do all come and hear it!—Hush! she's coming, she's coming again (*she hurries the letter into her pocket*).—So, Miss, what's that you're scuttling into your pocket?—Nothing, Ma'am (*curtsey*), only a thread paper.—No such thing; out with it; there now, I knew it, it's a Valentine; Miss!—(*Girl, mouthing.*) La! Ma'am, I am sure it's no harm; you had one yourself this morning!—(*Governess.*) Me, Miss? Me have a Valentine! No Miss, the letter you saw was from the moral Dr. Gregory, enclosing one from Mrs. Hannah More, with a postscript by Mrs. Chapone! As for this wicked scrawl, there! and there! and there! and there! Miss! (*tearing the Valentine.*)—(*Loud squalling and crying.*) Oh! Oh! Oh!— (*Girls.*) Miss Gibbs, what has she done?—Oh! oh! (*crying.*) Look here; look how she's crumpled up Cupid! She's tore my two turtle-doves from each other, and there's my hearts

all in bits.—(*Other Girl.*) Oh! what a shame, if I was you, Gibbs, dear, I'd pick up the pieces and put 'em together!—So I mean (*picking them up*); there, there's Dart (*a sob*), and Heart (*a sob*), and Love (*sob*), and Dove (*sob*), Divine and Mine, and Adore, and Evermore (*with a smile*). Well! I ain't so bad off, after all!

Their hearts they go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
Fluttered and flurried on Valentine's Day.

Sure, of all days that ever were dated,
Valentine's Day is the fullest of news;
Then every lass expects to be mated
And Cupid goes round collecting his dues!
And levies a door-rate, like parish or poor-rate,
By getting the Postman to stand in his shoes;

PATTER.

(*Girl.*) Now Sally, when the Postman does come, don't dawdle on the stairs, go down two at once and jump four at the bottom!—(*Maid.*) La, Miss! I always puts both hands on the banisters, tucks up my legs, and slides slap down!—(*Little Boy.*) I say, Caroline, do you expect a Billy Doo?—Yes, I do, Billy!—Then will you cut me out all the pictures?—What a profane little wretch!—(*Mother, calling.*) Caroline! Matilda! Girls! Ten o'clock, and no breakfast made for your father!—(*Girl.*) La, Ma, don't be so unreasonable, we can never eat any breakfast ourselves on Valentine's Day!—(*Father, in a hurry.*) Come! Come! Come! where's breakfast, I've business in the City. Why, how's this? no tea made, no toast made, everything forgot, eggs and all!—(*Girl.*) No, Pa, the eggs have not been forgot, they've been boiling this half hour!—(*Father.*) I wish you were all in 'em! Where's Sally?—Only gone to the door, Pa.—Where's

Caroline?—She's at the door, Pa.—And William?—He's at the door, Pa!—Well go and call down your Aunt Cameron. —She is down.—Down? where?—Why down at the door, Pa.—(*Sharp Postman.*) Now, now, now, quick, quick! can't stand all day at the door like a door-post, plenty more to deliver, fifty at the Boys' School, twice as many at the Girls'. Miss Thomson, threepence.—(*Girl.*) La, how cheap for such a dear letter!—(*Postman.*) Here, here, Sally, Cook, threepence; don't be so long.—(*Maid.*) It's coz I'm a penny short, Mr. Postman. Pay next time.—Miss Cameron, treble letter, fourteen pence!—(*Scotch.*) Hoot awa, mon, I'll gie eleven and a bawbee.—(*Postman.*) Can't take less, fourteen pence, there it is marked on the address.—(*Scotch.*) Then I just wish everybody would *pay* their addresses to me.—(*Melancholy.*) Postman, Postman, have you no letter for Miss M. Thompson?—None, Miss, good day!—Oh, what a shame of Master Tringham!—(*Boy.*) Ah, Carry! I see your Valentine! —You didn't, Sir!—I did, though!—You didn't!—I did, I know what's in it; there's a bow and arrows, a fat Child, a bullock's heart, and a pair of pigeons!—A little monkey! How dare you look over!—(*Boy.*) Now for Aunt Cameron's, now for Aunt Cameron's! Aunt, do read us your Valentine? —(*Scotch.*) Wait a wee, bairns, wait a wee; I maun hae my glasses (*puts on specs and reads*). "The rose is red, the Veelet's blue, the Deevil's black;" Oh, the Blackgairds, it's a threetening letter!—La, Aunt, it's only a Valentine.—(*Scotch.*) Don't Valentine me; I'll gang to Sir Freeling and hae back my bawbees! fourteen pennies for a black Deevil, and a blue Veelet! it's pairfect robbery!—(*Little Boy, capering and laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! there's a good joke; I sent it, Aunt, I sent it! Ha, ha, ha! you're an April fool in February! (*Boy laughing.*)—(*Girl crying.*)—(*Gruff Father.*) What's all this laughing? (*Turning round.*) What's all this

crying?—(*Girl, crying.*) Oh Pa! it's very hard, Carry's got a Valentine, Sally's got a Valentine, Cook's got a Valentine, Aunt Cameron's got a Valentine, they've all got a Valentine but me.—(*Gruff Father.*) Never mind, you'll have one another year.—(*Girl, indignant.*) Another year, Pa! why I hope I shall be run away with, and married long afore then!

Their hearts they go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
Fluttered and flurried on Valentine's Day.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.*

SUNG BY MR. MATHEWS FOR THE SPRING MEETING.

How well I remember the ninth of November,
The sky very foggy, the Sun looking groggy,
In fact, altogether pea-soup coloured weather.
Shop-windows all shuttered, the pavement all buttered,
Policemen paraded, the street barricaded,
And a peal from the steeple of Bow!
Low women in pattens, high ladies in satins,
And Cousin Suburbans, in flame-coloured turbans,
Quite up to the attics, inviting rheumatics,
A great mob collecting, without much selecting,
And some, it's a pity, are free of the City,
As your pockets may happen to know!

PATTER.

Now, John!—put up the shutters!—lock the door!—and

* I find a garbled version of this in "Mr. Mathews' Entertainment entitled 'My Youthful Days'"—a pirated edition by Duncombe, who was subsequently proceeded against and punished for this and other similar illegal publications.

clean the glass over it!—the three Master Bells are coming to look though the fanlight!—(*Maid, curtseying.*) If you please, Sir, Missis's compliments, and would you oblige her and little family with your front windows?—She has all her tape at your shop!—Very sorry, all my fronts are engaged,—but she's quite welcome to all the backs—looking into the churchyard—my compliments! Miss Maggs, my love. I hope you have room at the window?—(*Miss M., quite jammed in.*) Plenty, Mem, thank you,—we could squeeze in one more!—Oh! do look opposite, what a beautiful cashmere! Yes, she's had her *will* of the shop, and her *shawl* of it, too!—(*Citizen, bowing.*) Proud day for the City, Sir.—(*Pomposo.*) Oh! vary, vary,—Instalment!—Chief Magistrate!—First Dignitary!—First Metropolis!—King of London!!—Illustrious Pinmaker!!!—(*Bowing.*) True, Sir, true!—I'm a participle of the municipal myself. A splendid sight, Mr. Dangle,—here you see all the beauty and fashion of Cheapside.—Yes, and the cheapside of Beauty and Fashion!—Oh, fie!—You are such a quiz!—Bless me, look at the streets—everybody seems a-gog!—Yes, ma'am, even the Giants!—(*In the street.*) Maree! Maree! Here's a nice deep door to stand up at! Drat the door!—(*in agony*) the scraper has just scraped acquaintance with my ankle.—Come, move on! move on!—Don't helber me!—(*Affettuoso.*)—Oh, Billy!—What's the matter, Jimmy?—Look up there,—isn't she a Angel?—She'll live in my heart!—Ah! you've no chance, Jimmy!—Vy not, Billy?—'Coz she lives in the Art of the City!—(*Boy.*) Oh cri! look how that boy's velveteens are coming through the lamp iron!—Betsy, my dear, do you stand comfortable?—Oh, very—on one leg; but when I put down the other, it goes into the gutter.—Never mind, it will be all over in an hour.—Why, I say!—I say, my fine fellow! your hand's in my pocket!—

Lord! your Honour! it's so cold, one's glad to put one's hands anywheres!—Lost anything, Sir!—No, Sir.—More lucky than me;—I put in my pocket a pint of shrimps, and had 'em *picked* as I came along!—

Such hustle and bustle, and mobbing and robbing,
All, all to see the Lord Mayor's Show!

2.

How well I remember the ninth of November,
Six trumpets on duty, as shrill as Veluti,
A great City Marshal, to riding not partial,
The footmen, the state ones, with calves very great ones,
The Cook and the Scullion, well basted with bullion,
And the squad of each Corporate Co.
Four draymen from Perkins, in steel and brass jerkins,
A Coach like a lantern, I wonder it *can* turn,
All carved like old buildings, and drawn by six *gildings*,
With two chubby faces, where sword and where mace is,
The late Mayor, the Ex one, a thought that must vex one,
And the new Mayor just come into blow!

PATTER.

Here it comes!—here it comes!—(*Trumpet obbligato.*) That's the Show,—it always leads with a trump!—(*Woman.*) If you please, Sir (no, not you,—the tall gentleman), would you oblige my Tommy with a pick-a-back?—No, I won't!—you must pick a back somewhere else!—(*Irishman.*) A back is it? here, honey, put the legs of ye round my neck, and hold on by my eyebrows!—Here they come!—Clear the way!—Clear the way!—Stand back!—Stand back, you Pensioner!—I shan't!—You must!—I shan't!—But you must!—I can't,—my wooden leg's stuck in

the plug!—Stand back!—Oh, my head!—my head!—My eyes, Jack!—look at those constables' staffs, there's "breakers ahead;"—Ah! do you know why them staffs are like Bees?—No, I don't.—It's cause they give such lots of *whacks!*—There goes Cope!—There's the City Marshals!—Those!—lawk!—I took 'em for Dukes of Wellingtons!—(*A medley of music.*) No great things of a band, I should say;—Christmas *waits* on a small *scale.* There's a flag!—I call that a proper whopper!—I say, you chaps in the mustard caps! you'll have a fine draggle tail to your banners!—Let 'em alone!—it's like the weather—won't hold up!—(*Child.*) A tin man!—A tin man!—A tin man!—Hush! you little fool! it's a man in armorial bearings!—(*Lady.*) Splendid suit of armour, Sir!—(*Pomposo.*) O, vary—vary! I am told it belonged to the Black Prince.—Oh, Prince Le Boo!—There's another suit in brass,—pray, is that mentioned in history?—Yes, ma'am, in Brassbreech's memoirs!—There's the state footmen!—what lusty fellows! No wonder!—they eat their masters out of house and home in a twel'month!—(*Distant shouting.*)—Here he comes!—There's the Coach!—Bless me, what a vehicle!—Like a gilt Bird-cage!—More like a Chinese lantern on its travels!—Well, I do admire the horses—sich spirity creatures!—Ah! the coachman's a great brute to 'em.—Indeed!—Yes, look at 'em—all cut into ribbons!—Pray is that the Lord Mayor with his nose flatted against the glass?—No, that's the City Grocer with the City Mace!—And that little man?—That's the great man himself!—(*Cheers.*) Hooray!—hooray!—Why don't you shy up your hat?—'Coz it may be shy of coming back again!—(*Lady.*) Allow me to ask, is the new Mayor of correct principles?—Oh!—vary—vary!—Polly, my dear, why don't you wave them!—So I do, Ma, as well as I can,—hooray!—hooray!—the Lord Mayor for ever!—Hush, child!

don't say "for ever," it's so like a skit upon him! You know he only comes in at one *year* and goes out at t'other! —No he never can keep his seat any longer,—every Ninth of November his chair runs restive, rears up on its hind legs, and kicks till he is plunged into obscurity!—Poor dear man! —It must be a painful thing, Sir, to quit one's chair, and leave all one's honour behind!—Oh, vary—vary,—no end to your sufferings!

Such hustle and bustle, and mobbing and robbing,
All, all to see the Lord Mayor's Show.

3.

How well I remember the ninth of November,
The fine Lady Mayoress, an Ostrich's heiress,
In best bib and tucker, and dignified pucker,
The learned Recorder, in Old Bailey order,
The Sheriffs together,—with their hanging weather,
And their heads like John Anderson's pow!
The Alderman courtly, and looking 'red port'ly,
And buckler and bargemen, with other great large men,
With streamers and banners, held up in odd manners,
A mob running "arter," to see it by "vater,"
And the Wharfs popping off as they go!

PATTER.

There she is!—What a beautiful plume!—And what a lovely *stomacker!*—Now Mr. Dangle, what do you think of our Mayoress?—May I speak my sentiments?—Oh, certainly! —Why, then, I think she has borrowed half the silks of Cheapside, and all the feathers of the *Poultry!*—You are so severe! —Pray, Sir, would you be so good as inform me what are those Gentlemen with fur gowns on, like Judges?—Ah,

they're no Judges!—I mean those with white wands like conjurors?—They're no conjurors,—they're the Common Council!—Now, Bill!—shout out!—Huzzay!—Huzzay!—Bless me, what makes the Sheriffs so poppolar?—It ar'n't them, it's the Charrots—They were built at our Master's!—Keep off the wheels, there!—Pray, which are the Sheriffs?—Those in scarlet, ma'am,—with collars of A double S!—All the great City *posts* have *chains* to 'em!—Here he comes!—Now, Barney, be ready with your goose! (*Hisses and groans.*)—Hold your noise, ye young thaves of the world and born blackguards; I wish I was the mother on ye!—Vy, ve ar'n't a hissing at you, Judy!—It's the Recorder,—he vipt us last Sessions!—There goes Alderman Gobble!—No, it ain't,—it's Judge Cross!—and there ain't ever a *big wig* as'll eat and drink with *bigger wigger!*—Come, move on!—move on!—Gee up, Patten-makers!—Go along, Girdlers!—You'll be too late for dinner!—Shove along, Jack;—let's see him take Vater!—(*Woman.*) Take water!—what, with nothing in it?—No, you fool!—with boats, and bridges, and barges, and everything in it!—(*Bowing Citizen.*) Superb piece of pageantry!—gorgeous spectacle!—(*Pompous.*) Oh, vary,—vary!—great magnificence!—great opulence!—great corpulence!—*great greatness!*—Miss Meggs, my love, I hope you have been gratified!—Oh! so much!—Interesting sight!—August ceremony!—Imposing effect!—Extremely obliged—so very comfortable—whitscht!—(*sneezing.*) Not quite *open weather* enough for *open windows!*—(*more sneezing.*)—Colds are catching, ma'am!—Then I wish they'd catch my turban, for I've just sneezed it out of window!

Such hustle and bustle, such mobbing and robbing,
All, all to see the Lord Mayor's Show!

LIEUTENANT LUFF.

A COMIC BALLAD.

ALL you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been,
Except in one regard,
He did not like *soft* water,
So he took to *drinking hard!*

Said he, "Let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of Tea,
But I am no *Bohe*mian,
So do not like *Bohea*.
If wine 's a poison, so is Tea,
Though in another shape;
What matter whether one is kill'd
By *canister* or *grape!*"

According to this kind of taste
Did he indulge his drouth,
And being fond of *Port*, he made
A *port*-hole of his mouth!
A single pint he might have sipp'd
And not been out of sorts,
In geologic phrase—the rock
He split upon was *quarts!*

To "hold the mirror up to vice"
With him was hard, alas!
The worse for wine he often was,
But not "before a glass."
No kind and prudent friend had he
To bid him drink no more,—
The only *chequers* in his course
Were at a tavern door!

Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in *toe!*
And join'd with this an evil came
Of quite another sort,—
For while he drank, himself, his purse
Was getting "*something short.*"

For want of cash he soon had pawn'd
One half that he possess'd,
And drinking show'd him *duplicates*
Beforehand of the rest!
So now his creditors resolved
To seize on his assets;
For why,—they found that his *half-pay*
Did not *half-pay* his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode
His Creditors to chouse;
For his own *execution* he
Put into his own house!

A pistol to the muzzle charged
He took devoid of fear;
Said he, "This *barrel* is my last,
So now for my last *bier!*"

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,
And not against his brain,
So he blew out his *lights*—and none
Could blow them in again!
A Jury for a Verdict met
And gave it in these terms:—
"We find as how as certain *slugs*
Has sent him to the *worms!*"

LOVE HAS NOT EYES.

Of all the poor old Tobits a-groping in the street,
A Lover is the blindest that ever I did meet,
For he's blind, he's blind, he's very blind,—
He's as blind as any mole!

He thinks his love the fairest that ever yet was clasp'd,
Though her clay is overbaked, and it never has been rasp'd.
For he's blind, &c.

He thinks her face an angel's, although it's quite a frump's,
Like a toad a-taking physic, or a monkey in the mumps.
For he's blind, &c.

Upon her graceful figure then how he will insist,
Though she's all so much awry, she can only eat a twist!
For he's blind, &c.

He'll swear that in her dancing she cuts all others out,
Though like a *Gal* that's galvanised, she throws her legs about.
For he's blind, &c.

If he should have a letter in answer to his sighs,
He'll put it to his lips up, instead of to his eyes.
For he's blind, &c.

Then if he has a meeting the question for to put,
In suing for her hand he'll be kneeling at her foot.
For he's blind, &c.

Oh Love is like a furnace wherein a Lover lies,
And like a pig before the fire, he scorches out his eyes.
Till he's blind, &c.

[It must have been somewhere about this time that my father was connected with the stage. That he wrote a Pantomime for Yates, as well as Entertainments for him and Mathews, is placed beyond a doubt by various testimony. First of all there is Mr. Godbee's letter (see "Memorials"), entreating a copy of "Mr. Hood's pantomime of Harlequin Mr. Jenkins." Then there is the fact that the "Comic Melodies" expressly state that they were written for the Entertainments in question. Moreover, I have a letter from Jones to Yates, wherein, after speaking of the stories he has collected for the latter's Entertainment, he adds—"Mr. Hood will be able to work them up."

T. P. Cooke, writing to J. Wright, the engraver, in December, 1834, says—"I wish you would ask Mr. Hood if he has finished a nautical piece he promised for me *six years ago!* 'twould, I assure you, be very acceptable now."

I possess also a letter from Bannister to Dr. Kitchener, dated in January, 1827, in which he returns the "Whims and Oddities," saying, —"I hope you are not offended at my keeping your book so long. I have been uncommonly entertained with it—indeed it is an uncommon book, full of whim and original humour. Had I any interest in a theatre, I would endeavour to secure such a writer. What a comic opera he would write! . . I hope he may write something for the

stage. I am sure he would be successful. I think I could suggest a burlesque which would put together admirably."

I find, too, in my father's autograph book the following two letters from Mr. Mathews.

"Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

"My dear Sir,

"I will after rehearsal cause the MS. to be searched for, and forward it to you. It may be rather difficult to find in a hurry, but it is safe.

"Yours very truly,

"(in haste)

"C. J. Mathews."

In a later letter I find—

"Wilson says he knows where Mr. Hood's MS. is, and as soon as the Easter piece is over, will certainly find it. I regret that we have not had a chance of producing it. It is a little too like 'Exchange no Robbery' in plot, but would certainly act funnily."

This farce was after my father's death submitted to Mr. Webster, I believe, and never heard of afterwards. Several friends have tried to trace out these dramatic pieces for me, but have, I am sorry to say, failed.

The only specimen preserved of my father's writings in this line (beside the "Comic Melodies") is the following; intended probably for a musical piece of the kind in which Hook achieved such a success at sixteen years of age.]

SONG.

Air—"My mother bids me."

My mother bids me spend my smiles
On all who come and call me fair,
As crumbs are thrown upon the tiles,
To all the sparrows of the air.

But I've a darling of my own
For whom I hoard my little stock—
What if I chirp him all alone,
And leave mamma to feed the flock!

[The following Sonnet, with the lines which succeed it, were written for the "Forget-me-Not" for 1830.]

SONNET

FOR THE 14TH OF FEBRUARY.

No popular respect will I omit
To do thee honour on this happy day,
When every loyal lover tasks his wit
His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,
And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.
Rather thou knowest I would still outrun
All calendars with Love's,—whose date alway
Thy bright eyes govern better than the Sun,—
For with thy favour was my life begun;
And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,
And not by summers, for I thrive on none
But those thy cheerful countenance compiles:
Oh! if it be to choose and call thee mine,
Love, thou art every day my Valentine.

A BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS.

FORGET me not! It is the cry of clay,
From infancy to age, from ripe to rotten;
For who, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey,"
Would be forgotten?

Hark the poor infant, in the age of pap,
A little Laplander on nurse's lap,

Some strange, neglectful, gossiping old Trot,
Meanwhile on dull Oblivion's lap she lieth,
In her shrill Baby-lonish language crieth—
What?
"Forget me not!"

The schoolboy writes unto the self-same tune,
The yearly letter, guiltless of a blot,
"We break up on the twenty-third of June;"
And then, with comps. from Dr. Polyglot,
"P.S. Forget me not!"

When last my elder brother sailed for Quito,
My chalky foot had in a hobble got—
Why did he plant his timber toe on *my* toe,
To stamp on memory's most tender spot
"Forget me not!"

The dying nabob, on whose shrivelled skin
The Indian "mulliga" has left its "tawny,"
Leaving life's pilgrimage so rough and thorny,
Bindeth his kin
Two tons of sculptured marble to allot—
A small "Forget me not!"

The hardy sailor parting from his wives,
Sharing among them all that he has got,
Keeps a fond eye upon their after-lives,
And says to seventeen—"If I am shot,
Forget me not."

Why, all the mob of authors that now trouble
The world with cold-pressed volumes and with hot,

They all are seeking reputation's bubble,
Hopelessly hoping, like Sir Walter Scott,
To tie in fame's own handkerchief a double
Forget-me-*k*not!

A past past tense,
In fact, is sought for by all human kind,
And hence
Our common Irish wish—to leave ourselves behind.

Forget me not!—It is the common chorus
Swell'd by all those behind and before us;
Each fifth of each November
Calls out "Remember!"
And even a poor man of straw will try
To live by dint of powder and of plot.
In short, it is the cry of every Guy—
"Forget me not!"

[The following lines were written in the album of Miss S., I conjecture the sister of Horace Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," a warm friend of my father's, of long standing. They were, I think, written in this year while my father was at Brighton on a visit to the Smiths.]

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask
A Benedictine pen,
That cannot quite at freedom write
Like those of other men.

No lover's plaint my Muse must paint
To fill this page's span,
But be correct and recollect
I'm not a single man

Pray only think for pen and ink
How hard to get along,
That may not turn on words that burn
Or Love, the life of song!
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan,
But one Miss S—— I daren't address—
I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head
May eke it out with heart,
And in their lays it often plays
A rare first-fiddle part.
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
But if *I* so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,
Nor on your lip be warm,
I must be wise about your eyes,
And formal with your form,
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
On T. H. Bayly's plan,
I must not twine a single line—
I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart
To keep you off its *beat*,
And I might dare as soon to swear
At *you* as at your feet.
I can't expire in passion's fire
As other poets can—
My life (she's by) won't let me die—
I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
Forbidden bow and dart,
Without a groan to call my own,
With neither hand nor heart,
To Hymen vow'd, and not allow'd
To flirt e'en with your fan,
Here end, as just a friend, I must—
I'm not a single man.

[In the September of this year I find in the "Athenæum" the first of the whimsical announcements of the "Comic," which, from this time until it ceased to appear, my father annually made in the columns of that paper. The success of the first volume had led to the publication of many imitations—to one of which the first paragraph doubtless refers.]

ANNOUNCEMENT OF ANNUAL FOR 1831.

A RUMOUR having been privately circulated in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's, that a publishing firm of that neighbourhood intended to bring forward a New Comic Annual, the Proprietor of the Old Ditto Ditto feels anxious that the *new work* should not be mistaken for a *new volume* of the original perennial.

The Comic Annual was composed (to quote Lord Durham) by "some man of the name of Wood, or Good, or Hood," and was published by Messrs. —— & —— of the Cathedral Churchyard. Its successor, illustrated also by Hood and Wood, and it is hoped equally Good, will issue from another house—the repository of C. Tilt, Fleet-street, at the avenue of St. Bride. There is, of course, a difficulty, as with comets, in learning the exact re-appearance of an eccentric visitor; but it is presumed that the claims of equity will be respected, if the book binds itself to appear as soon as it is bound. The same publisher is entrusted with the Second Edition of the First Volume, the liberal patronage of the public having long since placed the author in the best of literary positions —that of having a copy-*right* and not a copy *left*.

1831.

[THE "Comic" was this year dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire, my father's very kind friend and benefactor.

This year's contents were also transferred to the first volume of "Hood's Own," with the exception of one sonnet, which will be found, with the Preface, in the following pages.

The "Comic Offering," which is spoken of, was edited by a Miss Sheridan, who, however, was no connection of Richard Brinsley, as a very nice note from the Honourable Mrs. Norton explained.* I believe Miss S. was not really the author of the objectionable announcement —and that the publishers or proprietors were the right ones to bear the blame.

If the complaints, which my father makes of the numerous imitations of his Annual, appear to lay too much stress on trifles, I can only assure my readers that I have over and over again been shown some of the mock Comics as the productions of my father's pen. The confusion thus created has not lessened my difficulties as an Editor—for if it has

* "MY DEAR SIR,

"I have just finished reading the preface to your 'Comic Annual' for this year. Finding in it an allusion to my grandfather's play—'The School for Scandal'—in a sort of jocular reproof to a Miss Sheridan, I take the liberty of writing these few lines to assure you that the gratuitous impertinence contained in the preface to her book the 'Comic Offering,' was not written by any one *related to* or *connected with* the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan; nor are we the least aware who the editress of that book of heavy jests may be.

"I trust you will acquit me of the charge of forwardness in thus intruding on your patience—but we were all much vexed that you should suppose us at once so stupid and so ungrateful for the merry firesides procured last winter, by your first amusing little volume.

"With much respect believe me

"Yours, &c.,

"CAROLINE ELIZABETH S. NORTON."

been difficult to discover all that my father *did* write, it has been no less so to make sure of avoiding some things that he did *not* write.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1831.

DEDICATION.

To HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

The great Comptroller of all Public Performers,
Kindly countenancing plays upon words, as well as Plays upon Boards:
The noble Patron of the Italian, as well as of the present
English Opera;
This Volume of the Comic Annual,
With the Lord Chamberlain's special licence, is respectfully
and gratefully dedicated,
By his Grace's most obliged and devoted Servant,
THOMAS HOOD.

PREFACE.

A FINE spring—a fine country—a fine illness and the getting over it—an action of fine and recovery, altogether running me very fine indeed, have retarded the appearance of this Annual beyond the usual period. It will, however, enhance the best, and repay the worst of these circumstances, if a public, proverbially kind, should pronounce it "Better late than never."

I shall not, I hope, lose my seat in the House of Uncommons by this delay in standing a second time for the County of Comic, the figure—no figure of fun—that preceded me having been chaired in November only, as what Sir Walter Scott calls "The County Guy."

Now, I do not intend, like some votaries of freedom, to cast mud on the muddy, or dirt on the dirty; but, while I

am on the hustings, I will ask the Committee of that Uncandid Candidate, "The new Comic," whether it was quite honest to canvass against me under my own colours, and to pass off the enemy's poll-book as mine? The Code of Honour should be a kind of Coade's Cement between man and man; but to speak technically, some seem bound by it and some unbound. Mr. —— gave me his word, and shook hands thereon, that the delusive title should be altered; and yet that bad title to a good name, "The New Comic" is still retained; surely he feels both the brand and the blush in what Byron calls "that red right hand."

Were there no other and fitter labels extant than such close parodies of mine? For example—The Laughing Hyæna or the Merry Unwise; or The Main-Chance? The Old Brown Bear in Piccadilly is bearish perhaps—but he is original. The coupling in advertisement "The New Comic" with a volume really mine, is a trick that smacks of the neighbourhood. There is as little difference as distance between the plying of —— and the plying of the Fulhams and Brentfords close at hand.

The Editor of the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," was actually induced to swallow what Izaak Walton would call the Cad-bait; and after a jolt in the "New" concern, was induced to criticise it as a ride in the old.

Fain would I drop here the steel pen for a softer quill, to speak of an Editress who, distinguishing fair from unfair, has acted the perfect brunette towards me, and has brought a heavy charge against me "for work done." In the announcement of "The Comic Offering," a little book chiefly remarkable for a coat of Damson cheese, seeming equally fit, like Sheridan's poor Peruvians, for "covering and devouring," it is insinuated that I am an author unfit for female perusal: I, who have never that respect infringed

which, with me, dwells "like fringe upon a petticoat." Miss Sheridan and modesty compel me to declare, that many ladies have deigned to request for their albums some little proof of "the versatility" or prosatility of my pen; yet what says the announcement, or rather denouncement?—"But shall we permit a Clown or Pantaloon to enter the Drawing-Room or Boudoir—no not even under a Hood!"

Putting Pantomimic people on a par,—was Clown Grimaldi so very unfit for the drawing-room of Mrs. Serle,—Pantaloon Barnes for the Boudoir of Miss Barnet? Is it vulgar to go to Margate by the Harlequin, but genteel by the Columbine—to read "The Comic," instead of the "Offering to be Comic?" To put the Screw of Comparison into my Cork Model, have I made any drawing less worthy of the drawing-room, than "Going it in High Style;" any verse more perverse to gentility than,—

"Old Bet crying 'Mac-ca-rel!' happened to meet!"

Gad a mercy! Did Miss Sheridan never read or see a Comedy called the School for Scandal? If she had heard of my indelicacy or vulgarity, it must have been from Sir Benjamin Backbite. Mrs. Candour compels me to confess that I am not guilty of either. Joseph Surface would give me credit for morality; and even those Crabtrees, the reviewers, have awarded me the praise of propriety,—confessing that though I am merry, my spirits are rectified. Like Sir Peter Teazle, I would willingly resign my character to their discussion; but little Moses has a *post obit* on my reputation, and forbids my silence. I confess, besides, that on being so attacked by a perfect stranger, I did at first think it rather hard of her; but having now seen her book, I think it rather soft of her, and shall say no more.

To pass from this mood to the potential, let me record my

thanks to Mr. G. W. Bonner, for doing all that Wood could, or should, for my designs; he has acted, in fact, a practical paradox, by being most friendly in cutting me, and has thereby rendered me his debtor, both in impression and expression.

To divide myself amongst those to whom I owe questions, suggestions, and good wishes, I should be like a hashed hare with many friends. The major part of my book, however, is miner than mine last year; and as such, I commend it to its course, sincerely hoping that what is my Work may be the amusement and relaxation of others, in Town, in Country, and in the Suburbs.

SONNET.

"Sweets to the sweet—farewell."—*Hamlet.*

TIME was I liked a cheesecake well enough—
All human children have a sweetish taste;
I used to revel in a pie, or puff,
Or tart—we all were *Tartars* in our youth;
To meet with jam or jelly was good luck,
All candies most complacently I crumped,
A stick of liquorice was good to suck,
And sugar was as often liked as lumped!
On treacle's "linkèd sweetness long drawn out,"
Or honey I could feast like any fly;
I thrilled when lollipops were hawked about;
How pleased to compass hard-bake or bull's-eye;
How charmed if Fortune in my power cast
Elecampane—but that campaign is past.

[The next poem was written for "The Forget-Me-Not" for this year, to accompany a picture by J. Knight.]

THE PAINTER PUZZLED.

"Draw, Sir!"—*Old Play.*

Well, something must be done for May,
The time is drawing nigh,
To figure in the catalogue
And woo the public eye.

Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer Who and What?

Oh, for some happy hit! to throw
The gazer in a trance:
But *posé là*—there I am posed,
As people say in France.

In vain I sit and strive to think,
I find my head, alack!
Painfully empty, still, just like
A bottle "on the rack."

In vain I task my barren brain
Some new idea to catch,
And tease my hair—ideas are shy
Of "coming to the scratch."

In vain I stare upon the air,
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvas still remains,
And worse—a blank undrawn:

An "aching void" that mars my rest
With one eternal hint,
For, like the little goblin page,
It still keeps crying "Tint!"

But what to tint? ay, there's the rub,
That plagues me all the while,
As, Selkirk-like, I sit without
A subject for my *'le.*

"Invention's seventh heaven" the bard
Has written—but my case
Persuades me that the creature dwells
In quite another place.

Sniffing the lamp, the ancients thought
Demosthenes *must* toil;
But works of art are works indeed,
And always "smell of oil."

Yet painting pictures, some folks think,
Is merely play and fun;
That what is on an easel set
Must easily be done.

But, zounds! if they could sit in this
Uneasy easy-chair,
They'd very soon be glad enough
To cut the Camel's hair.

Oh! who can tell the pang it is
To sit as I this day—
With all my canvas spread, and yet
Without an inch of way.

Till, mad at last to find I am
Amongst such empty skullers,
I feel that I could strike myself
But no—I'll "strike my colours."

[The succeeding Address to Mr. Wrench, like the one to Gibbon Wakefield, exists in my possession as a newspaper cutting. It might have been extracted from some other source by the Editor—but I have been unable to trace it.]

TO MR. WRENCH AT THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.*

Oh very pleasant Mr. Wrench,—
The first, upon the pit's first bench,
I've scrambled to my place,
To hail thee on these summer boards
With joy, even critic-craft affords,
And watch thy welcome face!

Ere thou art come, how I rejoice
To hear thy free and easy voice,
Lounging about the slips;
And then thy figure comes and owns
The voice as careless as the tones
That saunter from thy lips.

* The Adelphi.

Oh come and cast a quiet glance,
To glad a nameless friend, askance
The lamps' ascending glare;
Better it is than bended knees,
Heart-squeezing, and profound congés—
That old familiar air.

Even in the street, in that apt face,
Full of gay gravity, I trace
The soul of native whim;
A constant, never-failing store
Of quiet mirth, that ne'er runs o'er,
But ay is near the brim.

Quoth I, "There goes a happy wight,
Inimical to spleen and spite,
And careless of all care;
Who oils the ruffled waves of strife,
And makes the work-day suit of life
Of very easy wear.

Lord! if he had some people's ills
To cope—their hungry bonds and bills,
How faintly they would tease;
Things that have cost both tears and sighs—
Their foes, as motelings in his eyes—
Their duns, his summer fleas!

The stage, I guess, is not thy school—
Thou dost not antic like the fool
That wept behind his mask;
Thy playing is thy play—a sport—
A revel, as perform'd at Court,
And not a trade—a task!

Gay *Freeman*, art thou hired for *him*?
No—'tis thy humour and thy whim
To be that easy guest;
Whereas whoever plays for pelf,
(Like Bennett) only gives *him*-self,
Or *her*—like Mrs. West!

Nay, thou—to look beyond the stage,
Thy life is but another page
Continued of the play;
The same companionable sprite—
Thy whim and pleasantry by night
Are with thee in the day!

[This year's announcement of "The Comic" appeared in "The Athenæum" in November.]

ADDRESS.

THE public in general, and the Livery of London in particular, are respectfully informed that, in spite of Sir Peter Laurie, the "Comic Annual," like the Lord Mayor, intends to come forward for "one cheer more."

It will appear in the same month with the new Chief Magistrate;—and the usual quantity of prose and verse, with a new service of plates, are in active preparation for the occasion.

Having twice served its office before, there is little necessity for any declaration of its unpolitical principles;—but its studious aim being to be "open to all parties," it pledges itself to attend impartially (for 12*s.*) to any requisition that may be addressed to Mr. Tilt, Fleet Street, modestly sug-

gesting, that, in compliance with the decided spirit of the Times, the purchaser should inquire for the "COMIC ANNUAL"—the whole "COMIC ANNUAL"—and nothing but the "COMIC ANNUAL."

1832.

[The "Comic" for this year was inscribed to King William the Fourth, a Dedication probably suggested by the Duke of Devonshire.

From this volume are reprinted two Odes—one to the Secretary of the Zoological Society, the other to Joseph Hume.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1832.

DEDICATION.

To HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH,

A Monarch so truly anxious to promote the happiness of his Subjects,
This Volume,
Intended to add to their cheerfulness, is dedicated,
With gracious permission, by the head, hand, and heart of
His Majesty's most grateful and faithful Servant,
Thomas Hood.

PREFACE.

It is with sincere gratification that I proclaim, for the third time, the banns between this Annual and the public; for when a work has thus been regularly "asked out," there seems a likelihood that the reader intends to cleave unto it for the future. I am duly sensible of the distinction. The late Dr. Gregory, in his Legacy, has said, that a female

ought to be ready to bestow her affection on an admirer out of mere gratitude for his preference; and on the same principle the Comic feels, and begs to acknowledge quite a passion for the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general.

It would be a vanity—for persons may be as vain of their modesty as of any other quality—to affect much diffidence or timidity on a third appearance. As recommended by the Board of Health, I discard anxiety and keep up my spirits, trusting sanguinely to the favourableness of the present season for the present volume. Between the Reform Bill and the Cholera, the public has been so drugged by the House of Commons and Doctors' Commons, that figures of speech, neither political nor medical, must come as figures in high relief. Accordingly, by the advice of Sir Henry Halford and my Publisher, I have added five hundred copies to my impression; and if these should hereafter be left on the shelf, I shall be consoled for the private loss by the public gain—supposing, of course, that the one-hundred and ninety-nine Lords will have taken the warning of "Bill-Stickers Beware!" and that the Indian pest shall be obliterated by that Indian rubber, Mahomed of Brighton.

I am happy to say, that this year I have no occasion to complain of my contemporaries. The Falstaff that attempted to Burke me last year, is himself a subject for the Coroner; and the Offering seems remorsefully to have swallowed its own laudanum. The Humourist, it is true, is out of humour, but not with me; so that there are hopes for the future that between the Comics there will be no serious misunderstanding.

To prevent any other misapprehensions, it may be as well to state, that the article called "Domestic Didactics" is by no means intended as a quiz on the Attempts at Rhyme by an old servant of Dr. Southey, but only as a wholesome

warning, after the manner of Dean Swift, to footmen in general, against their courtship of the Nine when they may be wanted by ten, and of the absurdity of their setting out for Parnassus when they are required to attend at Almack's or the Italian Opera. In the same manner the author of "An Assent to the Summut of Mount Blank," might be supposed to have been a servant of E. B. Wilbraham, Esq., whereas, not to mention the internal evidence of the blue and silver livery, the reader of that gentleman's account in the Keepsake will remember that no followers are mentioned except the guides.

Having thus explained, I respectfully make my bow, and tender my Christmas present for the present Christmas.

ODE TO N. A. VIGORS, ESQ.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF "THE GARDENS AND MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY."

"Give you good den."—SHAKESPEARE.

So Mr. V.,—no Vigors—I beg pardon—
You've published your Zoological Garden!
A book of which I've heard a deal of talk,
And your Menagerie—indeed, 'tis too bad o' me,
But I have never seen your Beast Academy!
Or set my feet
In Brute-on Street,
Or ever wandered in your "Bird-cage Walk."

Yet, I believe that you were truly born
To be a kind of brutal overseer,

And, like the royal quarterings, appear
Between a lion and a unicorn:
There is a sort of reason about rhyme
That I have pondered many, many a time;
Where words, like birds of feather,
Likely to come together,
Are quite prophetically made to chime;
So your own office is forestalled, O Vigors!
Your proper Surname having but one single
Appropriate jingle,
——— Tigers!

Where is your gardening volume? like old Mawe's!
Containing rules for cultivating brutes,
Like fruits.
Through April, May, or June,
As thus—now rake your Lions' manes, and prune
Your Tigers' claws;
About the middle of the month, if fair,
Give your Chameleons air;
Choose shady walls for Owls,
Water your Fowls,
And plant your Leopards in the sunniest spots;
Earth up your Beavers; train your Bears to climb;
Thin out your Elephants about this time;
And set some early Kangaroos in pots.
In some warm sheltered place,
Prepare a hot-bed for the Boa race,
Leaving them room to swell;
Prick out your Porcupines; and blanch your Ermine;
Stick up Opossums; trim your Monkeys well;
And "destroy all vermin."

Oh, tell me, Mr. Vigors! for the fleas
Of curiosity begin to tease—
If they bite rudely I must crave your pardon,
But if a man may ask,
What is the task
You have to do in this exotic garden?
If from your title one may guess your ends,
You are a sort of Secretary Bird
To write home word
From ignorant brute beasts to absent friends.
Does ever the poor little Coati Mundi
Beg you to write to ma'
To ask papa
To send him a new suit to wear on Sunday?
Does Mrs. L. request you'll be so good
—Acting a sort of Urban to Sylvanus—
As write to her "two children in the wood,"
Addressed—post-paid—to Leo Africanus?
Does ever the great Sea-Bear *Londinensis*
Make you amanuensis
To send out news to some old Arctic stager—
"Pray write that Brother Bruin, on the whole,
Has got a head on this day's pole,
And say my Ursa has been made a Major?"
Do you not write dejected letters—very—
Describing England for poor "Happy Jerry,"
Unlike those emigrants who take in flats,
Throwing out New South *Wales* for catching *sprats*?
Of course your penmanship you ne'er refuse
For "begging letters" from poor Kangaroos;
Of course you manage bills and their acquittance,
And sometimes pen for Pelican a double
Letter to Mrs. P., and brood in trouble.

Enclosing a small dab, as a remittance ;
Or send from Mrs. B. to her old cadger,
Her full-length, done by Harvey, that rare draughtsman
And skilful craftsman,
A game one too, for he can draw a Badger.

Does Doctor Bennett never come and trouble you
To break the death of Wolf to Mrs. W. ?
To say poor Buffalo his last has puffed,
And died quite suddenly, without a will,
Soothing the widow with a tender quill,
And gently hinting—"would she like him stuffed ?"
Does no old sentimental Monkey weary
Your hand at times to vent his scribbling itch ?
And then your pen must answer to the query
Of Dame Giraffe, who has been told her deary
Died on the *spot*—and wishes to know *which* ?
New candidates meanwhile your help are waiting—
To fill up cards of thanks, with due refinement,
For Missis 'Possum, after her confinement ;
To pen a note of pretty Poll's dictating—
Or write how Charles the Tenth's departed reign
Disquiets the crowned Crane,
And all the royal Tigers ;
To send a bulletin to brother Asses
Of Zebra's health, what sort of night he passes ;—
Is this your duty, Secretary Vigors ?

Or are your brutes but Garden-brutes indeed,
Of the old shrubby breed,
Dragons of holly—Peacocks cut in yew ?
But no—I've seen your book,

And all the creatures look
Like real creatures, natural and true!
Ready to prowl, to growl, to prey, to fight,
Thanks be to Harvey who their portraits drew,
And to the cutters praise is justly due,
To Branston always, and to always Wright.
Go on then, publishing your monthly parts,
And let the wealthy crowd,
The noble and the proud,
Learn of brute beasts to patronise the Arts.
So may your Household flourish in the Park,
And no long Boa go to his long home,
No Antelope give up the vital spark,
But all with this your scientific tome,
Go on as swimmingly as old Noah's Ark!

ODE TO JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M.P.

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Oh, Mr. Hume, thy name
Is travelling post upon the road to fame,
With four fast horses and two sharp postilions;
Thy reputation
Has friends by numeration,
Units, Tens, Hundreds, Thousands, Millions.
Whenever public men together dine,
They drink to thee
With three times three—
That's nine.
And oft a votary proposes then
To add unto the cheering one cheer more—

Nine and One are Ten;
Or somebody, for thy honour still more keen,
Insists on four times four—
Sixteen!

In Parliament no star shines more or bigger,
And yet thou dost not care to cut a figure;
Equally art thou eloquent and able,
Whether in showing how to serve the nation
Or laying its petitions on the Table
Of Multiplication.
In motion thou art second unto none,
Though fortune on thy motions seems to frown,
For though you set a number down
You seldom carry one.
Great at speech thou art, though some folks cough,
But thou art greatest at a *paring* off.

But never blench,
Although in stirring up corruption's worms
You make some factions
Vulgar as certain fractions,
Almost reduced unto their lowest terms.
Go on, reform, diminish, and retrench;
Go on, for ridicule not caring;
Sift on from one to nine with all their noughts,
And make state cyphers eat up their own orts,
And only in thy saving be unsparing;
At soldiers' uniforms make awful rackets,
Don't trim though, but untrim their jackets.
Allow the tin mines no tin tax,
Cut off the Great Seal's wax!

Dock all the dock-yards, lower masts and sails,
Search foot by foot the Infantry's amounts,
Look into all the Cavalry's accounts,
And crop their horses' tails.
Look well to Woolwich and each Money-vote,
Examine all the cannons' charges well,
And those who found th' Artillery compel
To forge twelve-pounders for a five-pound note.
Watch Sandhurst too, its debts and its Cadets—
Those Military pets.
Take Army—no, take Leggy Tailors
Down to the Fleet, for no one but a nincum
Out of our nations narrow income
Would furnish such wide trousers to the Sailors.
Next take, to wonder him,
The Master of the Horse's horse from under him;
Retrench from those who tend on Royal ills
Wherewith to gild their pills.
And tell the Stag-hound's Master he must keep
The deer, &c., cheap.
Close as new brooms
Scrub the Bed Chamber Grooms;
Abridge the Master of the Ceremonies
Of his very moneys;
In short, at every salary have a pull,
And when folks come for pay
On quarter-day,
Stop half and make them give receipts in full.

Oh, Mr. Hume, don't drink,
Or eat, or sleep, a wink,
Till you have argued over each reduction:
Let it be food to you, repose and suction;

Though you should make more motions by one half
Than any telegraph,
Item by item all these things enforce,
Be on your legs till lame, and talk till hoarse;
Have lozenges—mind, Dawson's—in your pocket,
And swing your arms till aching in their socket;
Or if awake you cannot keep,
Talk of retrenchment in your sleep;
Expose each Peachum, and show up each Lockit—
Go down to the M.P.'s before you sup,
And while they're sitting blow them up,
As Guy Fawkes could not do with all his nous;
But now we live in different Novembers,
And safely you may walk into the House,
First split its ears and then divide its members!

[The following poem was written for "The New Sporting Magazine."]

JARVIS AND MRS. COPE.

A DECIDEDLY SERIOUS BALLAD.

—♦—

In Bunhill Row, some years ago,
There lived one Mrs. Cope;
A pious woman she was call'd,
As Pius as a Pope.

Not pious in its proper sense,
But chatt'ring like a bird
Of sin and grace—in such a case
Mag-picty's the word.

Cries she, "The Reverend Mr. Trigg
This day a text will broach,
And much I long to hear him preach,
So, Betty, call a coach."

A bargain though she wish'd to make,
Ere they began to jog—
"Now, Coachman, what d'ye take me for?"
Says Coachman, "for a hog."

But Jarvis, when he set her down,
A second *hog* did lack—
Whereas she only offered him
One shilling and "a track."

Said he, "There ain't no tracks in Quaife,
You and your tracks be both—"
And, affidavit-like, he clench'd
Her shilling with an oath.

Said she, "I'll have you fined for this,
And soon it shall be done,
I'll have you up at Worship Street,
You wicked one, naught one!"

And sure enough at Worship Street
That Friday week they stood;
She said *bad* language he had used,
And thus she "*made it good.*"

"He said two shilling was his fare,
And wouldn't take no less—
I said one shilling was enough,—
And he said C—U—S!

"And when I raised my eyes at that,
He swore again at them,
I said he was a wicked man,
And he said D—A—M."

Now Jarvy's turn was come to speak,
So he stroked down his hair,
"All what she says is false—cause why?
I'll swear I never swear!

"There's old Joe Hatch, the waterman,
Can tell you what I am;
I'm one of seven children, all
Brought up without a Dam!

"He'll say from two year old and less
Since ever I were nust,
If ever I said C—U—S,
I wish I may be cust!

"At Sion Cottage I takes up,
And raining all the while,
To go to New Jerusalem,
A wery long two mile.

"Well, when I axes for my fare,
She rows me in the street,
And uses words as is not fit
For coachmen to repeat!

"Says she,—I know where you will go,
You sinner! I know well,—
Your worship, it's the P—I—T
Of E and double L;"

Now here his worship stopp'd the case—
Said he—"I'll fine you both!
And of the two—why Mrs. Cope's
I think the biggest oath!"

[At the close of the June of this year Miss Fanny Kemble took a farewell of her admirers at Covent Garden, previous to her departure for America. The following verses by my father appeared in the "Athenæum" of the 7th July. Reynolds wrote an answer to them afterwards, under the signature of "Curl-Pated Hugh." My father and he at this time seemed very fond of this poetical cross-firing;* and this it is that leads me to suspect that the "Reply to a Pastoral Poet," here given, which my father capped with "An Answer to Pauper," was the production of Reynolds.]

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS.

Not "the posie of a ring."
SHAKESPEARE (all but the *not*).

I CAME to town a happy man:
I need not now dissemble
Why I return so sad at heart—
It's all through Fanny Kemble:
Oh! when she threw her flowers away,
What urged the tragic slut on
To weave in such a wreath as that,
Ah me! a bachelor's button.

None fought so hard, none fought so well,
As I to gain some token—
When all the pit rose up in arms,
And heads and hearts were broken;

* There was one long duel about the respective merits of "eyes of black" and "eyes of blue." I have not been able to discover any of the poems.

"Huzza!" said I, "I'll have a flow'r
As sure as my name's Dutton;"—
I made a snatch—I got a catch—
By Jove! a bachelor's button!

I've lost my watch—my hat is smashed—
My clothes declare the racket;
I went there in a full dress coat,
And came home in a jacket.
My nose is swell'd—my eye is black—
My lip I've got a cut on!
Odds buds!—and what a bud to get—
The deuce! a bachelor's button!

My chest's in pain; I really fear
I've somewhat hurt my bellows,
By pokes and punches in the ribs
From those *herb-strewing fellows*.
I miss two teeth in my front row;
My corn has had a *fut* on;
And all this pain I've had to gain
This cursed bachelor's button.

Had I but won a rose—a bud—
A pansy—or a daisy—
A periwinkle—anything—
But this—it drives me crazy!
My very sherry tastes like squills,
I can't enjoy my mutton;
And when I sleep I dream of it—
Still—still——a bachelor's button!

My place is booked per coach to-night,
But oh, my spirit trembles

To think how country friends will ask
Of Knowleses and of Kembles.
If they should breathe about the wreath,
When I go back to Sutton,
I shall not dare to show my share,
That all!—a bachelor's button!

My luck in life was never good,
But this my fate will burden:
I ne'er shall like my farming more,—
I know I shan't the Garden.
The turnips all may have the fly,
The wheat may have the smut on,
I care not,—I've a blight at heart,—
Ah me!—a bachelor's button!

REPLY TO A PASTORAL POET

Tell us not of bygone days!
Tell us not of forward times!
What's the future—what's the past—
Save to fashion rhymes?
Show us that the corn doth thrive!
Show us there s no wintry weather!
Show us we may laugh and live—
(Those who love—together.)

Senses have we for sweet blossoms—
Eyes, which could admire the sun—
Passions blazing in our bosoms—
Hearts, that may be won!

But Labour doth for ever press us,
And Famine grins upon our board;
And none will help us, none will bless us,
With one gentle word!

None, none! our birthright or our fate,
Is hunger and inclement air—
Perpetual toil—the rich man's hate—
Want, scorn—the pauper's fare:
We fain would gaze upon the sky,
Lie pensive by the running springs;
But if we stay to gaze or sigh,
We starve—though the cuckoo sings!

The moon casts cold on us below;
The sun is not our own;
The very winds which fragrance blow,
But blanch us to the bone;
The rose for us ne'er shows its bloom,
The violet its blue eye;
From cradle murmuring to the tomb,
We feel no beauty, no perfume,
But only toil—and die! PAUPER.

ANSWER TO PAUPER.

DON'T tell *me* of buds and blossoms,
Or with rose and vi'let wheedle—
Nosegays grow for other bosoms,
Churchwarden and Beadle.

What have you to do with streams?
  What with sunny skies, or garish
Cuckoo songs, or pensive dreams?
  Nature's not your parish!

What right have such as you to dun
  For sun or moonbeams, warm or bright?
Before you talk about the sun,
  Pay for window-light!
Talk of passions—amorous fancies;
  While your betters' flames miscarry,
If *you* love your Dolls and Nancys,
  Don't we make you marry?

Talk of wintry chill and storm,
  Fragrant winds that blanch your bones!
You poor can always keep you warm;—.
  Ain't there breaking stones?
Suppose you don't enjoy the spring,
  Roses fair and vi'lets meek,
You can't look for everything
  On eighteen pence a week!

With seasons what have you to do?
  If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harmed!
What's weather to the cropless? You
  Don't farm—but you are farmed!
Why everlasting murmurs hurled,
  With hardship for the text?
If such as you don't like this world,
  We'll pass you to the next.

OVERSEER

[In the "Forget-Me-Not" for this year appeared a poem called "The Stage-struck Hero"—written for a picture of that name by Kidd, which represented a tailor's apprentice, of histrionic tendencies, rehearsing the death of Cato on the shopboard—unwittingly submitting his performance to the criticism of his master, who, cane in hand, creeps in behind him.

The poem following this one was printed in the "Athenæum" of this year. On the back of the original MS. I found the "Fragment" which I have inserted after it.

The remainder of this year is taken up by Reviews written for the "Athenæum."]

THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

"It must be. So Plato!—Thou reasonest!—Well."
School Cato.

It's very hard! oh, Dick, my boy,
It's very hard one can't enjoy
A little private spouting;
But sure as Lear or Hamlet lives,
Up comes our master, bounce! and gives
The tragic muse a routing!

Ay, there he comes again! be quick!
And hide the book—a playbook, Dick,
He must not set his eyes on!
It's very hard, the churlish elf
Will never let one stab one's self
Or take a bowl of p'ison

It's very hard, but when I want
To die—as Cato did—I can't,
Or go *non compos mentis*—
But up he comes, all fire and flame;—
No doubt he'd do the very same
With Kemble for a 'prentice!

Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick! it was not so
Some half a dozen years ago!
  Melpomene was no sneaker,
When, under Reverend Mister Poole,
Each little boy at Enfield School
  Became an Enfield's speaker!

No cruel master-tailor's cane
Then thwarted the theatric vein;
  The tragic soil had tillage.
O dear dramatic days gone by!
You, Dick, were Richard then—and I
  Play'd Hamlet to the village,

Or, as Macbeth, the dagger clutch'd,
Till all the servant-maids were touch'd—
  Macbeth, I think, my pet is;
Lord, how we spouted Shakespeare's works—
Dick, we had twenty little Burkes,
  And fifty Master Betties!

Why, there was Julius Cæsar Dunn,
And Norval, Sandy Philips—one
  Of Elocution's champions—
Genteelly taught by his mamma
To say, not father, but papa,
  Kept sheep upon the Grampions!

Coriolanus Crumpe—and Fig
In Brutus, with brown-paper wig,
  And Huggins great in Cato;
Only he broke so often off,
To have a fit of whooping-cough,
  While reasoning with Plato.

And Zangra too,—but I shall weep,
If longer on this theme I keep,
And let remembrance loose, Dick;
Now forced to act—it's very hard—
"Measure for Measure" with a yard—
You Richard, with a goose, Dick!

Zounds! Dick, it's very odd our dads
Should send us there when we were lads
To learn to talk like Tullies;
And now, if one should just break out,
Perchance, into a little spout,
A stick about the skull is.

Why should stage-learning form a part
Of schooling for the tailor's art?
Alas! dramatic notes, Dick,
So well record the sad mistake
Of him who tried at once to make
Both *Romeo* and *Coates*, Dick!

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—

Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-grey;
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,—
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

FRAGMENT.

I HAD a dream—the summer beam
Play'd on the wings of merry hours—
(*Made long long smiles of merry hours*);
But Life 'gan throw a warp of woe,
Across its tapestry of flowers,
Fear's darker shade took form and made—
Like shadows darkling in light most sparkling.

* * * *

The fragrant tombs amid the blooms
Of April in a garden ground
Show'd many a name that none could claim
Half-read between the roses round.
Unbanish'd clouds like coffin-shrouds
Neighbour'd the sun amid the blue,
And tearful streams mix'd with his beams,
Yet made no promise as they flew.

* * * *

Young Hope indeed began to read
The prophecies with cheerful look,
But dark Despair look'd over there,
And wept black blots upon her book.
And scarce the form all bright and warm
Of Joy was woven into birth
When, like her shade, black Grief was laid
Prone at her feet along the earth.

* * * *

Then do not chide—the sunny side
Of monuments for Joy is made,
But Sorrow still must weep her fill
On those that lie beneath the shade.

REVIEW.

OPEN SESAME; OR, THE WAY TO GET MONEY. BY A RICH MAN WHO WAS ONCE POOR. London: 1832. Griffiths.

—♦—

SHADE of Ali Baba! what a title for a book! At the first announcement we posted up from Wanstead to Wellington-street, and were fortunate enough to procure a copy before the shop-door of Thomas Griffiths was wedged up by a mob of poor gentlemen who long to be rich. We are constitutionally sanguine. A little more, and we should have hurried off to Smithfield for asses to load with our treasures, and to Aldersgate for a standard bushel to measure the sovereigns; but a prudent Morgiana of a she-friend advised us beforehand to look well into the pages; and sure enough, as in the robber's oil jars, we found a Master Catchpenny at the bottom of the whole.

According to the author, there are "four hundred and fifty-three ways of making money in this metropolis on a large scale." Of all these ways he recommends you to pick one as follows:—

"Have you anything in your pockets? Nothing. So much the better. Get the pickaxe of resolution ready, shoulder arms, and set-to like, not a Trojan, but a straightforward City broker."—p. 7.

We recollect beginning life in the same line, and it brought us almost to shouldering a literal pickaxe. Day after day we lingered at Batson's and haunted the Russia walk, with no tallow to dispose of but our own inch of candle—no bristles except those on our chin—no hemp to purchase, but a little on our own desperate account. On such non-commissioned mercantile officers the oracle is cruelly quizzical.

"Summer,—if a merchant or a broker,—from six to eight walk out and brace your constitution for the rest of the day;—eight to nine, breakfast and the newspaper;—nine to five, business *without any intermission.*" —pp. 8, 9.

With such a concern, or a share even, the oracle may safely promise that one shall be a Rothschild, with a family of Rothschildren; but how is such a brisk business to be had, if we except the profitless transfers of Mr. Figgins.

"I knew a grocer who emptied and refilled fifty canisters of tea two hundred times in one morning."—p. 17.

The reader will judge from this sample of ways without means, of the merits of "Open Sesame." There is an Arabian story of an enchanter who offered gold and silver, which turned out to be nothing but worthless leaves, and the author of the "Way to get Money" seems to have followed his unfeeling example. We have been cruelly deceived ourselves, and thrown a dreadful fall on our organ of acquisitiveness; and in pity to mankind, we feel bound to warn them against this intended way to the Cave of Crœsus. However lauded as a magical gift in its preface, the work is anything but a talisman that will convert a poor little gudgeon in the pool of Poverty into a bouncing gold fish in the stream of Pactolus.

REVIEW.

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF ECONOMY." London: 1832. Thomas.

—♦—

WE happen to have, amongst our female acquaintance, an unusual proportion of spinsters: half our she-friends, two-thirds of our sisters, three-fourths of our cousins, and all our aunts are single women. Why the poor things should be so neglected, has at times puzzled us—but the author of "The Way to get Married" has opened our eyes; and we have been able to trace each separate mischance to its source. Our gentle Jemima was none of the termagant who "thumps the piano when compelled to practise, boxes her younger brother, and bruises the nursery-maid." She was mild as milk, and a very angel in the eyes of Mr. John Robinson, till he saw her in chintz :—

"A frown, a nightcap, curl-papers, a morning gown, a peeping petticoat, or a staylace will put your swain as he enters upon thinking: from *thinking* he will proceed to *comparison*, from comparing to *weigh*: and before you can explain 'Jack Robinson' you may kick the beam!"—p. 25.

No one could talk of Rebecca as "a slattern till company is expected, and then she all at once becomes a very virago at her toilette." She was quaker-like even in her neatness; but then she looked silly at a Syllogism,—and was dumb-founded by Baralipton :—

"What is conversation then? Why, it is that faculty which, in its best state, can only result from a patient self-examination. As a guide to this task, read 'Watts's Logic.'"

Susan was, and is, the best private singer we know. She never "affects to play, but really screams a song," as our

author deprecates. She was as modest as melodious, and might have married a schoolmaster; but she suffered herself to be at home to him every Wednesday and Saturday, his half-holidays.

"I would have you limit your lover gradually to seeing you *one day in the week.*"

The case of Juliet was still harder. She gave up her doll for a daughter, and loved through two whole Olympiads, but with less luck than the author's little friend :—

"I have known a very sweet little girl of ten years of age receive the visits of a lover whose name was Twenty; after a courtship of eight years, they were married."

The marriage of poor Juliet was broken off abruptly,—and certainly none of our readers could guess the cause of the catastrophe. She played at chess, it is true—but she did not make a move from white to black in her beau's eyes :—

"Cards create disputes; and as to chess, I have known a young gentleman go home with a swollen eye and a bleeding nose, after a long contest."

Neither did she imitate the author's Miss Hoyden, who "twitches Mr. Magey's pigtail, treads on her father's corn and grinds it, and puts a pin in Miss Shufflebustle's chair." She never played "Love's young Dream" in a wrong key :—

"As it respects your more sensible swain, remember that some keys bewitch in a higher degree than others; always hit the right one;—at all events never let it be a bone of contention."

She never reminded her sweetheart of the "Até of your house and home, the follower of an Arab tent, a dray at the heels of gipsies, or the Semiramis of Billingsgate."—The cause of the rupture,—Odds pippins and codlings!—what a

cause!—was a hard-hearted russeting. For a farthing apple, rather stony at the core, this Capulet lost her *Montague!*

"I remember, when on a visit in the country, the circumstance of a young gentleman who liked everything *soft*. An egg every morning boiled by the elder of one of the young ladies (who managed the house) exactly two minutes and a half, won his heart, aye, every inch."

(The jokes of the company on this occasion might be called egg-flips)!

"Well, everything throve admirably for a month, when, O ye Gods! an apple-dumpling, of which the fruit was as hard as granite, made its appearance at the dinner-table! He became petrified to the core, and broke off the match instanter!"

Let our fair readers take these warnings if they wish to walk prosperously in the "Way to get Married." Having extracted the whole juice of the work, to advise any one to purchase the rind and the pulp would be paying too bad a compliment to the "Book of Economy" and the "Way to get Money," by the same author.

REVIEW.

CHESKIAN ANTHOLOGY; BEING A HISTORY OF THE POETICAL LITERATURE OF BOHEMIA. WITH TRANSLATED SPECIMENS BY JOHN BOWRING. London: 1832. Hunter.

WE lie under personal obligations to Mr. Bowring—we beg his pardon—he is a Doctor, if not of laws, at least of languages. We knew him—or rather he knew us—in infancy, when he had the kindness to translate our little wants from the Baby-lonian into the mother tongue. In our school-days he volunteered to do our exercises in French, Latin, and Italian; and was our proxy, we remember, in learning

Greek and Hebrew. In maturer manhood, his kindness did not desert us. It was but the last Sabbath that he was so good as to accompany us to Mr. Irving's chapel as an interpreter of the Unknown Tongues; and on the Tuesday following, to the Zoological Gardens, where he obliged us and Mr. Vigors, by pointing out the affinities between the dialects of the Tiger and the Catalonian,—of the Lion and the Lyonese—of the Vampyre and the Bat-avian, &c., &c.

These are private obligations; but Mr. Bowring has added to our national debt to him, by his publication of the "Cheskian Anthology." The poets of Britain must rejoice to find that they have such a band of Bohemian Brothers as sing in this little volume. It has been well remarked, that most things are either Bishoped or Burked by translation. A foreign idea is too often brought over, and clapped like other travellers into damp sheets, and gets up such a cripple, that its own parent, from its father-land, would not know it again. Poems done into English generally drink dreadfully like the home-made wines; they may be named after the Spanish or the Rhenish, but they smack of nothing but domestic currant and gooseberry. This is not the case with Mr. Bowring; he imports, or smuggles over, the genuine spirit of his author,—Spanish or Polish—Russian or Magyar. Nobody would dream of confounding *his* Bohemians with Whitechapel Jews. Here is a dainty little romance of a Cheskian Juliet and a Turkish County Paris.

Upon the Turkish boundary
A watchman hath one child alone:
"Oh God! oh God! what bliss 'twould be,
If I could call that girl mine own!"

I sent a letter to the maid,
And sent a ring—"The ring is thine,
So give me, sweet, thy love," I said,
"And leave thy father's house for mine."

The letter reach'd the maid—she ran
And placed it in her father's hand:
"Read, oh, my father! if thou can,
And make thy daughter understand."

Her father read it,—not a word
He said, but sigh'd—and as he rose—
Oh Lord of Mercy! righteous Lord!
What heavy, heavy sighs were those!

"My golden father! tell me why
Such sighs, such sadness—never pain
Heaved from the breast a heavier sigh—
What did that wretched sheet contain?"

"Sweet daughter! I have cause to groan,
When misery on my heart is piled:
A Turk demands thee for his own—
He asks thy father for his child."

"My golden father! give me not—
Oh, if thou love me, do not so!
I will not leave thy watchman's cot,—
Nay! with the Turk I dare not go!

"I'll tell thee what I'll do—I'll make
A coffin, where I will be laid,
And there my seeming rest I'll take,
And thou shalt say—the maid is dead!"

And so she did—the Moslem o'er
The threshold sprung: "Ill-fated maid!
Oh God of Mercy and of Power!
The maid is dead,—the maid is dead!"

The mourning Turk his kerchief drew,
And wiped his wet and weeping eyes:
"And hast thou left me—left me too,
My precious pearl!—my gem-like prize?"

He bought himself a mourning dress,
A dress of rosy taffety;
"Why hast thou left me in distress,
Of flowers the sweetest flower to me?"

He bid the death-bells loudly toll
From every Turkish mosque; and ye
Might hear the heavy grave-song roll
From Turkey even to Moldawy.

The Turk sped homeward: and the maid
Her coffin left for purer air.
"Now, God be with thee, Turk!" she said;
And truth was in the maiden's prayer.

We would fain quote a few of the early lyrics, and some beautiful sonnets from Kollar; but want of room forbids; and besides, we can safely advise the lover of poetry to extract the whole volume from Mr. Hunter's.

REVIEW.

THE NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY AND VISIT TO THE METROPOLIS OF FRANCE, &c. BY GEORGE CLAYTON, JUN. Second Edition. London: Clayton.

WE have to express our deep regret that this clever little work should have arrived at a second edition without one word of courteous commendation from us. The writer, evidently a young man, brought up at *Rugby* we believe, is a little enthusiastic,—a trifle too metaphysical for our taste,—somewhat too deep in scholarship for ordinary readers; but he is of that fine poetical and philosophical temperament which sees "sermons in stones, and good [or *ill*] in everything."

Mr. Clayton's "Journal," or Waste Book, begins with some of those minute and graphic descriptions which are sure to awaken a personal interest in the reader. It appears that his father, brother, and himself having resolved to visit "the metropolis of France," the rest of the family decided on domesticating—during their absence—at Brighton, and the

whole party started together, and arrived at that "fashionable and much frequented town, after an agreeable ride of seven hours." Here they were unexpectedly joined by Mr. H——, and due "preparations having been made, they embarked the next morning for the French port of Dieppe."

"As the pier receded from our view," says the amiable writer, "we bade adieu to our friends by the waving of hats, and the customary motion of our hands, whilst in spirit, and by ejaculatory prayer, we commended them to the protecting," &c.

Mr. Clayton, we suppose, being of opinion, with Long Tom Coffin, that those on sea are safer than those on land. "The day," he observes, "was sunny and cloudless, the sea beautiful and calm;" in spite of which his friend Mr. H—— did not alter a "hue in the colour of his complexion;" thus "proving himself a good sailor."

On arriving at Dieppe, Mr. Clayton observes:—

"The females wear large linen caps of a conical and expansive magnitude, hanging down on each side of their face, extending laterally from the cheek bone, beyond the back of the head, and perpendicularly in height above the pericranium, a foot; and downwards, in depth, as low as the shoulders."

These, no doubt, are of the family of the Cappers, of the Foreign Office, of whom we have often heard mention. Mr. Clayton is equally particular in his description of the diligences, and all relating thereto; but he is a trifle too verbose, and we have two pages on the subject, only to inform us that, in spite of the conductor, they don't go like lightning. "Respecting the boots of the postillions," he observes, "the nearest comparison that I can make, is to a *japanned chimney-pot* surmounted by a COW REVERSED, with, its *top downwards*." This, it must be admitted, is a little figurative, and perhaps obscure; we are puzzled to conceive what must be the shape of the bootjack.

Mr. Clayton's speculations on French farming are curious and instructive. One striking peculiarity, it appears, is placing the sheaves downwards. The reason assigned, that the ears of grain may not be moistened by rain, is, as shown by Mr. Clayton, absurd :

"Provided the rain did never descend violently or remain long in its continuance, the reason might carry with it some validity and concludency ; but should the pluvial torrent precipitate strongly," &c., "I apprehend," &c., "the ears would contract an earthy taste, with concomitancy of a disagreeable effluvium. . . . The apples, too," he observes, "are rather small in size, and of an acetous flavour ;"

which we take to be Clayton's translation of *Crabbe*,

Our traveller was fortunate in the time of his arrival at Rouen :—

"The night, now far advanced, was warm, and brilliantly bright with the radiancy of lunar and astral effulgence—a most lovely night—a death-like stillness prevailed all around ; Morpheus presided over nature, sound asleep ; and the fair moon, taking her nocturnal *promenade* along the cloudless, azure, and stellar canopy of heaven, walked in all the soft resplendency of her highest and brightest glory—the very night, according to the fictions, tales, and romance of *imagination's* fantastic record, as would have suited a melancholic pensiveness, a sentimental solitude, a chivalrous spirit bent on some Quixotic deed of brave adventure ; just the night for maid and swain to woo and whisper love ; a night, in fine, singularly congenial to those meditative reflections, and that peculiar, inexplicable, romantic, and musing order of phantasy, or impression, or feeling, which gives to

'Airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.'"

Unfortunately nothing comes of this. Mr. Clayton does not inform us whether he did the amorous or the Quixotic. We beg pardon, we should say Sir George Clayton, for he has *nighted* himself in this passage.

We are not sorry to arrive at Paris, for things "strange exceedingly" were seen by Sir George during his "tarriance" there—houses that, "in some instances," he says, "run eight

stories in ascent,"—up their own stairs, we suppose. Of the Bourse, he observes :—

"The roof of this splendid edifice is constructed entirely of wrought iron and copper, and is so curiously and scientifically contrived, that *all danger is prevented which would be likely to arise from the dilating warmth of the summer's solstitial heat.* . . . On the whole, this grand Bourse far surpasses, in its cleanliness, construction, sculpture, and paintings, the Royal Exchange of London ; though it is but just, in making the comparison, to take into due and fair consideration the advanced state of general science, the mechanical skill, and architectural improvement which have distinguished the period succeeding *that* when Sir Thomas Gresham laid the foundations and raised the superstructure of our Royal Metropolitan Exchange, the renowned site and *rendezvous* of those consulting merchants from whose profitable deliberations and prosperous enterprises have emanated those commercial operations which have brought so much opulence, and spread so extensibly the fame of this greatly renowned and glorious island of British industry, adventure, and wealth."

This, we must observe, has often been said before, and in fewer words. It means, in plain English, that "the Exchange is against us."

"The Louvre," says Sir George, "contains an exceedingly magnificent and inestimably valuable assemblage of antiques, produced by the *Grecian*, Roman, and *Athenian* chisel"—Clayton's Judgment of Paris beats them all!—"The floor is composed of highly polished oak, the planks of which were so ingeniously joined together, that to the eye they appeared in *an undulating or oblique direction.*" We rather wonder that "*our father*, who became quite a valetudinarian by excessive *sea*-sickness," was not *land*-sick at the Louvre.

We are next informed that at the Jardin des Plantes, "the menagerie and aviary compose one entire side of the garden, and contain *animals of all shapes and sizes.*" Zounds! how we should like to see an animal in the shape of a tea-pot, and the size of St. Paul's. Not the least curiosity, however, must be the Museum, which, it appears, "is divided into floors, and these again are subdivided into rooms."

After this we recommend Sir George to the Livery; he will be a capital member at "dividing the house."

We have heretofore ventured to hint that the amiable writer is upon occasions too stilted in his language, Thus, in describing the gardens at Versailles, he observes that there are "basins of translucent water, in which gold and silver fish *disport leapingly with frolicsome and vaulting somersets;*" which means, after all, we suppose, only "'eels over head."

The approach to our wooden-legged friends at the Hôtel des Invalides, "by an *esplanade* planted with rows of poplars extending one hundred feet," strikes us as singularly appropriate.

We learn, too, that "within the Tuileries," which is "separated from the *Palace* du Carrousel by an iron railing,"

"were acted some of the most appalling, tragical, and ruthless scenes of the political and revolutionary drama of the *nineteenth* century. [We rather think this should be the eighteenth; Sir George does not write for the Age.] The gardens, with their umbrageous avenues of lofty trees, yielding a perspective of overpowering and bewitching impression, constitute the most fashionable promenade of all Paris, and during fine weather are thronged with the gay world, *corresponding* [query, post paid?] with the Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens of the west end of *the metropolis of London!*"

Sir George is a little "unco-righteous," and exceedingly indignant with a fellow-traveller who offered to conduct him to *the theatres*, and "other haunts of profligate frequentation." His morality was equally offended at the churches; "half the profits arising from the use of chairs" being given to the priests, he, as a true Protestant, made a stand against such seats: he further observes, that at Notre Dame, where, by-the-bye, he saw "*portraits* [very like, no doubt] of the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles"—"the multitude being tired [of tedium], began to disperse;" he

makes mention, too, of the *meagre* auditory, forgetting that it was Lent.

The Boulevards, Mr. Clayton describes, as "wicked, horrible, and demoralizing"—"a scene which would have provoked the pious indignation of a Nehemiah, zealous for the glory of his God, to *an irascible state of choleric exacerbation*," which means, we suppose, the "blue stage of" anger.

Mr. Clayton, however, is well pleased with the French system of police, which prevents an *influx of mendicity;* but surely this is not Christian charity—is not mendicity to have any *income?* He was equally so at Père-la-Chaise, where, we suppose, he must have been introduced to Bishop Dollond, as he incidentally mentions that he there saw, by "the eye of faith, through the telescope of sacred truth." At the Chapel, however, he and his friends were not a little alarmed; "an old woman came forward and bade us, by the horrible scowl of her aspect, and the significant intimation of her witch-like and withered hands, quickly to depart—which we did"—evidently mistaking the old lady for "the old gentleman."

From "*grave* to gay" is Mr. Clayton's motto, and hence he and his friends return to the Palais Royal—then to the Bibliothèque; but, like poor Ross, in his *unsuccessful* attempt to reach *Repulse* Bay, they "were *disappointed* in the *accomplishment* of their attempt." Mr. Clayton now visits the skeleton of the great whale, and with less than his usual philosophy asks, "What could man do, if conspired against by leviathans?" Why, go half a quarter of a mile inland. Whatever the Scotch song may say, they can't go

"Waly, waly up the bank, and waly, waly down the brae."

It was the intention of the party, after this, to have

reached the "Militaire l'Ecole;" but it grew late, and they took a secondhand dinner, "about six o' clock, P.M., in a restaurateur!"

"*The inhabitants of Paris,*" says Mr. Clayton, "*though very populous numerically, are not so great in number* as the population of London." On their morals he is severe; he was subjected, he says, to such "unjust chicanery," that he recommends all, before they engage a bed, to strike a price, and bargain for it; which means, we suppose, that the Parisians try to make up your bed, and you must beat it down, and that Mr. Clayton is fond of down beds.

Our traveller now resolved to return to "his parental board" (he is evidently a chip of the old block); but we protest against the "truly Christian man's" lamentations about travelling on Sundays and days of rest,—when he had the rest of the days to travel in. The gate at St. Omer's "on its hinges grated, and forcibly reminded him of the deeds of chivalrous times;" it was evidently a grater for Clayton's spice of the romantic. Amiens, too, it appears, is famed for the treaty there signed, "which established peace *throughout* England, *and amongst the Continental nations!*"

On the arrival of the party at Calais, the weather was so tempestuous, that it was not until "*after two hours' patient delay*" that they "procured a passage on board the French mail, *outward bound for Dover.*" The traveller availed himself of this delay to see one of Foote's farces—"a brass plate in the form of a foot, on the very spot where the restored monarch first *planted his foot*;" which, however, he neglects to add, did not take root.

From Dover Mr. Clayton journeyed to Brighton, which, *mirabile dictu!* we are now informed he had never visited before!! While changing horses, having determined on the relief of a walk, Mr. Clayton started, lost his way, and

feared to have lost his coach; but by a great run of luck, found he "had made so much speed, that he had actually *shot five miles a-head*," which, we believe, exceeds any range of shot known to our engineers.

And now overflowing with "impressions produced upon his mind by what he had witnessed, in the affair of religion, during his sojourn at Paris," Mr. Clayton seems to have had a call—but really without any call for it; and the remainder of his little volume is a song of praise and thanksgiving for the advantages he enjoys "in this country of evangelic privilege"—this "land of vision, where the true light shineth;" although he admits that there exists among us too much of "Babylonish iniquity, Pharisaic inconsistency, Sadducean infidelity, Laodicean supineness, associated with an Athenian spirit of innovation and novelty in matters of religious belief too near akin to Antinomian licentiousness."

Mr. Clayton is somewhat too familiar in his illustrations on this subject; he talks, for instance, of the "protocol of heaven," and of the battle that Christianity has yet to fight "*irrespective* of the aid of an ecclesiastico-political establishment" for "conquest and a crown;" as if it were a mere fight for five shillings a side. He acknowledges that, in this latter part of the work, he was becoming too excursive, "so that modesty" [like a bailiff], "as it were, touching his elbow mildly, asks a pause; and, at the same time, softly whispers in his ear" the admonition, on the ground of the inexperience and adolescence of his age, to draw his "cursory, disjointed, and *terminating* reflections to a *close*," which he does very effectively,—"Now to, &c., for ever and ever. Amen and Amen."

Here we may imagine that the organ strikes up, Sir George pulls up his collar, passes his fingers through his hair, and descends from his imaginary pulpit in full twig, to dine with

Mrs. Bugg, of Bucklersbury, and her "truly pious" family. As he goes down the aisle he pulls out a French watch, bought at the Palais Royal, takes snuff from a box purchased in the Rue St. Honoré, blows his aquiline nose with a true French nasal accent, makes a bow, which proves he is all over French polish, "and sallies into Cheapside, or the Poultry, with the step, air, and look of the County Paris."

> Some bard has prophesied the author's lot,
> The world forgetting—by the world forgot!

And with this rhyme we must take French leave of Clayton's Paris.

REVIEW.

THE BOOK OF ECONOMY; OR, HOW TO LIVE WELL ON A HUNDRED A YEAR. By A GENTLEMAN. London: 1831. Griffiths.

THIS is a very amusing little work, and full of what Mrs. Slipslop calls ironing—meaning that kind, ironical raillery-way which Swift used so often to lay down for his readers. The dry humour of the Dean, in his Advice to Servants, has been very faithfully copied by the Economist in his counsels to the modern Centurion, or Commander of a Hundred, and we suspect that both authors have misled many, by the sober seriousness of their style, into a belief that they were in earnest. The Annuitant is supposed to arrive by coach from Dover, Tewkesbury, or Wolverhampton; and the satirical Economist, with a set face, immediately advises him thus:—say at the Bull in Aldgate: "Call a hackney-coach, get your luggage into it, and drive instantly to the George and Blue Boar, Holborn." The deliberate extravagance of a Jarvy, when there are cabs and ticket-porters—to say

nothing of carrying one's own bundle, like the Honourable Dick Dowlas, is worthy of the worthy Dean himself. But the aggravation of the after-hint, that the Centurion ought to have *walked up* from Dover, Tewkesbury, or Wolverhampton, is Swift all over. "Avoid coach or cab hire at all times, and even stage hire." The next advice is quite in keeping, and reminds one of those hopeless errands which are undertaken on the first of April. It recommends a walk towards the west side of Berners Street, in search of nothing less than two rooms in a second floor, for five or six shillings a week. We wish he may get it. The sparrows might well perch on the chimney-pots of such apartments and cry *cheep cheep!* But the next bargain floors even the second floor:—"A feather-bed and mattress, four bed-room chairs, a deal table (painted), bolster, pillow, wash-hand-stand, and French (painted) bed-stocks. You may have all these for four pounds." This rarest of dealers lives near the Marsh Gate, Westminster, and a note very archly adds, "there is only one." There is something of Swift again in the unchariness about chairs—four to a single man is playing rather a high game, as he must lose three at every sitting. But the next rule for retrenchment beats Jonathan! "A walk before breakfast will give you an appetite." Gad-'a-mercy! A morning hunt after hunger! As if a man of a hundred per annum had nothing better to do than to strop a fine edge to his stomach. "Proceed at once to No. 34, Brewen Street, Golden Square: you may there breakfast for sixpence, bread, butter, a plate of cold meat, and a large cup of excellent coffee!—what think you of that?" We think it might do—bating the walk against the wind for a cheap dinner, and quite believe, after such a meal, in the five places where you may dine for a shilling.

The next piece of sly fun concerns shoe-leather. We have

heard of standing jokes, but this is a walking one, and involves a dexterous hit at Mr. Hume and his division of "sum tottles." The Economist allows two pounds a year for shoes; but in a note—as good as a bank note for comicality—directs them to be bought of Reeve, Great Russell Street, at 12*s.* a pair. Product, three pairs *and a third.* The joke, as yet, is only a fabric of two stories—but, as Sheridan was wont, the author proceeds to give its attic; and the man with six shoes and a fraction is commended to "a pedestrian tour to Hastings in one direction, or Southampton and the Isle of Wight in another." This is surely whimsical work! But, to crown the burlesque, conceive the Economist with all his gravity to invite the Centurion to all this gaiety: the Cigar Divan, the Colosseum, the Zoological Gardens, and the Diorama, to Richmond, to Gravesend, to Herne Bay, and back to see Kean, Macready, Young, Farren, Liston, Reeve, Miss Phillips, Miss Kemble, Miss Coveney, Taglioni, to hear Madame Vestris, Miss Cawse, Mrs. Wood, Pasta, Nicholson, Paganini, to give a shilling on a Sunday morning at the Magdalen, and a ditto at the Philanthropic in the evening, to subscribe to the London and Russell Institutions. To conclude, having six shoes and a third, the Economist, laughing in his sleeve, thus commends him to his chance among the pumps. "There are very respectable dancing masters, who give public balls during the winter, and if you are particularly fond of the art, you may for a trifle procure admission. A rich girl and a *good* one too, may sometimes be met with at these assemblies, and she may not be much more difficult to win than Lady Anne."

REVIEW.

How to Keep House; or, Comfort and Elegance on £150 to £200 a Year. Griffiths.

—♦—

This is a companion to the Book of Economy written in the same spirit of fun, and affording the same broad laugh at the expense of a narrow income. The Economist here directs a brace of housekeepers with 200*l.* a year, how to live upon 197*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* or 2*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* within their means; and in doing this you have, as usual, a proportion of Swift to swallow.

Mrs. Glasse, in her directions for hare-dressing, begins, "first catch your hare," and accordingly the wag slips his young couple of housekeepers after a house. It must be low, but not in a low neighbourhood—not to exceed 30*l.* a year; and, as firing off a practical joke, this is one of the author's great guns. Armed with this thirty-pounder, he directs the unfortunate house-hunter to beat about Paddington, Kensington, Kennington, Brixton, Kentish Town, Hackney, and Clapton, in the hopeless hope of bringing down a landlord to his terms. Now, we happen to have asked the rent of a tenement that was advertised in letters that absorbed the whole front. "The Cheapest House in London," and it stood at something like 200*l.* a year.

Supposing a 30*l.* house to be obtained, the Economist insists that the cellars must not be damp, and truly his dry humour provides for the dryness of the vaults, by allowing only 3*l.* a year for wine and spirits—the "wine for Sundays, and spirits for an occasional visitor, and as medicine." Prudence would say try a tract on the Temperance Society on a dropper-in, and as to wine, go right through your

Table Bay without touching at the Cape; but that would be contrary to the mocking spirit of the author. Thus, in regard to consumption,—we mean the disease that preys on victuals, not on vitals—he prescribes rather a Long-ish treatment for a short purse; and talks to his housekeepers of the Poultry, which is certainly beyond the Cheapside of an economical bill of fare. *Encore un coup.* By way of being *near* in your marketing, he bids you send from Kensington, Brixton, or Paddington, to Covent Garden, for a cabbage; and as the servant is too old to go alone, there must be two Savoyards to a savoy. "If in London—do your utmost to obtain a decent, active girl, at least thirty miles from town, and never permit her to go out to *any distance* without you." What a pleasant forgetfulness of the *distance* that ought to be between mistress and maid—to say nothing of the rule at p. 13 to avoid all familiarity with a domestic. But the author, like Beatrice, always "huddles jest upon jest." What might be gained by getting your greens from four miles off, is meant, of course, to be invested along with the savings of the maid-of-all-work. "Give her 6*l.* per annum, paying it punctually every quarter; advising her as to the best mode of expending it, partly in dress, and placing the remainder in a Savings Bank." What amount Dolly or Deborah might save out of such an income, might be ascertained by the rule of three, remembering that her master and mistress, with 200*l.* per annum, have a surplus of 2*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* It might possibly suffice to take her for once to the Pit at Astley's at half-price; but the author has in store a pleasanter expedient for both Dame and Deborah. "For coach-hire, summer excursions, and an occasional visit to the theatre, you must, fair lady, MAKE A PURSE." Many innocent persons would read "TAKE A PURSE," and suppose there was a misprint:—but they would mistake the peculiar

vein of the author. The truth is, this recommendation is in ludicrous keeping with the rest. There is a notorious proverb about making a purse;—and the Economist, knowing that the fair lady possesses no other material, very gravely commends her to the sow's ear.

Such are the precepts which the Economist recommends to the "*serious* study" of small householders, at the serious price of one shilling, and to purchase which will only deprive them, according to the estimate, of all their coffee for a week.

[The announcement of the "Comic" this year—in October—takes the form of a letter to the late Mr. Tilt, its publisher.]

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE COMIC FOR 1833.

—•—

My Dear Sir,

The report of my death, I can assure you, is premature, but I am equally obliged to you for your tribute of putting up the shutters and wearing a crape hat-band. I suspect your friend and informant, Mr. Livingstone (it should be Gravestone), drew his inference from a dark passage in Miss Sheridan's Preface, which states that, "of three Comic Annuals which started at the same time, the Comic Offering alone remains." The two defuncts therein referred to are the "Falstaff" and the "Humourist," which I understand have put an end to themselves. If you should still entertain any doubts, you will shortly have ten thousand "impressions" to the contrary; for I intend to contradict my *demys* with fresh *octavos*. The Comic Annual for 1833, with its usual complement of plates—mind, not coffin-plates—to appear, as heretofore, in November, will give the lie, I trust, not merely to my departure, but even to anything

like a *serious* illness; and a novel about the same time will help to prove that I am not in a state of de-composition.

Have the goodness to forward a copy of this letter to the Morning Post, which announces the arrivals and departures, and also to the actuary of the Norwich Union, which insures my biography. I should have relieved your joint anxieties some days earlier; but till I met Mr. Livingstone at Bury, I was really not alive to my death.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

LAKE HOUSE, *Oct.* 16, 1832.

1833.

[THE "Comic" this year was dedicated to Lady Granville. Less of the matter of this volume was employed for "Hood's Own," which leaves for this edition "A Sketch on the Road"—"A Happy New Year"—"A Public Dinner"—"A Charity Sermon"—"The Cigar"—and a couple of Odes, one to "Admiral Gambier," and the other to "Spencer Perceval."]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1833.

DEDICATION.

To VISCOUNTESS GRANVILLE,

This Volume of the "Comic Annual" is respectfully dedicated,
with permission,
By her Ladyship's most obliged and obedient Servant,
THOMAS HOOD.

PREFACE.

FOR the fourth time I come forth with my volume, which, thanks to mild critical weather, has now stood through three winters; and may therefore lay claim, by Mr. Loudon's permission, to the designation of a "Hardy Annual."

Those only who have been pressed to death by a newspaper, and made to walk through a valley of the Shadow of Death, haunted by printers' devils, can estimate the ghost-like pleasure I feel in thus appearing again in sheets.

Owing to an obscure sentence in the "Comic Offering," partaking rather of Burke than Sheridan, my literary, if not bodily departure, was prematurely announced in the "Herald," the "Atlas," and the "Metropolitan."

"Thrice hath the Banshee cried."

But I have no inclination to be passively tied neck and heels, and thrown into the Lake of Darkness, like the gauger at the command of the rantipole wife of Rob Roy. I have seen but thirty-five summers, and with regard to my Constitution, I am strictly a Conservative. As Wordsworth says of a little child, "I feel my life in every limb," and, indeed, I know, on high authority, that I am as nearly related to the "Undying One" as Miss Sheridan herself. The lady must, therefore, be content to "live and let live" a little longer; and if other parties have wilfully persisted in throwing the pall over me, they will find by this volume, that they have neither gained their end nor mine.

To pass to a death which I heartily wish could be contradicted as easily as my own, the reader will find some verses which allude to one who has now left both mortality and immortality behind him. I feel it necesaary to state that the poem was composed some months before the event, and in a tone of pleasantry which would not now accord with my feeling in writing of the Master Genius of the Age.

"Farewell, Sir Walter Scott, secured
From Time,—our greatest of inditers!
No author's fame's so well Assured,
For all who wrote were Under-writers."

Amongst other favours, I have to thank S. Gibbons, Esq., to whose kindness and connexion with the East India Trade I am indebted for the specimen of Chinese humour which is

figured at page 46.* It was drawn by an artist of the name of Hum,—a native of the Celestial Empire.

The beautiful frontispiece I owe to the kindness and pencil of Harvey—a name to which my blood and my book owe equal acknowledgment. One Harvey discovered my circulation, and the other will assuredly increase it.

I feel bound in extra boards and common justice to state that a gentleman who has perused the papers relative to the Farm of the Zoological Society, assures me, on the honour of a Fellow, there is no such person as Stephen Humphreys on that establishment.

Perhaps it is also due to Sir Francis Freeling to declare that, however kindly he regards this work in general, I am not indebted to any official connivance on his part for the unusual number of "strictly private" letters, both Foreign and Domestic, which transpire in the following pages.

With these necessary explanations I make my annual bow, and commend to Lord Brougham and the other "Great Lights of the Age" my little volume of light reading.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

THE RECOGNITION.

"I THINK," said I, looking hard at the man who handed up my luggage, "I think I have seen your face before."

"Very likely, sir," said he; "but you have the advantage on me,—six insides and twelve out, every day of one's life, isn't easy to remember!"

"Your name's Mat," said I; "you drove a Fulham."

* An illustration entitled "A Tea Garden," see "Hood's Own."

"It's a true bill," said Mat. "Though I'm a cad now, I was once a coachman, and had cads under me. I may say, I was the first of the profession on the road, and that's why I'm so soon reversed. The biggest wheel has the greatest turns in life."

"It's some years now, Mat, since I went by your coach, and I have quite left that line of road; but when I knew you, Mat, you certainly took the lead at Hatchett's and kept it at Fulham. Do you remember running a race with Sarcy Jim, and knocking the old gentleman down with the pole?"

"I can't say I do," said Mat, "there was so many on 'em."

"But you remember, Mat, the leaders knocking down a woman and child, and your being committed for two months?"

"Ah, sir!" said Mat, sighing like a high-blower; "if you knew me then, you knew me in my brightest days. I'll appeal to any gentleman that's a judge, if I looked like a chap that would come to hang by the dickey."

"Certainly not, Mat; and as for your coach, there was not a better turn-out, in the short line, round London."

"Ah," said Mat, sighing again, "she was my fancy. I've laid out eightpence a day reg'lar at Common Garden, only for nosegays for me and the horses' heads; but for all that, nobody could say I had any pride about me—none whatever."

"You were always very civil and obliging, Mat," said I, "and for my own part, I never had a fault to find with you, except once, when you gave us an ugly upset near Hatchett's."

"Ah," said Mat, "I recollect I did set down some of you rather suddenly at the Duke of Devonshire's; but then the

thing was done handsome, for I couldn't have spilled you at a genteeler gate."

"I suppose, however, it was that accident that threw you off the box with the proprietors."

"Far from it," said Mat, with a violent wink; "the proprietors thought they had never seen such a desperate overturn with so few fractions. There wasn't a single suit of law, and instead of discharging me, they riz my wages. It's something, you see, sir, to have a character."

"Perhaps, Mat," said I, "you got into the clutches of the informers. You were not particular, Mat, about number when a pretty girl wanted a lift."

"It was that," said Mat, shaking his head, "as undone me. One St. Swithin's day I happened to come up with Mrs. Bilberree's Ladies' School, that had been gypsying to Putney Heath; and as I was empty inside and out, and having a regard for the sex, and being wet, I agreed to take the whole lot, teachers and all, at a shilling a head. There was seven-and-twenty on 'em, and unluckily two fellows of the name of Myers, or Byers, or Liars, seed me set down. I was pulled up sharp before the magistrate, and have been on my haunches ever since."

"It was a thing, Mat," said I, "that might have happened to the best of coachmen. Surely there was some better, or rather worse, cause for this change in your circumstances."

"Between you and me," said Mat, "there was. My wife died at the same time, and ever since she's a lost woman, I've been a lost man; I can't forget her till I forget myself, and that's only done by drink. They may talk of a drop in the eye, but I'm never without one when I think of her; and it's that, sir, that aggravates me to take so many quarterns."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"If the affairs of this world did not make us so sad,
'Twould be easy enough to be merry."—*Old Song.*

THERE is nothing but plague in this house!
There's the turbot is stole by the cat,
The Newfoundland has eat up the grouse,
And the haunch has been gnawed by a rat!
It's the day of all days when I wish
That our friends should enjoy our good cheer;
Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dished—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Mr. Rudge has not called, but he will,
For his Rates, Church, and Highway, and Poor;
And the butcher has brought in his bill—
Twice as much as the quarter before.
Little Charles is come home with the mumps,
And Matilda with measles, I fear;
And I've taken two sov'reigns like dumps—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your poor brother is in the Gazette,
And your banker is off to New York;
Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,
And the "Wiggins" has foundered near Cork.
Mr. Merrington's bill is come back;
You are chosen to serve overseer;
The new wall is beginning to crack—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The best dinner-set's fallen to the ground;
The militia's called out, and you're drawn;
Not a piece of our plate can be found,
And there's marks of men's feet on the lawn:
Two anonymous letters have come,
That declare you shall die like a Weare;
And it may—or may not—be a hum—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The old law-suit with Levy is lost;
You are fined for not cleansing the street;
And the water-pipe's burst with the frost,
And the roof lets the rain in and sleet.
Your old tenant at seventy-four
Has gone off in the night with his gear,
And has taken the key of the door—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's the "Sun" and the "Phœnix" to pay,
For the chimney has blazed like Old Nick;
The new gig has been jammed by a dray,
And the old horse has taken to kick.
We have hardly a bushel of small,
And now coal is extravagant dear;
Your great coat is stole out of the hall—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The whole greenhouse is smashed by the hail,
And the plants have all died in the night;
The magnolia's blown down by the gale,
And the chimney looks far from upright;

And—the deuce take the man from the shop,
That hung up the new glass chandelier!—
It has come, in the end, to one drop—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's misfortune wherever we dodge—
It's the same in the country and town;
There's the porter has burned down his lodge,
While he went off to smoke at the Crown.
The fat butler makes free with your wine,
And the footman has drunk the strong beer,
And the coachman can't walk in a line—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

I have doubts if your clerk is correct—
There are hints of a mistress at Kew,
And some day he'll abscond, I expect;
Mr. Brown has built out your back view;
The new housemaid's the greatest of flirts—
She has men in the house, that is clear;
And the laundress has pawned all your shirts—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your "Account of a Visit to Rome"
Not a critic on earth seems to laud;
And old Huggins has lately come home,
And will swear that your Claude isn't Claude:
Your election is far from secure,
Though it's likely to cost very dear;
You're come out in a caricature—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

You've been christened an ass in the Times,
And the Chronicle calls you a fool;
And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghrimes,
Has engaged the next house for a school;
And the playground will run by the bower
Which you took so much trouble to rear;
We shall never have one quiet hour—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Little John will not take to his book,
He's come home black and blue from the cane;
There's your uncle is courting his cook,
And your mother has married again!
Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,
And against them you'll have to appear;
If they're hung you'll be wretched for life—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

A PUBLIC DINNER.

"Sit down and fall to, said the Barmecide."—*Arabian Nights.*

At seven you just nick it,
Give card—get wine ticket;
Walk round through the Babel,
From table to table,
To find—a hard matter—
Your name in a platter;
Your wish was to sit by
Your friend Mr. Whitby,
But Stewards' assistance
Has placed you at distance,

And, thanks to arrangers,
You sit among strangers;
But too late for mending;
Twelve sticks come attending
A stick of a Chairman,
A little dark spare man,
With bald shining nob,
'Mid Committee swell-mob;
In short, a short figure,
You thought the Duke bigger
Then silence is wanted,
Non Nobis is chanted;
Then Chairman reads letter,
The Duke's a regretter,
A promise to break it,
But chair he can't take it;
Is grieved to be from us,
But sends friend Sir Thomas
And what is far better,
A cheque in the letter,
Hear! hear! and a clatter,
And there ends the matter.

Now soups come and fish in,
And C*** brings a dish in;
Then rages the battle,
Knives clatter, forks rattle,
Steel forks with black handles,
Under fifty wax candles;
Your soup-plate is soon full,
You sip just a spoonful.
Mr. Roe will be grateful
To send him a plateful;

And then comes the waiter,
"Must trouble for tater;"
And then you drink wine off
With somebody—nine off;
Bucellas made handy,
With Cape and bad Brandy,
Or East India Sherry,
That's very hot—very.
You help Mr. Myrtle,
Then find your mock-turtle
Went off, while you lingered,
With waiter light-fingered.
To make up for gammon,
You order some salmon,
Which comes to your fauces
With boats without sauces.
You then make a cut on
Some Lamb big as Mutton;
And ask for some grass too,
But that you must pass too;
It served the first twenty,
But toast there is plenty.
Then, while lamb gets coldish,
A goose that is oldish—
At carving not clever—
You're begged to dissever,
And when you thus treat it,
Find no one will eat it.
So, hungry as glutton,
You turn to your mutton,
But—no sight for laughter—
The soup it's gone after.

Mr. Green then is very
Disposed to take Sherry,
And then Mr. Nappy
Will feel very happy;
And then Mr. Conner
Requests the same honour;
Mr. Clarke, when at leisure,
Will really feel pleasure;
Then waiter leans over
To take off a cover:
From fowls, which all beg of,
A wing or a leg of;
And while they all peck bone,
You take to a neck bone,
But even your hunger
Declares for a younger.
A fresh plate you call for,
But vainly you bawl for:
Now taste disapproves it,
No waiter removes it.
Still hope, newly budding,
Relies on a pudding;
But critics each minute
Set fancy agin it—
"That's queer Vermicelli."
"I say, Vizetelly,
There's glue in that jelly."
"Tarts bad altogether;
That crust's made of leather."
"Some custard, friend Vesey?"
"No—batter made easy."
"Some cheese, Mr. Foster?"
"—Don't like single Glo'ster."

Meanwhile, to top table,
Like fox in the fable,
You see silver dishes,
With those little fishes,
The whitebait delicious
Borne past you officious;
And hear rather plainish
A sound that's champaignish,
And glimpse certain bottles
Made long in the throttles:
And sniff—very pleasant!
Grouse, partridge, and pheasant,
And see mounds of ices
For patrons and vices,
Pine-apple, and bunches
Of grapes for sweet munches,
And fruits of all virtue
That really *desert* you.
You've nuts, but not crack ones,
Half empty, and black ones;
With oranges sallow—
They can't be called yellow—
Some pippins well wrinkled,
And plums almond sprinkled,
Some rout cakes, and so on,
Then with business to go on;
Long speeches are stutter'd,
And toasts are well butter'd,
While dames in the gallery,
All dressed in fallallery,
Look on at the mummery:
And listen to flummery.

Hip, hip! and huzzaing.
And singing and saying,
Glees, catches, orations,
And lists of donations.
Hush! a song, Mr. Tinney—
"Mr. Benbow, one guinea;
Mr. Frederick Manual,
One guinea—and annual."
Song—Jockey and Jenny—
"Mr. Markham one guinea."
"Have you all filled your glasses?"
Here's a health to good lasses.
The subscription still skinny—
"Mr. Franklin—one guinea."
Franklin looks like a ninny;
"Mr. Boreham, one guinea—
Mr. Blogg, Mr. Finney,
Mr. Tempest—one guinea,
Mr. Merrington—twenty,"
Rough music, in plenty.
Away toddles Chairman,
The little dark spare man,
Not sorry at ending,
With white sticks attending,
And some vain Tomnoddy
Votes in his own body
To fill the void seat up,
And get on his feet up,
To say, with voice squeaking,
"Unaccustomed to speaking,"
Which sends you off seeking
Your hat, number thirty—
No coach—very dirty.

So, hungry and fever'd,
Wet-footed, spoilt beaver'd,
Eyes aching in socket,
Ten pounds out of pocket,
To Brook-street the Upper
You haste home to supper.

A CHARITY SERMON.

"'I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you; and, believe me, I will shortly pay thee another visit; but my friends, I fancy, wonder at my stay; so let me have the money immediately.' Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me?'

* * * *

'I would have thee know, friend,' addressing himself to Adams, 'I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds.'"—JOSEPH ANDREWS.

I'M an extremely charitable man—no collar and long hair, though a little carrotty;
Demure, half-inclined to the unknown tongues, but I never gain'd anything by Charity.
I got a little boy into the Foundling, but his unfortunate mother was traced and baited,
And the overseers found *her* out—and she found *me* out—and the child was affili*ated*.
Oh, Charity will come home to roost—
Like curses and chickens is Charity.

I once, near Whitehall's very old wall, when ballads danc'd over the whole of it,
Put a bad five-shilling-piece into a beggar's hat, but the old hat had got a hole in it;

And a little boy caught it in his little hat, and an officer's eye seem'd to care for it,
As my bad crown piece went through *his* bad crown piece, and they took me up to Queen's Square for it.
Oh, Charity, &c.

I let my very old (condemn'd) old house to a man, at a rent that was shockingly low,
So I found a roof for his ten motherless babes—all defunct and fatherless now;
For the plaguy one-sided party wall fell in, so did the roof, on son and daughter,
And twelve jurymen sat on eleven bodies, and brought in a very personal verdict of Manslaughter.
Oh, Charity, &c.

I pick'd up a young well-dress'd gentleman, who had fallen in a fit in St. Martin's Court,
And charitably offer'd to see him home—for charity always seem'd to be my forte,
And I've had presents for seeing fallen gentlemen home, but this was a very unlucky job—
Do you know, he got my watch—my purse—and my handkerchief—for it was one of the swell mob.
Oh, Charity, &c.

Being four miles from Town, I stopt a horse that had run away with a man, when it seem'd that they must be dash'd to pieces,
Though several kind people were following him with all their might—but such following a horse his speed increases;

I held the horse while he went to recruit his strength; and
I meant to ride it home, of course;
But the crowd came up and took me up—for it turn'd out
the man had run away with the horse.
Oh, Charity, &c.

I watch'd last month all the drovers and drivers about the
suburbs, for it's a positive fact,
That I think the utmost penalty ought always to be enforced
against everybody under Mr. Martin's act;
But I couldn't catch one hit over the horns, or over the
shins, or on the ears, or over the head;
And I caught a rheumatism from early wet hours, and got
five weeks of ten swell'd fingers in bed.
Oh, Charity, &c.

Well, I've utterly done with Charity, though I us'd so to
preach about its finest fount;
Charity may do for some that are more lucky, but *I* can't
turn it to any account—
It goes so the very reverse way—even if one chirrups it up
with a dust of piety;
That henceforth let it be understood, I take my name en-
tirely out of the List of Subscribers to the Humane
Society.
Oh, Charity, &c.

THE CIGAR.

"Here comes Mr. Puff."—*The Critic.*
'I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd."—Moore.

Some sigh for this and that;
My wishes don't go far;
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death
With Whig and Tory jar
I don't care which is in,
So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,
And so does Mr. Marr;
I don't care how it goes,
So I have my cigar.

Some want a German row,
Some wish a Russian war;
I care not—I'm at peace,
So I have my cigar.

I never see the Post,
I seldom read the Star;
The Globe I scarcely heed,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me that Bank Stock
Is sunk much under par;
It's all the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

Honours have come to men
My juniors at the Bar;
No matter—I can wait,
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not;
A cab or glory's car
Are just the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain gods,
But serve the household Lar;
I'm sure to be at home,
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,
A General with a scar;
A private let me be,
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among
The toys of life's bazaar,
The deuce may take them all,
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost
By tempests like a tar;
I always seem in port,
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love
My bosom cannot char,
I smoke, but do not burn,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low
Has married Mr. R.;
The jilt! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.

ODE TO ADMIRAL GAMBIER, G.C.B.

'Well, if you reclaim such as Hood, your Society will deserve the thanks of the country."—*Temperance Society's Herald*, vol. 1, No. 1, p. 8.

"My father, when last I from Guinea
Came home with abundance of wealth,
Said, 'Jack, never be such a ninny
As to drink—' says I, 'Father, your health!'"
Nothing like Grog.

Oh! Admiral Gam—I dare not mention *bier*
In such a temperate ear—
Oh! Admiral Gam—an admiral of the Blue,
Of course to read the Navy List aright,
For strictly shunning wine of either hue,
You can't be Admiral of the Red or White:—
Oh, Admiral Gam! consider ere you call
On merry Englishmen to wash their throttles
With water only; and to break their bottles,
To stick, for fear of trespass, on the wall
Of Exeter Hall!

Consider, I beseech, the contrariety
Of cutting off our brandy, gin, and rum,
And then, by tracts, inviting us to come
And "*mix* in your society!"
In giving rules to dine, or sup, or lunch,
Consider Nature's ends before you league us

To strip the Isle of Rum of all its punch—
To dock the Isle of Mull of all its negus—
Or doom—to suit your milk and water view—
The Isle of Skye to nothing but sky-blue!

Consider—for appearance' sake—consider
The sorry figure of a spirit-ridder,
Going on this crusade against the suttler;
A sort of Hudibras—without a Butler!

Consider—ere you break the ardent spirits
Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter;
What are your beverage's washy merits?
Gin may be low—but I have known low-water!

Consider well, before you thus deliver,
With such authority, your sloppy cannon;
Should British tars taste nothing but the *river*,
Because the *Chesapeake* once fought the *Shannon!*

Consider, too—before all Eau-de-vie,
Schiedam, or other drinkers, you rebut—
To bite a bitten dog all curs agree;
But who would cut a man because he's *cut?*

Consider —ere you bid the poor to fill
Their murmuring stomach with the "murmuring rill"—
Consider that their streams are not like ours,
Reflecting heaven, and margined by sweet flowers;
On their dark pools by day no sun reclines,
By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines;
Consider life's sour taste, that bids them mix
Their rum with Acheron, or gin with Styx;

If you must pour out water to the poor, oh!
Let it be *aqua d'oro!*

Consider—ere as furious as a griffin,
Against a glass of grog you make such work,
A man may like a stiff 'un,
And yet not be a Burke!

Consider, too, before you bid all skinkers
Turn water-drinkers,
What sort of fluid fills their native rivers;
Their Mudiboos, and Niles, and Guadalquivirs.
How should you like, yourself, in glass or mug,
The Bog—the Bug—
The Maine—the Weser—or that freezer, Neva?
Nay, take the very rill of classic ground—
Lord Byron found
Even Castaly better for Geneva.

Consider—if, to vote Reform's arrears,
His Majesty should please to make you peers,
Your titles would be very far from trumps,
To figure in a book of blue and red:—
The Duke of Draw-well—what a name to dread!
Marquis of Main-pipe! Earl New-River-Head!
And Temperance's chief, the Prince of Pumps!

TO SPENCER PERCEVAL, ESQ., M.P.*

—♦—

Oh, Mr. Spencer!
I mean no offence, sir—
Retrencher of each trencher—man or woman's;
Maker of days of ember,
Eloquent Member
Of the House of Com—I mean to say short commons—
Thou Long Tom Coffin singing out, "Hold Fast"—
Avast!

* Mr. Spencer Perceval made himself notorious by a motion in the House of Commons [January 26, 1832] for presenting an humble address to the King, to order a day for a general fast and humiliation, which he supported in a most extraordinary speech. This speech was made with a preliminary flourish, as follows:

"*Mr. Perceval* being called on to bring forward the motion of which he had given notice, rose, and said—I perceive that strangers are in the House.

"*The Speaker.* Strangers must withdraw.

"The officers of the House proceeded to clear the galleries.

"*Mr. Hume.* I presume I may move the suspension of the standing order.

"*The Speaker.* Strangers must withdraw.

"The gallery was then cleared, and the House proceeded, with closed doors, to take into consideration Mr. Perceval's motion for a General Fast."

The doors being closed, Mr. Perceval delivered himself of an harangue, in which he denounced his brethren in the House as "infidels all"—denounced the "blasphemous proposition to admit the Jew into this House"—and predicted the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah upon all Christendom. He read copious extracts from the Bible in illustration of his views, and described himself as speaking in the name of the Lord.

When he had concluded, Lord Althorp mildly stated that he was of the opinion that such discussions did not tend to the honour of religion; and that it was the intention of Government to appoint a day of fasting. Thereupon Mr. Perceval withdrew his motion—strangers were re-admitted—and business proceeded as usual.—*Note to American Edition.*

Oh, Mr. Perceval! I'll bet a dollar, a
Great growth of Cholera,
And new deaths reckon'd,
Will mark thy Lenten Twenty-first and second.
The best of our physicians, when they con it,
Depose the malady is in the air:
Oh, Mr. Spencer! if the ill *is* there,
Why should you bid the people live upon it?

Why should you make discourses against courses,
While doctors, though they bid us rub and chafe,
Declare, of all resources,
The man is safest who gets in the safe?
And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners
Discard their dinners,
Thoughtless how Heav'n above will look upon't,
For man to die so wantonly of want!

By way of a variety,
Think of the ineffectual piety
Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,
Lecturing such chamelion insides,
Only to find
He's preaching to the wind.

Whatever others do,—or don't,
I cannot—dare not—must not fast, and won't,
Unless by night your day you let me keep,
And *fast* asleep;
My constitution can't obey such censors:
must have meat
Three times a-day to eat;

My health's of such a sort,—
To say the truth, in short,
The *coats* of my stomach are not *Spencers!*

[The following poem was written for a picture of Chisholme's, in the "Forget-me-not" for 1833.]

THE CHINA-MENDER.

Good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call! Well! here's another pretty job!
Lord help my Lady!—what a smash!—if you had only heard her sob!
It was all through Mr. Lambert: but for certain he was winey,
To think for to go to sit down on a table full of Chiney.
"Deuce take your stupid head!" says my Lady to his very face;
But politeness, you know, is nothing, when there's Chiney in the case;
And if ever a woman was fond of Chiney to a passion
It's my mistress, and all sorts of it, whether new or old fashion.
Her brother's a sea-captain, and brings her home ship-loads—
Such bonzes, and such dragons, and nasty, squatting things like toads;
And great nidnoddin' mandarins, with palsies in the head:
I declare I've often dreamt of them, and had nightmares in my bed.
But the frightfuller they are—lawk! she loves them all the better:
She'd have Old Nick himself made of Chiney if they'd let her.

Lawk-a-mercy! break her Chiney, and it's breaking her very heart;
If I touch'd it, she would very soon say, "Mary, we must part."
To be sure she *is* unlucky: only Friday comes Master Randall,
And breaks a broken spout, and fresh chips a tea-cup handle:
He's a dear, sweet little child, but he will so finger and touch,
And that's why my Lady doesn't take to children much.
Well! there's stupid Mr. Lambert, with his two great coat flaps,
Must go and sit down on the Dresden shepherdesses' laps,
As if there was no such things as rosewood chairs in the room;
I couldn't have made a greater sweep with the handle of the broom.
Mercy on us! how my mistress began to rave and tear!
Well! after all, there's nothing like good ironstone ware for wear.
If ever I marry, that's flat, I'm sure it won't be John Dockery,—
I should be a wretched woman in a shop full of crockery.
I should never like to wipe it, though I love to be neat and tidy,
And afraid of mad bulls on market-days every Monday and Friday.
I'm very much mistook if Mr. Lambert's will be a catch;
The breaking the Chiney will be the breaking-off of his own match.
Missis wouldn't have an angel, if he was careless about Chiney;
She never forgives a chip, if it's ever so small and tiny.

Lawk! I never saw a man in all my life in such a taking;
I could find in my heart to pity him for all his mischief-making.
To see him stand a-hammering and stammering, like a zany;
But what signifies apologies, if they won't mend old Chaney!
If he sent her up whole crates full, from Wedgwood's and Mr. Spode's,
He couldn't make amends for the crack'd mandarins and smash'd toads.
Well! every one has their tastes, but, for my part, my own self,
I'd rather have the figures on my poor dear grandmother's old shelf:
A nice pea-green poll-parrot, and two reapers with brown ears of corns,
And a shepherd with a crook after a lamb with two gilt horns,
And such a Jemmy Jessamy in top boots and sky-blue vest,
And a frill and flower'd waistcoat, with a fine bowpot at the breast.
God help her, poor old soul! I shall come into 'em at her death,
Though she's a hearty woman for her years, except her shortness of breath.
Well! you think the things will mend—if they won't, Lord mend us all!
My Lady will go in fits, and Mr. Lambert won't need to call:
I'll be bound in any money, if I had a guinea to give,
He won't sit down again on Chiney the longest day he has to live.

Poor soul! I only hope it won't forbid his banns of marriage,
Or he'd better have sat behind on the spikes of my Lady's carriage.
But you'll join 'em all of course, and stand poor Mr. Lambert's friend;
I'll look in twice a day, just to see, like, how they mend.
To be sure it is a sight that might draw tears from dogs and cats;
Here's this pretty little pagoda, now, has lost four of its cocked hats:
Be particular with the pagoda: and then here's this pretty bowl—
The Chinese Prince is making love to nothing because of this hole;
And here's another Chinese man, with a face just like a doll—
Do stick his pigtail on again, and just mend his parasol.
But I needn't tell you what to do; only do it out of hand,
And charge whatever you like to charge—my Lady won't make a stand.
Well! good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call; for it's time our gossip ended:
And you know the proverb, the less as is said, the sooner the Chiney's mended.

[The remainder of this year is occupied by Reviews, &c., written for the "Athenæum."]

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

"Come, sweet lass, let's take a cheerful glass."
Beggar's Opera.

"THERE, take that," said the stout man in the dickey, putting a small coin into the hand of the cad, "and remember, a man never loses anything by civility." He then addressed himself to his next neighbour, a rather pretty young woman, and they got into conversation, which lasted with little intermission from Castle Square, Brighton, to the inn at Crawley. The weather was cold, and with a remark on its severity, he descended from the dickey and entered the inn, from which he emerged again in a few minutes carrying a large goblet of brandy and water. With wary feet he ascended the ladder, and gallantly offered the glass to the young female he had chatted with; but she declined even sipping it, and his politeness went no further, though there was another female looking quite as raw and cold on the opposite seat. With the clumsy caution of a bear, he began to descend backwards, till within about four steps of the ground, when unluckily imagining that he had reached the bottom, he stepped off, goblet and all. After a dismal jolt, but which did not make him leave his hold of the glass, and some desperate floundering to save himself and the brandy and water, he brought up suddenly at last with his back against the wall of the inn. Up to this point he had miraculously retained the whole of the mixture; but this unexpected shock from behind robbed him of the object of all his struggles. The flight of the cherished fluid was clearly indicated by a dark stripe across the dust, termi-

nating like the burst of a rocket in a bright silver spoon on the other side of the road.

There is many a slip between the DICKEY and the lip.

The empty glass hung in his hand droopingly, but was never replenished; he put the money into the goblet, gave it to the waiter without speaking, pointed to the spoon over the way, and doggedly remounted to his seat in the dickey. Possibly the demon of mischief was at work within me, or it might be an impulse to avenge the slight of the other female; but as he took his seat again, I could not help pointing to the dark track on the road, and quoting his own sentiment: "You see," said I, "a man never loses anything by civility."

He answered by a grunt, turning himself a little towards the opposite side, and I remarked that from Crawley even unto Brixton, where he got down, he never bestowed a word, no, not even "a good evening" on the former partner of his gossip.

"Gloomy he sat apart, nor speech vouchsafed
To Eve, late partner in colloquial love."

REVIEW.

ARTHUR CONINGSBY. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Effingham Wilson.

NOVEL reading is to some constitutions a sort of literary bulimy, or unnatural appetite, which regards quantity rather than quality. There are wholesale eaters who can devour a leg of mutton and trimmings at a sitting, and there are readers who will get through a novel of three volumes merely as a whet.

We knew a lady whose ordinary ration was three novels a

day; but then she was not particular as to the viands: she was contented, so she had a hearty meal, to go to the cook-shop of A. K. Newman. All she wanted was a stuff, though it might be only stuff and nonsense.

We do not quarrel, therefore, with the caterers to this craving, but regard the issue of weak novels to these hungerers as a sort of charity—as a distribution of soup to the poor. Should any sharp-set lady, like our friend, be reduced to want, not having tasted a novel for twenty-four hours, let her go to Mr. Effingham Wilson for a meal, and "Arthur Coningsby" will serve for a stop-gap as well as most other novels of its class.

In the meantime we will just lift up the cover of the work, and give her a sniff of the relish she may expect. It describes a lady of delicate constitution, who required a great deal of support, but neglected to take it.

"Her features were regular and striking, and her dark grey eyes could not conceal their splendour," &c., &c.

ODE TO MISS KELLY.*

ON HER OPENING THE STRAND THEATRE.

O Betty—I beg pardon—Fanny K.!
(I was just thinking of your Betty Finnikin)—
Permit me this to say,
In quite a friendly way—
I like your theatre, though but a minnikin;

* My father wrote several songs, &c., for Miss Kelly's entertainments, having made her acquaintance through his most intimate friend Lamb. Among these may be mentioned "Sally Simpkin's Lament," in "Hood's Own."

For though small stages Kean dislikes to spout on,
Renounce me if I don't agree with Dowton,
The Minors are the Passions' proper schools.
For me, I never can
Find wisdom in the plan
That keeps large reservoirs for little Pooles.

I like your boxes where the audience sit
A family circle; and your little pit;
I like your little stage, where you discuss
Your pleasant bill of fare,
And show us passengers so rich and rare,
Your little stage seems quite an omnibus.

I like exceedingly your Parthian dame,
Dimly remembering dramatic codgers,
The ghost of Memory—the shade of Fame!—
Lord! what a housekeeper for Mr. Rogers!
I like your savage, of a one-horse power;
And Terence, done in Irish from the Latin;
And Sally—quite a kitchen-garden flower;
And Mrs. Drake, serene in sky-blue satin!
I like your girl as speechless as a mummy—
It shows you can play dummy!—
I like your boy, deprived of every gleam
Of light for ever—a benighted being!
And really think—though Irish it may seem—
Your blindness is worth seeing.

I like your Governess; and there's a striking
Tale of Two Brothers, that sets tears a-flowing—
But I'm not going
All through the bill to tell you of my liking.

Suffice it, Fanny Kelly! with your art
So much in love, like others I have grown,
I really mean myself to take a part
In "Free and Easy"—at my own bespeak—
And shall three times a week
Drop in and make your pretty house my own!

REVIEW.

VEGETABLE COOKERY; WITH AN INTRODUCTION RECOMMENDING ABSTINENCE FROM ANIMAL FOOD. London: Effingham Wilson.

THE editor of this work belongs to a society, upwards of one hundred of whom have abstained from animal food from ten to twenty years. We have heard of this society, and suspect that it holds its meetings in Covent Garden, and that the president has a lively interest in the sale of potherbs. There is a frontispiece, indeed, very like a fancy stall in the market.

The hint is clearly taken from Grimaldi's old stage trick of building up a man of vegetables, and the authoress has wisely, or more herbally speaking, sagely, endeavoured to apply pantomime practice to real every-day life, and to support the human body with sour-krout, onions, parsneps, and split-peas.

"The pernicious custom of eating animal food having become so general in this country," she feels called upon to make a stand against buttock of beef, set her own face against pork chops, and lift up her vegetable voice in a style enough to put Alderman Scales and his fraternity on their own tenterhooks.

The lady's chapel is evidently not Whitechapel, and she declares more for Tabernacle than Meating. Dr. LAMBE

very naturally declares with her against MUTTON; and Dr. Buchan says "the consumptions so common in England are in part owing to the great use of animal food;" but the dear lady does not perceive that the consumption here applies to the cattle, with whom it is really an hereditary disease. The late Sir Edward Berry "prevailed on a man to live on partridges, without vegetables," but after eight days' trial "he was obliged to give up the game." Nobody doubts it; but how long would a good strong hearty fellow hold out on a diet of "purslain, pennyroyal, and tarragon?" "The Tartars," says Sir John Sinclair, "who live principally on animal food, possess a ferocity of mind and fierceness of character which forms the leading features of all carnivorous animals." Begging Sir John's pardon, the horseflesh has nothing to do with the matter,—

A Tartar would be a Tarter if he only ate sorrel.

The lady, however, goes a step beyond Sir John, and declares that the eaters of animal food are nothing less than Holloways and Haggertys, and that Dolly's chop-house is as infamous as Probert's cottage.

She tells us—"We must cease to degrade and bestialize our bodies, by making them the burialplaces for the carcases of innocent brute animals, some healthy, some diseased, and all violently murdered!" (p. 3.) And again (p. 4), "There can be no doubt, therefore, that the practice of slaughtering and devouring animals has a tendency to strengthen in us a murderous disposition, and a brutal nature, rendering us insensible to pity, and inducing us more easily to sanction the murdering of a fellow-creature." No such thing. Johnson, the last murderer, was a gardener, and certainly had more to do with vegetables than butcher's meat. The Irish, unfortunately adduced by the lady as examples, though they live mainly on potatoes, are not very remarkable for mild-

ness or mercy; and if this Mrs. Herbstrewer will refer to Thurtell's case, she will find that though the murderers ate pork chops, it was AFTER the fact.

The lady is a pious lady, and appeals often to her Bible, but professedly disbelieves that "real animals were let down in a sheet out of heaven" to the hungry apostle.

Her version evidently is,—"Arise, Peter! kill that cucumber, slay that lettuce, and stick that turnip!" Such a diet, she declares, would "entirely abolish the greatest of all curses—war;" and yet of all the apostles St. Peter was the only one recorded to have used his sword! To come nearer home, Earl Grey pursues a peaceful policy; but does it follow that his lordship breakfasts on leeks, or dines on cabbage, and sups on radishes. To be sure, rations of marigolds and marjoram might take some of the fight out of the Lifeguards and Dragoons; but we fear not even the lady herself could preach the Coldstream into living on watercresses.

Holding these opinions, we shall not trouble our readers with the prescriptions for making vegetable messes, but must extract part of a recipe for an omelet, which includes a whole direction for making a frying-pan:—"Omelets should be fried in a small frying-pan made for that purpose with a small quantity of butter." (p. 4.)

There is in the introduction a second discourse, on spirituous liquors, in which the vegetables of course get well watered; but the essay is only remarkable for a shrewd suspicion by Doctor Carlyle, that "no man would give a lamb, a calf, a chicken, or a duck, spirituous liquors, with a hope of rendering it sooner fat, even if such liquors were so cheap as to make it an economical process; yet many parents do this by their CHILDREN." The fattening of children for the table is certainly a new idea, and we recommend the

lady to keep a wary eye on the ogre-like doctor, who has perhaps got tired of eternal celery and endive. Let her take her warnings. Let her put a leg of mutton to her trimmings, a beefsteak to her onions, and a mutton-chop into her Irish-stew. It will make her book more saleable, and her cookery more eatable; and besides, if she marries, she may then hope for marrowbones and cleavers in the evening.

[The announcement of the "Comic" for 1834 took this year, in the "Athenæum" for October, the form of a circular from the General Post Office.]

GENERAL POST OFFICE.

WHEREAS the following letter having been put into Box No. 4, Section 6, Department 8 of this office, without any address or superscription whatever:

Instead of returning the same to the authors of "Rejected Addresses" or of "Odes and Addresses to Great People," His Grace the Director-general has ordered it to be directed generally to the people of Great Britain, in the hope that some individual of the three kingdoms may lay claim to the epistle according to the letter of the law—or rather the law of the letter.

(COPY.)

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You are perfectly and nautically right. The 'Comic Annual' ought certainly to clear out in time for the trade winds to carry it through the straits of Paternoster. It is far better in that latitude to have a *sale* than to be *Rowing*.

"You may safely advertise that the 'Comic' will leave your dock, *outward bound*, on the 1st of November, and if

you should call it A, it will sound no worse to the 'subscribers at Lloyd's.' My literary rigging, except a few lines, is all standing, and the blockmakers have done their parts. This announcement sounds rather Dibdenish, but it will come appropriately from a street that is named after the Fleet.

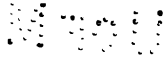
"With regard to my novel, the shell of 'Tylney Hall' is completed, and the whole building in one story is expected to be printed and papered very early in December. You can treat in the meantime with parties who may be disposed to occupy themselves with the premises; and a reading lease for a term of ninety-nine years will not be at all objected to by,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"THOMAS HOOD.

"LAKE HOUSE, *Oct.* 1, 1833."



1834.

[The "Comic" for this year appears to be without any dedication.
The "Ode to Sir Andrew Agnew" is the only paper in this volume not reprinted in "Hood's Own."]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1834.

PREFACE.

For the fifth time, like the annual woodcock, I make my autumnal appearance; and, according to my habit, am to be found in the same haunt as the year before, frequenting leaves, and wood, and covers.

Since the last season I have taken many flights far and near, and with all my little power of suction have plied my bill around the springs of the humorous and the comic, which are, in the words of Bewick, "oozing rills that are rarely frozen." In such plashy nooks the woodcock is said to plump himself up in a single night—and the sportsman who beats these pages in pursuit of mirth, must judge whether I have employed my time in laughing and growing fat, according to the proverb. Should I be received with the same relish and welcome as that estimable bird of

passage, I shall indeed consider myself "*flushed* with success."

To descend from metaphor, and stoop, as Pope says, to truth, I feel a sincere Captain Ross-like pleasure in re-appearing before my friends; although I cannot expect quite so pointed and fervent a welcome as a gentleman, whose absence has kept all his well-wishers sitting on magnetic pins and needles. It is likely therefore that the lord mayor will not ask *me* to feast with him; but I am given to understand that eleven copies of my volume will certainly be invited to Stationers' Hall. This, to an author, is more than enough of civic distinction.

As usual, I have endeavoured to conciliate the utilitarians, by mingling a little instruction with amusement, after the manner of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Thus the Reformer of our Legal Institutions will meet with a few submissive hints; and so will the religious Formalist on the exuberant exercise of the holy-stone on the upper deck; while an improvement is suggested in naval poetry; and a protest is entered against the British Leaf, even as King James counter-blasted the Virginian. I would fain be of use to my countrymen; and only regret that I have not the power ascribed to me by a very respectable householder of the neighbourhood, who has repeatedly called when I have been at home to inquire "when I should be out?" After reminding me that last year I had made game of the Zoological Farm, and satirised the Fasting, and taken off the Water-drinking—"Why," said he, "can't you *take off* the Assessed Taxes?"

It will of course be objected as heretofore, by certain reviewers, that my pages swarm with puns; but having taken out a certificate to "shoot folly as it flies," I shall persist in using the double barrel as long as meanings will

rise in coveys. As a Cambridge coachman, who had acquired the habit from the collegians, once remarked to me, "I do not see why words should not now and then be put into double-harness as well as horses." The late Admiral Burney, of all the adventures in his voyages, used to look back with the utmost pleasure on the fact of his having planted the Paronomasia in the Society Islands, by making the first pun ever uttered in the Otaheitan language. The natives received the novelty with a shout of approbation, and patronised it so warmly that, according to recent voyagers, they are now become as expert at double-tonguing as Nicholson or Drouet.

It is usual in the preface to an annual for the editor to offer his acknowledgments to his contributors; but as I have nobody to thank but myself,—for as Coriolanus says, "Alone I did it,"—the acknowledgment will be better made in private, after the fashion of the eccentric Dr. Monsey, who, when he had taken his own advice for his own indisposition, used to transfer the usual physician's fee from his right-hand pocket to his left. I must not omit, however, to express here how much I feel indebted to Miss Kelly for a copy of "Sally Simpkin's Lament," and still more so for the original of Sally herself, in the entertainment at the Strand Theatre; a personation of such admirable truth and nature, that even an incredulous public will be apt to take my Ballad Narratives for Facts not Fictions. With this introduction I commend my fifth volume to its buyers and sellers, and looking forward to "fresh fields and pastures now," I throw up my literary heels, and exclaim with the Peri in Lalla Rookh—

> "Joy, joy for ever, my task is done,
> The gate is pass'd, and heaven is won!"

ODE TO SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.*

"At certain seasons he makes a prodigious clattering with his bill."—SHELBY.

"The bill is rather long, flat, and tinged with green."—BEWICK.

OH Andrew Fairservice—but I beg pardon,
You never labour'd in Di Vernon's garden,
On curly kale and cabbages intent—
Andrew Churchservice was the thing I meant;
You are a Christian, I would be the same,
Although we differ, and I'll tell you why,
Not meaning to make game,
I do not like my Church so very High!

When people talk, as talk they will,
About your bill,
They say, among their other jibes and small jeers,
That, if you had your way,
You'd make the seventh day
As overbearing as the Dey of Algiers.
Talk of converting Blacks—
You make a thing so horrible of *one* day,
Each nigger they will bet a something tidy,

* Sir Andrew Agnew was the author of a bill entitled "The Lord's Day Observance Bill," which he described as a bill "to prevent all manner of work on the Lord's day." It enacted, among other things, that any one who should be present at any meeting, assembly, or concourse of people, for any "pastime of public indecorum, inconvenience, or nuisance, or for public debating upon or discussing any subject, or for public lecture, address, or speech, or who shall be present at any news-room or club-room, shall forfeit for the first offence any sum not less than 5*s.*, nor more than 10*s.*; for the second offence not less than 10*s.*, nor more than 20*s.*; and for every subsequent offence not less than 20*s.*, nor more than £5."—*Note to American Edition.*

Would rather be a heathenish Man Friday,
Than your Man Sunday!

So poor men speak,
Who, once a week,
Perhaps, after weaving artificial flowers,
Can snatch a glance of Nature's kinder bowers,
And revel in a bloom
That is not of the loom,
Making the earth, the streams, the skies, the trees,
A Chapel of Ease.
Whereas, as you would plan it,
Walled in with hard Scotch granite,
People all day should look to their behaviours;—
But though there be, as Shakspeare owns,
"Sermons in stones,"
Zounds! would you have us work at them like paviours?

Spontaneous is pure devotion's fire;
And in a green wood many a soul has built
A new Church, with a fir-tree for its spire,
Where Sin has prayed for peace, and wept for guilt,
Better than if an architect the plan drew;
We know of old how medicines were backed,
But true Religion needs not to be quacked
By an Un-merry Andrew!

Suppose a poor town-weary sallow elf
At Primrose-hill would renovate himself,
Or drink (and no great harm)
Milk genuine at *Chalk* Farm;
The innocent intention who would baulk,
And drive him back into St. Bennet Fink?

For my part, for my life, I cannot think
A walk on Sunday is "the Devil's Walk.

But there's a sect of Deists, and their creed
Is D—ing other people to be d—d;
Yea, all that are not of their saintly level,
They make a pious point
To send, with an "aroint,"
Down to that great Fillhellenist, the Devil.
To such, a ramble by the River Lea,
Is really treading on the "Banks of D—."

Go down to Margate, wisest of law-makers,
And say unto the sea, as Canute did
(Of course the sea will do as it is bid),
"This is the Sabbath—let there be no breakers!"
Seek London's Bishop, on some Sunday morn,
And try him with your tenets to inoculate;
Abuse his fine souchong, and say in scorn,
"This is not *Churchman's* chocolate!"

Or, seek Dissenters at their mid-day meal,
And read them from your Sabbath Bill some passages,
And while they eat their mutton, beef, and veal,
Shout out with holy zeal—
"These are not *Chappel's* sausages!"
Suppose your Act should act up to your will,
Yet how will it appear to Mrs. Grundy,
To hear you saying of this pious bill,
"It *works* well—on a Sunday!"

To knock down apple-stalls is now too late,
Except to starve some poor old harmless madam;—

You might have done some good, and changed our fate,
Could you have upset *that* which ruined Adam!
'Tis useless to prescribe salt-cod and eggs,
Or lay post-horses under legal fetters,
While Tattersall's on Sunday stirs its *Legs*,
Folks look for good examples from their *Betters!*

Consider—Acts of Parliament may bind
A man to go where Irvings are discoursing;
But as for forcing "proper frames of mind,"
Minds are not *framed*, like melons, for such *forcing!*

Remember, as a Scottish legislator,
The Scotch Kirk always has a Moderator;
Meaning, one need not ever be sojourning
In a long Sermon Lane without a turning.
Such grave old maids as Portia and Zenobia
May like discourses with a skein of threads,
And love a lecture for its many heads;
But as for me, I have the Hydra-phobia.

Religion one should never overdo:
Right glad I am no minister you be,
For you would say your service, sir, to me,
Till I should say, "My service, sir, to you."
Six days made all that is, you know, and then,
Came that of rest, by holy ordination,
As if to hint unto the sons of men,
After creation should come re-creation.
Read right this text, and do not further search
To make a Sunday Workhouse of the Church.

[It was probably during this year that the little poem of "Queen Mab" was written. I think "Precocious Piggy" must have been written about the same date.

The rest of this year contains Notices of various books for the "Athenæum."]

QUEEN MAB.

A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit
And bow their branches at a wish:

Of arbours filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade:

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed.
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly, horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
Or raging flames come scorching round,
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

REVIEW.

THE MAID-SERVANT'S FRIEND. By a LADY BROUGHT UP AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL. London: Onwhyn.

THE housekeeper who peruses the above title, and then reads the work itself, will meet with an agreeable surprise. Every master and mistress in the United Kingdom knows what a maid-servant's friend is—sometimes he is a brother, sometimes a cousin (often a cousin), and sometimes a father, who really wears well and carries his age amazingly. He comes down the area, in at a window, or through a door left

ajar. Sometimes a maid-servant, like a hare, has many friends; the master of the house often, washing his hands in the back kitchen, feels behind the door for the jack-towel, and lays hold of a friend's nose—friends are shy; sometimes he breaks a friend's shins while plunging into the coal-cellar for a shovel of nubblies. We speak feelingly, our own abode having been once turned into a Friends' Meeting-house, a fact we became aware of through a smoky chimney, but a chimney will smoke when there is a journeyman baker up it.

Having perused the little book, a work of all work, by a lady brought up at the *Foundling*, and having an earnest desire to "put our houses in order," we determined to set our establishment upon the lady's footing, and to act ourselves, and make our servants act, as though our conduct was in *print*. We confess we are not quite satisfied with the results —a few of which our readers shall know. They are of course our masters, and we are naturally anxious, like all good servants, to give them warning.

Touching Fires. The following are the lady's directions:—

"When a fire happens give an instant alarm. Beware of opening doors, windows, &c., to increase the fire by a current of air. Endeavour to remain as collected as possible. See that the family are assembled, and that none are missing. First save lives, then property. *Think of the ways of escape—by the stairs if no better way.* Creep along a room where the fire is, and creep down stairs backwards on hands and knees (heated air ascends), come down stairs with a pillow before your face and a wet blanket round the body, hold your breath, or try the roof of an adjoining house. Throw out of the window a feather-bed to leap upon in the last extremity; fasten fire-escapes to the bed-posts; first send children down by a sack fastened to a rope, taking care of the iron spikes and area; *then lower yourself.*"

We got our new servant to work the foregoing problem, as she is strange to the ways of the house. She did creep down stairs backward on her hands and knees as advised,

but for want of a good look out, took a wrong turn and escaped into the coal-skuttle. She then returned and tried the front way, with a pillow before her face and a wet blanket round her body, and would, no doubt, have had a lumbago if she had walked straight into the flames. Again she returned, with unwearied industry, and stepped on to the roof of the next house,—but it turned out that there was no next house, and she gave over any further attempt at escape. The footman fastened fire-escapes to the bed-posts, the consequence of which was, that the house was gutted by two gentlemen of easy honesty—servants' *friends*, no doubt. The children were carefully let down in a sack as directed, but the servant "lowered herself" by carefully balancing them, into the burning parlour, in her care to avoid the spikes.

Touching Thieves. The book says,

"On Sundays, during Divine service, when the family are at church, *it is extremely dangerous to open the door to any one that knocks.* . . . I would therefore advise you to answer all strangers who may come at that time from the area or an upper window. . . . Let no person who is not well known to you enter the house, either when you are alone in it, or early in the morning before the family have risen. These villains sometimes come as footmen, with a message from some person whose name they make use of; *sometimes as porters, with a basket from an inn, with a present from the country;* . . . but whatever their pretences be, let them wait—it is preferable to appear uncivil than by your carelessness expose your master and mistress to be robbed, and yourself probably ill-treated."

On a given Sunday, our servant Sally acted as per advice. The consequences were, that on returning from church, we were refused admittance into our own house—a friend's invitation to an agreeable Literary Dinner was not taken in; and a couple of ducks and a goose from the Swan with Two Necks were refused. A young man, however, was let in, who was well known to her, and he quitted the house with a

dozen tablespoons and a soup-ladle. There are many wholesome warnings against what Winifred Jenkins calls the mail sex, whether master, lodger, or apprentice; but there is an unaccountable omission of the New Police—those friends of social order and servant-maids. Neither are the wily arts of bakers' men, glaziers, or butchers sufficiently guarded against, who get so frequently into the hearts of housemaids, and leave them again without a month's warning. We would advise their introduction in the next edition.

For the rest, "this little book," as the lady says, "must speak for itself"—or in other words, give itself a written character. We heartily recommend it to be read and studied by every maid-servant, that is to say, when every maid-servant can read—and that the trouble of the perusal be "considered in their wages." Sincerely, also, do we join in the confident anticipation that "the noblemen and gentlemen who preside over the Fire Insurance Companies will feel a pleasure in giving publicity to a work" which recommends, in cases of house-warming, the creeping down stairs backwards on the hands and knees—and that, by way of "making assurance doubly sure," they will befriend the servant-maids by furnishing each with an appropriate brazen badge to be worn on the occasion.

REVIEW.

TALES AND POPULAR FICTIONS, THEIR RESEMBLANCE AND TRANSMISSION FROM COUNTRY TO COUNTRY. By THOMAS KEIGHTLEY. London: Whittaker & Co.

THIS is a delightful and amusing book; but the Utilitarian will sneer at it; and we can vividly picture in our mind's eye the look of the scornful gentleman "who has written some things on political economy," on hearing the author discourse of classical mythology. We can fancy him elevating his *cui bono* good-for-nothing eyebrows, turning up his nose studded with blacks from a steam-funnel, plunging his hands into his pockets in search of the circulating medium, pursing up his Malthusian ogre-like mouth, and then shuffling off with two feet imbued with the Corn Question, and in a regular parallel with each other, from taking his daily pedestrian exercise on a railroad. For our own parts, we have been once children, and have some hopes of a second childhood, and therefore cordially concur in the sentiment of the great Luther:—"I would not, for any quantity of gold, part with the wonderful tales which I have retained from my earliest youth, or have met with in my progress through life."

"Many years ago," says Mr. Keightley, "I chanced to read in a newspaper an interesting account of the loss of a ship; but in what part of the world it occurred I am now unable to recollect. The narrative stated that the crew and passengers saved themselves on two desert islets at some distance from each other. They remained for some time separate. At length they joined, and made their way to a friendly port. To their no small surprise, they found that, during their state of separation, they had fallen on precisely the

same expedients for the supply of their wants. As they had been in a state of nearly total destitution, the vessel having gone down, these expedients were necessarily various and numerous, and many of them were remarkably ingenious.

"This little narrative made a strong impression on my mind. I often reflected on it. I compared with it other phenomena as they presented themselves, and insensibly fell into the habit of viewing man as an inventive and independent, rather than a merely imitative being."

We quite agree with Mr. Keightley in his theory, and prefer, like him, to look upon man as something better than a monkey or a mocking-bird. Certain antiquaries are too fond of cackling over mare's nests, of proclaiming casual coincidences as direct plagiarisms, and tracing all similar fictions to one source, as if the human imagination had so small a ground-plot, that it was compelled on the same foundation to raise story after story, like the architects of Old Reekie. Such pleasant persons will derive the "History of Jack the Giant Killer" from David and Goliah, and will discover in the amour of Jupiter and Leda, the original of that rhyme of the nursery,—

"Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where will you wander?
Up stairs, and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber."

Magic is an essential ingredient in old romance, and we wonder these ingenious gentlemen have never proved that necromancy (by Drayton called nigromancy) was, in fact, negro-man-cy, and derived from the real Black Art Obeah.

There are other cases, however, where "Popular Stories and Fictions" appear to belong in common to the most remote nations, the resemblance consisting, not merely in

verbal coincidences, associations of sentiment and expression, or occasional identity of incident, but in a continued coherence and community of circumstance, which prove them to be as intimately related as the Siamese Twins. Mr. Keightley, with his great learning and diligent research, has collected some very curious examples of these legendary phenomena, and the migration of these tales of passage from one land to another is as wonderful as that of the swallow. Thus we find the enchanted flying horse of the Arabian Nights alighting in France, by M. Gallaud; and again, we find a Neapolitan story caught up into the air (like Bedreddin Hassan by the the geni), and set down again on its legs in Russia. But what will the English reader think and feel when he is told that the racy wine of romance, which he imagined to be home-made, he has been drinking almost "neat as imported" from Germany, Italy, Denmark, and Persia? "Jack the Giant Killer" seems to belong to us but by letters of naturalization; and as to Whittington's cat, it is literally a cat of nine tales, and is proved by the parish registers of Kat-holm to have been kittened before Sir Richard was born within the sound of Bow bells. The Danes, who have effected this incursion on our popular London legend, have made a similar descent on the tradition ground of the Swiss; and the historian of "William Tell" is shown to have drawn the long-bow in behalf of his hero. The famous shoot is discovered to have been grafted on an elder-stock of the tenth century, when the same feat of archery was performed by one Toko, long before the Helvetian's golden-pippin was in the pip.

[In October the following letter to his publishers forms my father's announcement of the "Comic," and his novel of "Tylney Hall."]

GENTLEMEN,

I find it has been industriously reported that I have accepted office under Lord Melbourne; and that, therefore, the above first-mentioned work will be discontinued in favour of more important public duties; a story, I beg to say, that has been built without any foundation, and consequently pays Truth no ground-rent. To use the language of the turf, I am not placed.

As counter-evidence, you will have in November to dispose of the usual number of my annual remembrances to inquiring friends; for the Comic is actively in progress. No steel pen could be harder at it than my goose-quill; and Messrs. Wright and Folkard are as busy as Burke was, according to Goldsmith,—

"Cutting blocks with a razor,"

though better tools than razors have come into use since the great Edmund was a wood engraver.

In the meantime I send you "Tylney Hall": a novel which has been as long announced as some comets, and as notorious as those fiery tadpoles for not keeping its appointments. But here it is at last; and although it has been in hand some six years, it will take no longer in the perusal than if it had been written in six weeks. Such is the reader's advantage over the author; thus at Garroway's a ton of "midnight oil" is disposed of by inch of candle.

You may tell the little inquisitive old gentleman who haunts your premises, "poking questions at you with an ivory-headed cane," that I do not know one Mr. Purkis, that I never was in Liverpool, and that consequently the

dinner at Alderman Barber's in Mersey Street, was perfectly a Barmecide's feast to

Yours, very truly,
THOMAS HOOD.

LAKE HOUSE, *Oct.* 1, 1834.

[But, in spite of the hope expressed that the "Comic" would be out in November, the public did not see the "Comic" until after December. The delay—probably the result of ill-health, either his own or that of my mother, who at this time was seriously indisposed, as readers of the "Memorials" will remember—was, however, amply atoned for by my father in the following characteristic letter to the Editor of the "Athenæum," written on the day after Christmas-day.]

DEAR SIR,

I beg to lay before you the following letters. As a good deal of bad language has passed, I must request you, like Sir Robert Peel *versus* Dr. Lushington, "to print the correspondence." I trust it will set at rest a question which has been raised by certain individuals—namely, whether this year the "Comic" will come out if it be called upon.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
THOMAS HOOD.

LAKE HOUSE, *Dec.* 26, 1834.

(COPY.)

The Editors of "Le Panorama des Deux Mondes" presents their compliments at Monsieur Thomas Hood and requests to take a copy of the Comic Annual for the purpose of extracting some bits out of the author, which will be esteemed a considerable favour. It is proposed to say in the end "all these pieces of works are by Mr. Hood so well known for a quiet humour." The Panorama of Two Worlds occupies one

large circle, to which the Editors will feel happy to introduce a volume "fort amusant, et fort spirituel."

(COPY.)

GENTILHOMMES,

Comme je ne vis pas dans la cité mais dans la contrée, six milles depuis Londres, je n'ai pas une mode de vous envoyer le Comique Annuel, mais je vous envoye un ordre sur mon publisheur, que je vous prie accepter. Son nom est Monsieur ———, vivant à Montagne à Blé, pres le Changement Royale. Allez gauchement dans la rue.

Je serai bien heureux me trouver dans les Deux Mondes; mais permettez moi de vous mettre droits sur un point. Mon livre peut être "*amusant*," comme vous êtes si bon à dire, mais il n'a pas attempté être "*spirituel*." Je ne suis pas un clergé-homme qui écrit les serments. Dieu vous blesse. Je suis,

Gentilhommes,

Votre très humble domestique,

THOMAS HOOD.

1835.

[THE "Comic" this year is again without a dedication. The whole of its contents has been used for "Hood's Own."]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1835.

—♦—

PREFACE.

"WELL, men alive!"—as Walking Stewart used to address the cashier and clerks of a Life Assurance office, where he held an annuity,—"well, men alive, here I am again!" Although somewhat later than usual, I am still in good time. The winter is not far advanced—its first snow is now lying on the ground. At all events January is not out, and the Comic *is*.

I do not pretend to compete with the fast ones among my contemporaries, whom "Time gallops withal," till the old mower is blown and distressed by the rattling pace he must go at to keep up with them, to say nothing of the desperate leaps he must take that Christmas may fall about Michaelmas, and the new year begin in October. "There is a time," it is written, "for everything,"—but the saying does not seem to be applied to Annuals:—the "quarter of an hour too soon" recommended by Lord Nelson, is stretched into a quarter of a year. To judge by the distance at which certain editors lay hold of it, Time's forelock must be a thousand times longer than a Chinese pigtail!—but is there

not something approaching to cruelty to animals, in hauling him along by it till he breaks his shins over his own calendar, or knocks his head against one of his own date trees? He is, we know, a notable *Edax Rerum*—but is it therefore necessary to give him his dinner at breakfast time? Must he always have his victuals in advance—his Good Friday buns on the Thursday, and his Shrove Tuesday pancakes on the Monday before? Time and tide wait for no man, and in return the editors of the annuals seem determined not to wait for time or tide. Literary gentlemen who have no doubt read and relished Thomson, ought to know better than to shuffle the four seasons together like the four suits at cards. It is not decent with their antedated volumes, whilst the old year is still vigorous, to show us the new year standing barefooted, and waiting to slip into his shoes. What would be thought of a sportsman who set before his friends a leash of partridges with a boat of bread-sauce on the glorious 1st of June? What would be said if the waits wouldn't wait, but, "beating time" by two months, began their Christmas serenades upon the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude? What would be done if the boxing beadle of St. Bride's took it into his head to go about carolling his "glad tidings of great joy" on the eve of Gunpowder Plot? But what could would and should be thought said and done if one of these very *forward* editors thought proper to prematurely salute his lady contributors all round, by warrant of a sprig of mistletoe, on Lord Mayor's day? To be consistent, are the gentlemen in question as precocious in their private as their public habits? Do they put on their winter woollen and great coats at the first hint from Sirius, and slip into nankeens and washing waistcoats at sight of the first snow-drop? Do they unfurl their umbrellas on Midsummer day against St. Swithin, and lay in salt cod and *fresh* eggs,

in January, against Lent in March. In short, do not they anticipate in everything—even to keeping the birthday of "the babe that is unborn" and breakfasting over night, and knocking at number nine to leave a card at number twelve?

The "Oriental," with its sultry associations, and those naked natives, might properly appear in the dog days, if duly dated, but what has the "Winter's Wreath" to do with May day? Is it really the nick to produce the Stanfields, when the sickle is in the cornfields? Ought *Heaths* to appear in London, just when grouse-shooting begins on the *Moors?* Is it wise to present a Friendship's Offering so long before its ostensible date, that a moderately everlasting friendship might be born, bred, and buried, in the interval—above all, ought the juveniles intended for Christmas and new year's gifts, to come out coeval with "Bartlemy fairings," in the very teeth of the opinion of Donna Inez about juveniles,

> "——— To be precocious
> She reckon'd of all things the most atrocious!"

For my own part, I affect none of these unseasonable forestallings: I never in my life gave five guineas for a quart of very early peas, or a crown a pound for very new potatoes. I am content with things as they naturally ripen, without forcing; and my gardener, who inclines to *otium cum dig*—is of the same opinion; forcing *thyme* is quite out of the question. What rational man would give a dump for a chronometer "warranted fast?" I never, like Scott's stern Covenanter, give the long hand a push forwards, in its course round the dial; feeling that Sol, who drives the Old Regulator, knows his daily pace too well to be deceived; still less should I dream of juggling my royal almanack by having plum-pudding, mince-pie, and snapdragon before the fall of

the leaf. Thus it is that my Annual for 1835 did not come out in 1834, like certain other volumes, which doubtless plume themselves, and chuckle over their being so early, as the "bonny grey cock" did, after misleading the Scottish Juliet in the ballad, by "crowing an hour too soon." I should be loth to suggest such treatment of my precocious brethren,—but didn't she twist Chanticleer's neck for it, till he could no more cry cock-a-doodle than a cork-screw?

If it be "well to be off with the old love, before you are on with the new," it is particularly a prudent principle with regard to old and new years. For example, had this work been published precipitately in September, its pages would have been closed against such a subject as the burning of the parliament houses, instead of my having the gratification of contributing my quota of facts and materials, for the use of the future Humes and Smolletts of the British empire. Let the extra early reflect well on this point, and they may come to the conclusion, that a day before the fair is as bad as a day after it. Surely it can be of no earthly use to hurry your beasts into Smithfield on Wednesday, because Friday is cattle day!

As I have alluded above to the great conflagration, I am anxious to say a few words, lest some exception should be taken to the choice of such a subject, by some of those decidedly serious characters who are fun-proof all over, and may therefore feel disposed to exclaim, "Fire is no joke, burning houses are not things to play upon." They have no notion of what Scrub calls "laughing consumedly." Properly impressed with every grave feeling that belongs to such a catastrophe, I have nevertheless made it my business to collect, arrange, and record, all the whimsicalities that arose out of the calamity, for in this motley world the most solemn events sometimes give birth to very comical issues.

As many journalists have described the most tragic parts of the narrative, I felt the more called upon to present the ludicrous passages that occurred, and thus supply the lights to the shades of a picture that is destined to occupy a prominent place in the National Gallery. The accuracy of the statements may be implicitly relied upon. The Jubb letters are from real originals, and any gentleman who may be sceptical upon the epistle of Ann Gale, shall be welcome to her hand. I confess I had doubts myself of the genuineness of M. Chabert's account, till it was corroborated by a policeman (N. 75), who assured me that he was severely burnt in both hands by a large hot inkstand that was delivered to him by a gentleman in a great coat. For the rest of the particulars I confidently appeal to the Ode to Mr. Buckingham, with its ex-tracts from the Temperance Report itself, in proof of my anxiety to adduce nothing that cannot be strictly verified. The descriptive reports of the fire, I had from the highest authorities, persons for instance on the steeple of St. Margaret's Church, or in the iron galleries of the Monument and St. Paul's. Besides, I was at the scene myself. Through my not being personally intimate with all the peers, and indeed with many of the commoners, I may have made some confusion as to individuals; such as mistaking Sir John Hobhouse for Lord Althorp, or Mr. Cobbett for Sir Andrew Agnew, or Mr. O'Gorman Mahon for Mr. Pease. I can only say, that all such errors will be cheerfully amended, on application, in a new edition; and that if any nobleman, or gentleman, who was present, feels himself hurt by being out of the fire, a warm place shall be booked for him, in either House, or the Hall, at his own option, or he may go over them all in three heats.

With this liberal promise, I bow and take my leave, sincerely hoping that I have committed no breach of

privilege in publishing such parliamentary proceedings, and that throughout the narrative, there is no call for any cry like "chair, chair! order, order!"

[In the beginning of 1835 my father was involved in heavy pecuniary difficulties by the failure of a firm, and resolved on going abroad to live—in the vain hope of being able to retrench and save. In his passage from England to Rotterdam he was nearly lost in the *Lord Melville*. This Sonnet was probably written soon after the event; the original MS., written in a hand that betrays signs of weakness, being in my possession. In spite of the forgiveness he extended to his "old love," I fear it is only too certain that from the storm of the 4th of March, 1835, dated the commencement of a long series of illnesses, which—could anything have embittered existence to one so cheerful in spirit—would have made his life a suffering, to be endured with a sad resolution and patience, chiefly founded on its probably brief duration.]

SONNET TO OCEAN.

SHALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,
That once, in rage, with the wild winds at strife,
Thou darest menace my unit of a life,
Sending my clay below, my soul above,
Whilst roar'd thy waves, like lions when they rove
By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth?
Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health?—
Didst thou ne'er murmur gently like the dove?
Nay, dost thou not against my own dear shore
Full break, last link between my land and me?—
My absent friends talk in thy very roar,
In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see,
And, if I must not see my England more,
Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee!

COBLENZ, *May*, 1835.

[The following lines were printed in the "Athenæum" in March, the month in which my father left England. It was afterwards included in "Up the Rhine."]

TO ———.

COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.

I GAZE upon a city,—
A city new and strange,—
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;
And can *you* be in England,
And *I* at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep;
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels
From western Surinam,
All tell me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learn'd near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam;
Who tells me you're in England
But I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open—
I mingle in its crowd,—
The dominos are noisy—
The hookahs raise a cloud;
The flavour, none of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper—
The toast it shall be mine,
In schiedam, or in sherry,
Tokay, or hock of Rhine;

It well deserves the brightest,
Where sunbeam ever swam—
"The Girl I love in England"
I drink at Rotterdam!

March, 1835.

[This Sonnet was sent to my mother from Coblenz, whither my father had preceded her in order to select a place of residence, and make arrangements for her arrival, her state of health being very precarious. Like the lines from Rotterdam, and some other lines of the same class in "Up the Rhine," they were addressed to her—as, indeed, are the original copies of all the love poems written by my father, of which I possess the MS.]

SONNET.

THINK, sweetest, if my lids are not now wet,
The tenderest tears lie ready at the brim,
To see thine own dear eyes—so pale and dim,—
Touching my soul with full and fond regret,
For on thy ease my heart's whole care is set;
Seeing I love thee in no passionate whim,
Whose summer dates but with the rose's trim,
Which one hot June can perish and beget,—
Ah, no! I chose thee for affection's pet,
For unworn love, and constant cherishing—
To smile but to thy smile—or else to fret
When thou art fretted—rather than to sing
Elsewhere. Alas! I ought to soothe and kiss
Thy dear pale cheek while I assure thee this!

[The following poem was written by my father at Coblenz, where my mother had joined him at the end of March.]

LINES

ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN THE SAME CHAMBER.

And has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love!
All that my God can give me, or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I behove
To live their living and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life!

Coblenz, *Nov.*, 1835.

[From internal evidence I should be inclined to attribute these Stanzas to 1835.]

STANZAS.

Is there a bitter pang for love removed,
Oh God! The dead love doth not cost more tears
Than the alive, the loving, the beloved—
Not yet, not yet beyond all hopes and fears!

Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the calm grave, and the long grass of years,—

That love might die with sorrow :—I am sorrow ;
And she, that loves me tenderest, doth press
Most poison from my cruel lips, and borrow
Only new anguish from the old caress ;
Oh, this world's grief,
Hath no relief,
In being wrung from a great happiness.

Would I had never filled thine eyes with love,
For love is only tears : would I had never
Breathed such a curse-like blessing as we prove ;
Now, if "Farewell" *could* bless thee, I would sever!
Would I were laid
Under the shade,
Of the cold tomb, and the long grass for ever!

[The "Comic" this year is announced in the "Athenæum," in September, by a longer letter than usual addressed by my father to his publishers.]

Dear Sirs,

I am truly happy to inform you that the report was premature of my being "lost in the Hoffnung ; Murphy, of and to Cuxhaven." It was however a most narrow escape. After running foul against the wind all the morning, about 4 p.m. a heavy squall struck our topmasts, and split the main-sheet to rags before the reefs could be furled, nearly all the crew being underhatched at the time,—the rascally steers-

man even was not at the steerage. The consequence was exactly what Captains Hall or Marryat, or any experienced naval officer would expect. The rudder would not answer the helm, she luffed away from the wind, shipped a sea that carried away all the left larboards and gave such a lee-lurch to port that we expected she would pitch head-foremost on her beam-ends, in which case she must inevitably have missed stays with her keel uppermost. Providentially at this awful crisis she broached-to athwart hawse, which unexpectedly righted her, though not without damage. When we went to hoist sail upon it, we found that the mast had stepped out, but we fished with a spare stern-post for a jury, and by dint of tacking were able to claw off to a lee-shore, where slipping our cables we brought up fifteen fathoms of water and a sandy bottom with our best bower anchor. It was a miraculous escape. "For the moment," Murphy said, "he thought all hands were on their last legs."

In such an extremity it was a comfort to reflect that even the "babe unborn" was well provided for; I mean the Comic for 1836, the materials for which I deposited in your hands on leaving England. By this time I suppose it is all engraved, printed, and bound; but I must reiterate my injunction not to bring it out before the First of December. A more premature publication, after the tone of my last preface would be too much like "flying in my own face."

As to your query of "where can you write to me?" The only certain address I could give you would be *poste restante* Timbuctoo. To-day for instance I am at Berlin, to-morrow figuratively at Copenhagen, the next day at Geneva, and the day after that at Damascus. It is not unlikely therefore that in my search after "fresh fields and pastures new," I may find myself some day under the mud crust of that great dirt pie an African hut, surrounded by fresh fields of

sand that would new pasture a herd of all the hour-glasses in the world.

Between ourselves I expect that this travelling will benefit my own health and that of the Comic besides. There are three things which the public will always clamour for, sooner or later; namely: novelty, novelty, novelty; and it is well to be beforehand.

I remember Grimaldi being hissed once at Sadler's Wells, after singing his celebrated comic song of "Tippety-witchet," and he appealed to the audience. "He had nodded," he said, "frowned, winked, sneezed, choked, gaped, cried, grinned, grimaced, and hiccupped; he had done all that could be done by brows, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose and mouth, and what more did they want?"—"Why, we want," yawned a languid voice from the pit, "we want a new feature."

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

September 2, 1835.

1836.

[From the "Comic" for this year nothing remains available for my present purpose but the Preface. Like its more immediate predecessors, it was given to the world without any dedication.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1836.

PREFACE.

Once more—from a crest overlooking Kaltererberger in the Eifel—I make my annual bow. To be sure, I am more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea; on a Teutonic mountain, in the midst of a palpable fog, to which it is accustomed eight days out of seven,—but neither difference nor distance makes any difference to us Germans, in our salutes:—we can bow round a corner, or down a crooked lane. To see us bow retrospectively sometimes, would remind you of that polite Author, who submitting to a classical authority, said with an appropriate bend, "I bow to the Ancients."

And truly, of all bowers that ever bowed, including Lord Chesterfield, the Royal inventor of the "Prince's bow," the "booing" Sir Archy Macsycophant, Tom Moore, and his Bowers of Bendermeer, all the admirals of blue, white, and red, with their larboard bows, and starboard bows, all the bow-loving schoolmasters with their "Where's your bow?" and finally, Macduff and his whole army, who boughed out Macbeth—of all these, no man ever scraped his foot without

a scraper, or bent so agreeably to his own bent, as your very humble obedient servant. To be candid, I am in the humour to bow—age commands respect—to an old post. 'Tis better than bowing to a post obit.

"Oh! my masters!" as the labourer said to the bricklayers after falling through the roof and rafters of an unfinished house, "I have gone through a great deal since you saw me last."

First, there was my narrow escape in the Hoffnung off Cuxhaven, so narrow indeed, that I felt upon what is called "the edge of doom," newly ground. I only wonder, that terrible storm, instead of letting me bow to you smilingly like Sir Robert Smirke, did not shake, terrify, and bully me into a serious writer; solemnly bending, as we might suppose Blair to have done, with a presentation copy of his "Grave." Secondly, there was my dangerous consultation of complaints, in the Spring, with its complication of High German physicians; namely, two Animal-Magnetisers; three Homœopathics, four "Bad" advisers, and the famous Doctor Farbe. The practice, which does not make perfect, of the first set of sine-*cure*-ists is well known,—the unit doses of the Hahnemannites have been tried as well as all the *orts* you have to eat after them; and the "bad" recommendations have been well tested by thousands of Accums. I need not describe how combining exercise with mineral waters, I walked by uneasy stages from Mayence to Coblentz and back again, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other; drinking my own health, at every hundred yards, in a tumbler of one part pickle, one part soda water, one part soapsuds, one part ink, one part sour milk, one part musty egg, one part gall, and one part pump-water. I need not describe, how I bathed at Ems and Schlangenbad, but I will describe how I bathed at Schwalbach, as the Author of Bubbles from

the Brunnens advises; namely, in the strong Stahl, or Steel, Brunnen, and dipping my head as Head persuades heads to be dipped, I soon found out the reason why "the cunning Jews" all go to the Stahl Brunnen,—I had steeled my face so that no razor would touch it!

Of Doctor Farbe I must make more mention, as he may not yet have quacked loud enough to be heard in England. He has read somewhere, in St. Pierre if I recollect rightly, that insects take the colour of that which they feed upon; and acting upon this hint, he proposes, by proper tints in diet, to paint one up to "a perfect picture of Health." First, he proceeds by negatives: for example, in yellow jaundice, you are not to take mustard, yolk of egg, oranges, pease-pudding, saffron cakes, apricots, or yellowhammers. In hypochondria, or blue devils, he forbids plums with the bloom on, peas, if blue Prussians, blue rocks, sky-blue, and blue ruin. In scarlet fever, love-apples, red streaks, red currants, Cayenne pepper, red cabbage, and scarlet runners. In black jaundice, black currants, blackcocks, blackbirds, liquorice, blackheart cherries, black puddings, and black strap. And so forth, according to the hue. Then he prepares for the positive treatment, by endeavouring like a dyer, to take all colour out of you before he gives you a new tint. To this end he plies you with water ices, creams, white meats with white sauce, cauliflowers, turnips, blancmange, and lily white mussels; gives you beside a ton of chalk to lick, like a country calf, to whiten your veal. Should he succeed in bleaching you to a plaster cast of yourself, your cure is certain; he has then only to give you the true Hebe complexion, by commending you, when the season suits, to plenty of "strawberries smothered in cream." But on the contrary, should the case prove obstinate, he attempts to divert it: for instance, he tries to turn yellow jaundice into green, by

a blue diet; or the frightful blue stage of cholera into a green one, by a yellow diet; or, what is preferable, into a purple stage, by the exhibition of pink Noyeau. As for black jaundice he has a method of making it piebald by the white diet, or in mild cases of reducing it to the spotted state, or Dalmatian. Finally, in extremity, he has recourse to his neutral tint, which is intended to make you neither one thing nor another: to this end, he mixes up all his dietetical pigments together, and it was at this point, when he had prescribed for me a compound of blue ruin, black strap, scarlet runners, green cheese, brown stout, mustard, flour, and a few trifles besides, without consulting my *palate*, that I begged him to "give me over." He took his fee, and retired in dudgeon: and I never saw his white beaver turned up with green, his plum-coloured coat with a brown collar, his velvet waistcoat with tulips in their natural colours on a purple ground, his sky blue pantaloons with a pink stripe up the seams, his grey stockings, and his yellow handkerchief with a rainbow border, any more! It was just in time. If I had not struck his colours he would have struck mine.

O, my Friends! Foes! and Indifferents! was not that an escape, narrower by nine hair-breadths than the Hoffnung's? But, methinks, you ask, how came I, with my delicate health, for change of air on the top of this ever-foggy mountain? My well-wishers, the answer is easy. I was smoked out down below. As you all know, it is a time of profound peace; and the Germans all profoundly celebrate it like the American Indians, each with his calumet, or Pipe of Peace in his mouth. Such an atmosphere as you would find any where beneath, has made me far from particular: I do not despise mists, and even on this elevated ridge am not above fogs. But, farewell! I smell a snow-storm coming, for I cannot see

it; I hear a wind blowing-up, and I feel the clouds attempting to seduce this steadfast pinnacle into a waltz. Farewell! My next last words will perhaps be wafted to you from the top of Caucasus: but still depend on my warm affections. Like Goldsmith's Traveller, or Land Surveyor, "I drag at each remove a lengthening chain," or as his absentee countryman attempted the sentiment in prose to his wife, "the further I get from you the more I like you."

[The following poem—never published during my father's lifetime—was written in this year, on the 6th of November, my mother's birthday.]

A TOAST.

Come! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,
A cold pulse, or a spirit supine—
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips,
To commingle its flow with the wine.

Bring a cup of the purest and solidest ware,—
But a little antique in its shape;
And the juice,—let it be the most racy and rare,
All the bloom, with the age, of the grape!

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,
At once young, and mature, and in prime,—
Like the tree of the orange, that shows on its bough
The bud, blossom and fruit at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honours be paid,
Whilst I give with my hand, heart, and head,
"Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!"

[The following song was written in the Autumn of this year, for the 19th Polish Infantry, to which regiment my father's friend Franck belonged.]

SONG FOR THE NINETEENTH.

THE morning sky is hung with mist,
The rolling drum the street alarms,
The host is paid, his daughter kiss'd,
So now to arms, so now to arms.

Our evening bowl was strong and stiff,
And may we get such quarters oft,
I ne'er was better lodged, for if
The straw was hard, the maid was soft.

So now to arms, to arms, to arms,
And fare you well, my little dear,
And if they ask who won your charms,
Why say 'twas in your Nineteenth Year.

[In the "Athenæum" for August, the "Comic"—which appears to have been finished unusually early this year—was announced in the ensuing letter to its publishers.]

GENTLEMEN,

You ask me for an announcement of the Comic for 1837; but between ourselves and the post—now the foreign post—I have been meditating a manifesto.

Politics are undeniably the standing orders of the time; but possibly the *standing orders* may now signify those classes who keep on their legs in the presence of the privileged or *sitting orders*;—I mean to say that politics are become, like

Boniface's ale in the *Beaux Stratagem*, meat and drink and everything. We eat politics in whitebait dinners, and quaff and sing them afterwards with hip, hip, hips and Hawes. We dance politics—take hands, cast off, change sides, and some anti-ministerialists call loudly for a new set.

We wear politics—*e. g.* white hats. We marry politics, and dissenters at the same time. We baptise with politics —or at least call names. We wash our faces with politics—soap versus newspapers—and warm ourselves at them in the shape of cheap Durham coal. We even laugh and groan politics, and cough them—in the Commons; and doubtless they will be introduced by us into sternutation, like a certain German patriot who cannot sneeze without saying "Pr-r-r-russia!"

Politics are part of our Foreign and Domestic Cookery,—we roast with them, fry, stew, broil, boil, and too often boil over, with them: we curry and devil with them;—some persons cook a fine kettle of fish with them. Turkey is larded with politics;—and they are polled in Greece.

Politics are staples of trade and manufacture; and agriculture is quite distressed by them. We export and import them; we sow them with corn; and harvest them with tithes; we spin them, hammer at them, *forge* them, and breed bulls with them. We live in them and die by them. We load pistols with politics; and in fact can hardly walk twelve or fifteen paces without them. Private life becomes public. Parties invite people to politics, and people invite politics to parties. We travel with politics to the continental baths; we go to sea with them to the coast of Biscay, and return to port with them in Leith harbour.

Have not politics separated our two Chambers, or as the New Poor-laws (the very laws for bull-making Ireland) have done with England, *divided* them into *Unions*? By the

way Barry—not Newtonbarry but New-House Barry—is decidedly wrong in his design. A new style is requisite for a new order of things; but I shall perhaps submit a plan for a new building—all party-walls—in my next frontispiece.

Politics point pencils and steel pens: we draw them in caricatures and paint them in party-colours, with predominant orange, green, or true blue. Nor are we without some Black Masters. We write politics and review with them; bards poetise and other writers prose upon them; they stand for attic salt as well as culinary pepper and vinegar. Farces are made of politics, and alas! tragedies of domestic interest, skeleton sermons are filled up with them; and neither novelists nor historians can tell tales without them. Philosophy has caught the influenza—the whole Seven Sages are rolled into one, and he is—Bias! Our very colleges teach politics—a little longer and our Free schools and unfree schools will do the same; primers will be primed with them; Syntax will be mixed up with the Malt-tax; the parts of speech will be drawn from parts of speeches; and the rule of King, Lords, and Commons will be tried by the Rule of Three.

Such is the spirit of our age, the ticks of Time's clock are poli-ticks. I should not wonder to see all the heads in the National Portrait Gallery inclining to whiggism—or without a wig amongst them—nay, it would not astonish me to see even the ladylike Book of Beauty exhibiting its fascinating figures drawn all on one side.

It becomes a serious question then—ought not the Comic to have its barrel adapted as a political organ; and should not its Editor, heretofore only a *merry thought*, become a *sideman!*

Must I take, like the Railway Engineers, a decided line, or construct my literary passages like those blind alleys with their wall-eyes that lead to nowhere at all?

The Comic Annual itself shall answer the question; and you will have a hint of my designs when I tell you that they will comprise cuts at such popular and unpopular subjects as follows:—"The Collision"—"The Peers and their Treatment of Bills"—"Church Revenue"—"The Corn Question"—"Spain its War and its Loan"—"Registration"—"Imprisonment for Debt"—"The Papal Bull"—"Municipal Reform"—"The Jew Bill"—"Railroads"—"Dissenter's Unions"—"Civil War"—and "Agricultural Pressure." As to the writing I shall keep my own counsel, whether it will incline to right or left, or be bolt upright. Perchance I may breathe my sentiments like some stormy winds from all quarters at once, and this, gentlemen, is all at present from your absent,

Most obedient,

THOMAS HOOD.

1837.

[The "Comic" this year affords more material. Besides the Preface, are numerous articles, some more or less of a political tendency —an unusual quality in my father's writings. There are, beside two Odes, one to "Hahnemann," the other to "Green, the Aëronaut," the "Blue Boar," "Agricultural Distress," "The Desert Born," and "Love Lane."]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1837.

PREFACE.

Courteous and Gentle Reader! for the eighth time greeting;—for as "the short-fingered little progeny" exclaims at her grand piano, "Thank Goodness! I have reached an Octave at last!" The Comic has lived to see a second Olympiad; and as no Competitor appears in the Arena, it may modestly assume that it is crowned with success.

And now for a few words under the rose: if, indeed, it be not too late for even the Last Rose of Summer. I am afraid, if you have read my Announcement, that the present Volume will seem not quite to square with that Circular: you will expect a little more political pepper and spice than will be found in the seasoning. The truth is, I am all abroad, not figuratively but geographically; in a remote land, where before The Times arrives, it is like "the good old times," rather out of date; and consequently I get my news, as some persons receive their game, too far gone to be of use. This

accident of distance escaped my memory whilst penning the promises contained in my Prospectus. I forgot the difficulty of estimating the prospects of England, and giving my own views of them, when England itself was out of sight. Moreover, not having recently read Elia's Essay on Distant Correspondents, I overlooked the possibility of the true becoming false, and the false true,—of the undone being done, and the done undone,—in the interval between my speculations and their publication. Thus, whilst I was sitting, unshaved, in my old clothes, arguing on paper for Hebrew Emancipation —the act was, perhaps, actually passed; and the Jews engaged in an appropriate *Jew*bilee. At the very time I was contending, with all the stiffness of a steel pen, for the rights of Dissenters to marry according to their own forms—the Dissenters—marry come up! might be standing in an *altar'd* position, and in possession of all their *rites*. I might have been getting up an urgent call for the Repeal of the Corn Laws—when the Corn Laws had been regularly outlawed, at the poetical petition of Ebenezer Elliott and Corney Webbe. At the same hour, whilst I was writing in deprecation of Sabbath-Bills, and Parliamentary Piety—Sir Andrew had, perchance, embraced Judaism, and exchanged Sunday for Saturday. My Strictures reprobating Bull-baiting in Exeter Hall, might have been anticipated by the nuisance abating itself into a display of Calves. A Series of Nine Tales, with Cuts, illustrative of the cruelty of Military Flogging might have become superfluous by Law having tied up the Drummers; or the Army itself having reversed the practice by cutting the cat. I might have been insisting on a fairer mode of Registration—when the whole system had been Rumfordized and the Books ordered to be kept on the principle of Cobbett's Register. A scheme for the settlement of the Agitated Irish Church,—might have found the Agitated

Irish Church turned into an English Chapel of Ease. A project for the gradual Extinction of Tithes might have been rendered useless—by the clergy throwing up Tithes, and adapting the Voluntary Principle as a Voluntary for the Church Organ. A Friendly Warning to Conservatives and Destructives on the Danger of Division with an offer of Mediation, might have addressed itself to Parties already bound by an alliance offensive and defensive; hand and glove with each other, and foot and shoe to everybody else. I might have put forth a Lament for the defunct Close Corporations when the Corporations had jumped into their skins again and were stuffing out their old Bodies. The Abolition of Sinecures Enforced might have found the Gentlemen-with-nothing-to-do placed on a reduced Scale of Duties. My Call for a Change in Currency might have proved quite uncalled for—the Circulating Medium being allowed to get change (farthings excepted) whenever required. The "Policy of Free Trade Asserted and Assured" might have been anticipated by Trade having been presented with the Freedom of the World in a pill box. A Modest Plea for the better Protection of Copyright might have been forestalled by the appointment of Captains Glascock, Marryat and Chamier, as literary cruisers to carry new Piracy Laws into effect. A Work on the Working of the New Poor Laws might have turned out a work of supererogation—there being no Poor for Laws to work upon, the Philanthropic Party having transformed all the paupers, at their own expense, into Poor Gentlemen. And, finally, how foolish I should have looked with my "Remarks on the Franchise," or the "Complaint of a Ten Pound Voter a shilling short"—if in the meantime voters were admitted by avoirdupois, as a test of their weight in the Country!

Thus you see, dear Courteous Reader, how much excellent

Politics I might have thrown away upon shadows, to say nothing of the disagreeable danger of writing for the Party which was out, instead of the Party that was in. For if Knowledge be Power, then Power should be Knowledge; and they ought always to be found on the same side. I have, therefore, reluctantly circumscribed the sphere of my utility; contenting myself with furnishing a Report on Agricultural Distress, which, like the report of a gun, will serve to startle the deep silence that has brooded over the Parliamentary Enquiry on the same subject.

The Ode to Dr. Hahnemann is recommended, with infinitesimal respect, to the consideration of those Members of the Faculty who, adopting the doctrine of minute doses, prescribe for their patients on Temperance Principles; and have established their Dispensary in Pump Court. I have only further to declare, that the Anecdote of Simon Paap* is true; and that the incidents of the Fatal Bath* stand equally on the solid legs of fact.

And now, Courteous Reader, farewell—for another twelvemonth, farewell! Whether you will ever *year* from me again is a periodical problem only to be solved by Time. Perchance, you would not already have seen so many of these my Annuals, but for a severe visitation I suffer under, and which nothing but the Comic can relieve. You will remember—for who has not read the Arabian Nights Entertainments?—the adventure of Sindbad the Sailor with that horrid Old Man of the Sea. Alas! during nine months of the twelve I have such another Day-Mare on my own shoulders. For three-quarters of every year he is on my back, trying to break me into his own humour, the "decidedly serious." Week after week, I am beset by his letters, the whole drift of which is to make me like Peter Bell, a "sadder and a wiser

* See Second Series of "Hood's Own."

man." Page after page—and they are like the pages of a hearse—he doles out his doleful advice to me, to subdue what he is pleased to call my levity. And truly, if anything could turn my animal spirits, "white spirits and black, red spirits and grey," into blue devils, it would be the perusal of his lugubrious epistles. They read like "Letters from the Dead to the Living." He has a 40-undertaker-power of depression, and if he talk as he writes, must have a toll in his tone that would cast a damp on a burial society. Who can he be? But that Lewis (see "Tayler's Records of my Life") is dead and buried, I should take him to be that king of grief. Perhaps he is a resurrection of Heraclitus. He never writes down the word laughter without "idiotic" for a prefix; smiles are apish grimaces, and he seriously assures me, what I as seriously believe, that he is insensible to jests, a detester of "clenches," and one who could never see the fun in what is called fun. "Miserrimus" should be his motto. He dates from Slough—but it must be the Slough of Despond: his very seals seem to bear the impression of dumps. "Man is made to mourn" is his favourite quotation; but he culls funereal flowers besides from Young's Night Thoughts, Blair's Grave, and Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs. His letters accordingly are mere dirges in prose. He describes life as a long wet walk through a vale of tears, by land;—and a *Wail*ing voyage, by water. Now, like Milton, and all other men, I have, when unwell, my fits of *Ill* Penseroso; but let me be ever so hypped and low, the receipt of one of his epistles finds "in my lowest depth a lower still." For a week afterwards, I am as grave and saturnine as if I had been visiting the Cave of Trophonius; I dream even of my gloomy unknown in the likeness of Giant Despair cut in cypress; and wake, though it be a May morning, with the yellow fog-damps of November hanging over my spirits. If

he would but let me alone! but 'tis not in the nature of his sect. Melancholy has "marked him for her own," and he wants everybody to be tarred with the same stick. I have tried to evade his correspondence: but by means of feigned hands, change of seals and other artifices, he contrives to poke his dismals at me, with the sombre pertinacity of a carrion crow boring a dead horse. The only thing which stops his croak is the Comic. For some three months, from its publication—as if he had given me over as incorrigible or incurable—I am free from the persecution of his favours: but after that bright period has elapsed, he sets in again with his accustomed severity: generally with a letter of condolence on the levity of my spirits. Then he mounts his hobby again!—he vaults on my back, and for the rest of the year rides me, woe worth him! like a Black Brunswicker, with a Death's head and marrowbones for his cognizance.

Judge then, courteous reader, with what gladness of heart I am now penning the last sentences of a book which, if it will not knock my tormentor on the head quite so effectually as Sindbad brained his back-fare with a great stone, will at least stun and dumbfound him for three moons to come. May it do as much for you, dear reader,—though but for a few hours,—if you have dull care upon your shoulders!

THE BLUE BOAR.

'Tis known to man, 'tis known to woman,
'Tis known to all the world in common,
How politics and party strife
Vex public, even private, life;

But, till some days ago, at least
They never worried brutal beast.

I wish you could have seen the creature,
A tame domestic boar by nature,
Gone wild as boar that ever grunted,
By Baron Hoggerhausen hunted.
His back was up, and on its ledge
The bristles rose like quickset hedge;
His eye was fierce and red as coal,
Like furnace, shining through a hole,
And restless turn'd for mischief seeking;
His very hide with rage was reeking;
And oft he gnash'd his crooked tusks,
Chewing his tongue instead of husks,
Till all his jaw was white and yesty,
Showing him savage, fierce, and resty.

And what had caused this mighty vapour?
A dirty fragment of a paper,
That in his rambles he had found,
Lying neglected on the ground;
A relic of the Morning Post,
Two tattered columns at the most,
But which our irritated swine
(Derived from Learned Toby's line)
Digested easy as his meals,
Like any quidnunc Cit at Peel's.

He read, and mused, and pored and read,
His shoulders shrugg'd, and shook his head;
Now at a line he gave a grunt,
Now at a phrase took sudden stunt,

And snorting turn'd his back upon it,
But always came again to con it;
In short he petted up his passion,
After a very human fashion,
When Temper's worried with a bone
She'll neither like nor let alone.
At last his fury reach'd the pitch
Of that most irritating itch,
When mind and will, in fever'd faction,
Prompt blood and body into action;
No matter what, so bone and muscle
May vent the frenzy in a bustle;
But whether by a fight or dance
Is left to impulse and to chance.
So stood the Boar, in furious mood
Made up for any thing but good;
He gave his tail a tighter twist,
As men in anger clench the fist,
And threw fresh sparkles in his eye
From the volcano in his fry—
Ready to raze the parish pound,
To pull the pigsty to the ground,
To lay Squire Giles, his master, level,
Ready, indeed, to play the devil.

So, stirr'd by raving demagogues,
I've seen men rush, like rabid dogs,
Stark staring from the Pig and Whistle,
And like his Boarship, in a bristle,
Resolved unanimous on rumpus
From any quarter of the compass;
But whether to duck Aldgate Pump,
(For wits in madness never jump)

To liberate the beasts from Cross's;
Or hiss at all the Wigs in Ross's;
On Waithman's column hang a weeper;
Or tar and feather the old sweeper;
Or break the panes of landlord scurvy,
And turn the King's Head topsy-turvy;
Rebuild, or pull down, London Wall;
Or take his cross from old Saint Paul;
Or burn those wooden Highland fellows,
The snuff-men's idols, 'neath the gallows!
None fix'd or cared—but all were loyal
To one design—a battle royal.

Thus stood the Boar, athirst for blood,
Trampling the Morning Post to mud,
With tusks prepared to run a muck;—
And sorrow for the mortal's luck
That came across him Whig or Tory,
It would have been a tragic story—
But fortune interposing now,
Brought Bessy into play—a Sow;—
A fat, sleek, philosophic beast,
That never fretted in the least,
Whether her grains were sour or sweet,
For grains are grains, and she could eat.
Absorb'd in two great schemes capacious,
The farrow, and the farinaceous,
If cares she had, they could not stay,
She drank, and *wash'd* them all away.
In fact this philosophic sow
Was very like a German frow;
In brief—as wit should be and fun,—
If sows turn Quakers, she was one;

Clad from the duckpond, thick and slab,
In bran-new muddy suit of drab.
To still the storm of such a lubber,
She came like oil—at least like blubber—
Her pigtail of as passive shape
As ever droop'd o'er powder'd nape;
Her snout, scarce turning up—her deep
Small eyes half settled into sleep;
Her ample ears, dependent, meek,
Like fig-leaves shading either cheek;
Whilst, from the corner of her jaw,
A sprout of cabbage, green and raw,
Protruded,—as the Dove, so stanch
For Peace, supports an olive branch,— *
Her very grunt, so low and mild,
Like the soft snoring of a child,
Inquiring into his disquiets,
Served like the Riot Act, at riots,—
He laid his restive bristles flatter,
And took to arguefy the matter.

"O Bess, O Bess, here's heavy news!
They mean to 'mancipate the Jews!
Just as they turn'd the blacks to whites,
They want to give them equal rights,
And, in the twinkling of a steeple,
Make Hebrews quite like other people.
Here, read—but I forget your fetters,
You've studied litters more than letters."

"Well," quoth the Sow, "and no great miss,
I'm sure my ignorance is bliss;

* These lines gave rise to Rae Wilson's attack on my father, which in turn gave rise to the Epistle, which is to be found in this volume.

Contentedly I bite and sup,
And never let my flare flare-up;
Whilst you get wild and fuming hot—
What matters Jews be Jews or not?
Whether they go with beards like Moses,
Or barbers take them by the noses,
Whether they live, permitted dwellers,
In Cheapside shops, or Rag Fair cellars,
Or climb their way to civic perches,
Or go to synagogues or churches?"

"Churches!—ay, there the question grapples,
No, Bess, the Jews will go to Chappell's!"

"To chapel—well—what's that to you?
A Berkshire Boar, and not a Jew?
We pigs,—remember the remark
Of our old drover Samuel Slark,
When trying, but he tried in vain,
To coax me into Sermon Lane,
Or Paternoster's pious Row,—
But still I stood and grunted No!
Of Lane of Creed an equal scorner,
Till bolting off, at Amen Corner,
He cried, provoked at my evasion,
'Pigs, blow 'em! ar'n't of no persuasion!'"

"The more's the pity, Bess,—the more—"
Said, with sardonic grin, the Boar;
"If Pigs were Methodists and Bunyans,
They'd make a sin of sage and onions;
The curse of endless flames endorse
On every boat of apple-sauce;

Give brine to Satan, and assess
Blackpuddings with bloodguiltiness;
Yea, call down heavenly fire and smoke
To burn all Epping into coke!"

"Ay," cried the Sow, extremely placid,
In utter contrast to his acid,
"Ay, that would be a Sect indeed!
And every swine would like the creed,
The sausage-making curse and all;
And should some brother have a call,
To thump a cushion to that measure,
I would sit under him with pleasure;
Nay, put down half my private fortune
T' endow a chapel at Hog's Norton.—
But what has this to do, my deary,
With their new Hebrew whigmaleery?"

"Sow that you are! this Bill, if current,
Would be as good as our death-warrant;—
And, with its legislative friskings,
Loose twelve new tribes upon our griskins!
Unjew the Jews, what follows then?
Why, they'll eat pork like other men,
And you shall see a Rabbi dish up
A chine as freely as a Bishop!
Thousands of years have pass'd, and pork
Was never stuck on Hebrew fork;
But now, suppose that relish rare
Fresh added to their bill of fare,
Fry, harslet, pettitoes, and chine,
Leg, choppers, bacon, ham, and loin,
And then, beyond all goose or duckling"—

"Yes, yes—a little tender suckling!
It must be held the aptest savour
To make the eager mouth to slaver!
Merely to look on such a gruntling,
A plump, white, sleek and sappy runtling,
It makes one—ah! remembrance bitter!
It made me eat my own dear litter!"

"Think, then, with this new waken'd fury,
How we should fare if tried by *Jewry!*
A pest upon the meddling Whigs!
There'll be a pretty run on pigs!
This very morn a Hebrew brother,
With three hats stuck on one another,
And o'er his arm a bag, or poke,
A thing pigs never find a joke,
Stopp'd,—rip the fellow!—though he knew
I've neither coat to sell nor shoe,
And cock'd his nose—right at me, lovey!
Just like a pointer at a covey!

To set our only friends agin us!
That neither care to fat nor thin us!
To boil, to broil, to roast, or fry us,
But act like real Christians by us!—
A murrain on all legislators!
Thin wash, sour grains, and rotten 'taters!
A bulldog at their ears and tails!
The curse of empty troughs and pails
Famish their flanks as thin as weasels!
May all their children have the measles;
Or in the straw untimely smother,
Or make a dinner for the mother!

A cartwhip for all law inventors!
And rubbing-posts stuck full of tenters!
Yokes, rusty rings, and gates, to hitch in,
And parish pounds to pine the flitch in,
Cold, and high winds, the Devil send 'em—
And then may Sam the Sticker end 'em!"

'Twas strange to hear him how he swore!
A Boar will curse, though like a boar,
While Bess, like Pity, at his side
Her swine-subduing voice supplied!
She bade him such a rage discard;
That anger is a foe to lard;
'Tis bad for sugar to get wet,
And quite as bad for fat to fret;
"Besides,"—she argued thus at last—
"The Bill you fume at has not pass'd,
For why, the Commons and the Peers
Have come together by the ears:
Or rather, as we pigs repose,
One's tail beside the other's nose,
And thus, of course, take adverse views
Whether of Gentiles or of Jews.
Who knows? They say the Lords' ill-will
Has thrown out many a wholesome Bill,
And p'rhaps some Peer to Pigs propitious
May swamp a measure so *Jew-dish-us!*"

The Boar was conquer'd: at a glance,
He saw there really was a chance—
That as the Hebrew nose is hooked,
The Bill was equally as crooked;

And might outlast, thank party embers,
A dozen tribes of Christian members ;— *
So down he settled in the mud,
With smoother back, and cooler blood,
As mild, as quiet, a Blue Boar,
As any over tavern-door.

MORAL.

The chance is small that any measure
Will give all classes equal pleasure ;
Since Tory Ministers or Whigs,
Sometimes can't even "please the Pigs."

DRINKING SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, AS SUNG BY MR. SPRING, AT WATERMAN'S HALL.

Come, pass round the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,
Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs,
Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water—
The Turncock for ever! that opens the plugs!
Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket,
Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the brim!
Or, best of all notions, let's have it by oceans,
With plenty of room for a sink or a swim!

Let topers of grape-juice exultingly vapour,
But let us just whisper a word to the elves,
We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-paper,
Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves?
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The vintage they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,
The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps;
But water's the spring of all civilised dances,
We go to a ball not in bottles, but *pumps!*
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,
Or honour old Meux with their thirsty regard—
We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it *pool* measure,
Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard!
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast:
Tis true that they stir up the animal spirits,
But may not the animal turn out a beast?
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species,
He saved us by water,—but as for the wine,
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

In wine let a lover remember his jewel
And pledge her in bumpers fill'd brimming and oft;
But we can distinguish the kind from the cruel,
And toast them in water, the *hard* or the *soft*.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some cross'd in their passion can never o'erlook it,
But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam;
Whilst temperate swains are enabled to *brook* it
By help of a little meandering stream.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's sum-total,
Deranging our wits and our private affairs,
Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,
There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

See drinkers of water, their wits never lacking,
Direct as a railroad and smooth in their gaits;

But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,
Like ships that have met a foul wind in the *straits*.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish,
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish!"
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

THE DESERT-BORN.

"Fly to the desert, fly with me."—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

'TWAS in the wilds of Lebanon, amongst its barren hills,—
To think upon it, even now, my very blood it chills!—
My sketch-book spread before me, and my pencil in my hand,
I gazed upon the mountain range, the red tumultuous sand,
The plumy palms, the sombre firs, the cedars tall and proud,—
When lo! a shadow pass'd across the paper like a cloud,
And looking up I saw a form, apt figure for the scene,—
Methought I stood in presence of some oriental queen!

The turban on her head was white as any driven snow;
A purple bandalette past o'er the lofty brow below,
And thence upon her shoulders fell, by either jewell'd ear;
In yellow folds voluminous she wore her long cachemere;
Whilst underneath, with ample sleeves, a Turkish robe of silk
Enveloped her in drapery the colour of new milk;

Yet oft it floated wide in front, disclosing underneath
A gorgeous Persian tunic, rich with many a broider'd wreath,
Compell'd by clasps of costly pearl around her neck to meet—
And yellow as the amber were the buskins on her feet!

Of course I bow'd my lowest bow—of all the things on earth,
The reverence due to loveliness, to rank, or ancient birth,
To power, to wealth, to genius, or to anything uncommon,
A man should bend the lowest in a *Desert* to a *Woman!*
Yet some strange influence stronger still, though vague and undefined,
Compell'd me, and with magic might subdued my soul and mind;
There was a something in her air that drew the spirit nigh,
Beyond the common witchery that dwells in woman's eye!
With reverence deep, like any slave of that peculiar land,
I bow'd my forehead to the earth, and kiss'd the arid sand;
And then I touch'd her garment's hem, devoutly as a Dervise,
Predestinated (so I felt) for ever to her service.

Nor was I wrong in auguring thus my fortune from her face,
She knew me, seemingly, as well as any of her race;
"Welcome!" she cried, as I uprose submissive to my feet;
"It was ordain'd that you and I should in this desert meet!
Aye, ages since, before thy soul had burst its prison bars,
This interview was promised in the language of the stars!"
Then clapping, as the Easterns wont, her all-commanding hands,
A score of mounted Arabs came fast spurring o'er the sands,

Nor rein'd they up their foaming steeds till in my very face
They blew the breath impetuous, and panting from the race.

"Fear nought," exclaim'd the radiant one, as I sprang off aloof,
"Thy precious frame need never fear a blow from horse's hoof!
Thy natal star was fortunate as any orb of birth,
And fate hath held in store for thee the rarest gift of earth."
Then turning to the dusky men, that humbly waited near,
She cried, "Go bring the BEAUTIFUL—for lo! the MAN is here!"

Off went th' obsequious train as swift as Arab hoofs could flee,
But Fancy fond out-raced them all, with bridle loose and free,
And brought me back, for love's attack, some fair Circassian bride,
Or Georgian girl, the Harem's boast, and fit for sultan's side;
Methought I lifted up her veil, and saw dark eyes beneath,
Mild as gazelle's, a snowy brow, ripe lips, and pearly teeth,
A swanlike neck, a shoulder round, full bosom, and a waist
Not too compact, and rounded limbs, to oriental taste.
Methought—but here, alas! alas! the airy dream to blight,
Behold the Arabs leading up a mare of milky white!
To tell the truth, without reserve, evasion, or remorse,
The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse:
Whether in early youth some kick untimely laid me flat,
Whether from born antipathy, as some dislike a cat,

I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giant steeds
Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy breeds;—
As for a warhorse, he that can bestride one is a hero,
Merely to look at such a sight my courage sinks to zero.
With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes of legs,
Tempestuous tail—to picture him description vainly begs!
His fiery nostrils send forth clouds of smoke instead of breath—
Nay, was it not a Horse that bore the grisly Shape of Death?
Judge then how cold an ague-fit of agony was mine
To see the mistress of my fate, imperious, make a sign
To which my own foreboding soul the cruel sense supplied:
"Mount, happy man, and *run away* with your Arabian bride!"
Grim was the smile, and tremulous the voice with which I spoke,
Like any one's when jesting with a subject not a joke,
So men have trifled with the axe before the fatal stroke.

"Lady, if mine had been the luck in Yorkshire to be born,
Or any of its *Ridings*, this would be a blessed morn;
But, hapless one! I cannot ride—there's something in a horse
That I can always honour, but I never could endorse.
To speak still more commercially, in riding I am quite
Averse to running long, and apt to be paid-off at sight:
In legal phrase, for every class to understand me still,
I never was in stirrups yet a tenant but at will;
Or, if you please, in artist terms, I never went a-straddle
On any horse without 'a want of keeping' in the saddle.

In short," and here I blush'd, abash'd, and held my head
full low,
"I'm one of those whose infant years have heard the chimes
of Bow!"

The lady smiled, as houris smile, adown from Turkish
skies,
And beams of cruel kindness shone within her hazel eyes;
"Stranger," she said, "or rather say, my nearest, dearest
friend,
There's something in your eyes, your air, and that high
instep's bend,
That tells me you're of Arab race,—whatever spot of earth,
Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honour of your birth,
The East it is your country! Like an infant changed at
nurse
By fairies, you have undergone a nurtureship perverse;
But this—these desert sands—these palms, and cedars waving
wild,
All, all, adopt thee as their own—an oriental child—
The cloud may hide the sun awhile—but soon or late, no
doubt,
The spirit of your ancestry will burst and sparkle out!
I read the starry characters—and lo! 'tis written there,
Thou wert foredoom'd of sons of men to ride upon this
Mare,
A Mare till now was never back'd by one of mortal mould,
Hark, how she neighs, as if for thee she knew that she was
foal'd!"

And truly—I devoutly wish'd a blast of the simoom
Had stifled her!—the Mare herself appear'd to mock my
doom;

With many a bound she caper'd round and round me like a dance,
I fear'd indeed some wild caress would end the fearful prance,
And felt myself, and saw myself—the phantasy was horrid!—
Like old Redgauntlet, with a shoe imprinted on my forehead!
On bended knees, with bowing head, and hands upraised in prayer,
I begg'd the turban'd Sultaness the issue to forbear;
I painted weeping orphan babes around a widow'd wife,
And drew my death as vividly as others draw from life.
"Behold," I said, "a simple man, for such high feats unfit,'
Who never yet has learn'd to know the crupper from the bit,
Whereas the boldest horsemanship, and first equestrian skill,
Would well be task'd to bend so wild a creature to the will."
Alas! alas! 'twas all in vain, to supplicate and kneel,
The quadruped could not have been more cold to my appeal!

"Fear nothing," said the smiling Fate, "when human help is vain,
Spirits shall by thy stirrups fly, and fairies guide the rein;
Just glance at yonder animal, her perfect shape remark,
And in thy breast at once shall glow the oriental spark!
As for thy spouse and tender babes, no Arab roams the wild
But for a Mare of such descent would barter wife and child."

"Nay then," cried I—(heav'n shrive the lie!) "to tell the secret truth,
'Twas my unhappy fortune once to over-ride a youth!
A playful child,—so full of life!—a little fair-hair'd boy,
His sister's pet, his father's hope, his mother's darling joy!
Ah me! the frantic shriek she gave! I hear it ringing now!
That hour, upon the bloody spot, I made a holy vow;

A solemn compact, deeply sworn, to witness my remorse,
That never more these limbs of mine should mount on living horse!"

Good heaven! to see the angry glance that flash'd upon me now!
A chill ran all my marrow through—the drops were on my brow!
I knew my doom, and stole a glance at that accursed Mare,
And there she stood, with nostrils wide, that snuff'd the sultry air.
How lion-like she lash'd her flanks with her abundant tail;
While on her neck the stormy mane kept tossing to the gale!
How fearfully she roll'd her eyes between the earth and sky,
As if in wild uncertainty to gallop or to fly!
While with her hoof she scoop'd the sand as if before she gave
My plunge into eternity she meant to dig my grave!

And I, that ne'er could calmly bear a horse's ears at play,
Or hear without a yard of jump his shrill and sudden neigh—
Whose foot within a stable-door had never stood an inch—
Whose hand to pat a living steed would feel an awful flinch,—
I that had never thrown a leg across a pony small
To scour the pathless desert on the tallest of the tall!
For oh! it is no fable, but at ev'ry look I cast,
Her restless legs seem'd twice as long as when I saw them last!

In agony I shook,—and yet, although congeal'd by fears,
My blood was boiling fast, to judge from noises in my ears;

I gasp'd as if in vacuo, and thrilling with despair,
Some secret Demon seem'd to pass his fingers through my hair.
I could not stir—I could not speak—I could not even see—
A sudden mist rose up between that awful Mare and me,—
I tried to pray, but found no words—tho' ready ripe to weep,
No tear would flow,—o'er ev'ry sense a swoon began to creep,—
When lo! to bring my horrid fate at once unto the brunt,
Two Arabs seized me from behind, two others in the front,
And ere a muscle could be strung to try the strife forlorn,
I found myself, Mazeppa-like, upon the Desert-Born!

Terrific was the neigh she gave, the moment that my weight
Was felt upon her back, as if exulting in her freight;
Whilst dolefully I heard a voice that set each nerve ajar,—
"Off with the bridle—quick!—and leave his guidance to his star!"

"Allah! il Allah!" rose the shout,—and starting with a bound,
The dreadful Creature clear'd at once a dozen yards of ground;
And grasping at her mane with both my cold convulsive hands,
Away we flew—away! away! across the shifting sands!
My eyes were closed in utter dread of such a fearful race,
But yet by certain signs I knew we went no earthly pace,
For turn whichever way we might, the wind with equal force
Rush'd like a torrid hurricane still adverse to our course—
One moment close at hand I heard the roaring Syrian Sea,
The next it only murmur'd like the humming of a bee!
And when I dared at last to glance across the wild immense,
Oh, ne'er shall I forget the whirl that met the dizzy sense!

What seem'd a little sprig of fern, ere lips could reckon twain,
A palm of forty cubits high, we passed it on the plain!
What tongue could, tell—what pencil paint,—what pen describe the ride?
Now off—now on—now up—now down,—and flung from side to side!
I tried to speak, but had no voice, to soothe her with its tone—
My scanty breath was jolted out with many a sudden groan—
My joints were rack'd—my back was strain'd, so firmly I had clung—
My nostrils gush'd, and thrice my teeth had bitten through my tongue—
When lo!—farewell all hope of life!—she turn'd and faced the rocks,
None but a flying horse could clear those monstrous granite blocks!
So thought I,—but I little knew the desert pride and fire,
Derived from a most deer-like dam, and lion-hearted sire;
Little I guess'd the energy of muscle, blood, and bone,
Bound after bound, with eager springs, she clear'd each massive stone;—
Nine mortal leaps were pass'd before a huge grey rock at length
Stood planted there as if to dare her utmost pitch of strength—
My time was come! that granite heap my monument of death!
She paused, she snorted loud and long, and drew a fuller breath;
Nine strides and then a louder beat that warn'd me of her spring,
I felt her rising in the air like eagle on the wing—

But oh! the crash!—the hideous shock!—the million sparks around!
Her hindmost hoofs had struck the crest of that prodigious mound!
Wild shriek'd the headlong Desert-Born — or else 'twas demon's mirth,
One second more, and Man and Mare roll'd breathless on the earth!

* * * * *

How long it was I cannot tell ere I revived to sense,
And then but to endure the pangs of agony intense;
For over me lay powerless, and still as any stone,
The Corse that erst had so much fire, strength, spirit, of its own.
My heart was still—my pulses stopp'd—midway 'twixt life and death,
With pain unspeakable I fetch'd the fragment of a breath,
Not vital air enough to frame one short and feeble sigh,
Yet even that I loath'd because it would not let me die.
Oh, slowly, slowly, slowly on, from starry night till morn,
Time flapp'd along, with leaden wings, across that waste forlorn!
I cursed the hour that brought me first within this world of strife—
A sore and heavy sin it is to scorn the gift of life—
But who hath felt a horse's weight oppress his labouring breast?
Why any who has had, like me, the NIGHT MARE on his chest.

ODE TO DOCTOR HAHNEMANN,

THE HOMŒOPATHIST.

—♦—

Well, Doctor,
Great concoctor
Of medicines to help in man's distress;
Diluting down the strong to meek,
And making ev'n the weak more weak,
"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less"—
Founder of a new system economic,
To druggists anything but comic;
Framed the whole race of Ollapods to fret,
At profits, like thy doses, very small;
To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,
Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place,—
And show us old Apothecaries' Hall
"To Let."

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,
Or, well as can expected be, with such
A style of practice, liberally giving
"A sum of more to that which had too much?"
Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?
Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?
Do fevers yield to anything that's hot?
Or hearty dinners neutralise a surfeit?
Is't good advice for gastronomic ills,
When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
To cry "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
Take a hard dumpling?"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,
And tell me honestly without a diddle,
Does an attenuated dose of rosin
Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle?*
Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,
Like eels just caught by sniggle,
Martyrs to some acidity internal,
That gives them pangs infernal,
Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges;
Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,
Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,
The half of half, of half, a drop of "*varges?*"

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,
A soldier pillow'd on a heap of slain,
In urgent want both of a priest and proctor;
When lo! there comes a man in green and red,
A featherless cock'd-hat adorns his head,
In short a Saxon military doctor—
Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,
To cure a horrid gaping wound,
Made by a ball that weigh'd a pound,
If he well pepper'd it with number six?

Suppose a felon doom'd to swing
Within a *rope*,
Might friends not hope
To cure him with a *string?*
Suppose his breath arrived at a full stop,
The shades of death in a black cloud before him,
Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop
Restore him?

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
Snapping to left and right,
And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,
Terrific sounds,
The pallid neighbourhood with horror cowing,
To hit the proper homœopathic mark;
Now, might not "the last taste in life" of *bark*,
Stop his *bow-wow-ing*?
Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
Would he not mend, if with all proper care,
He took "*a hair*
Of the dog that bit him?"

Picture a man—we'll say a Dutch Meinheer—
In evident emotion,
Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,
Owning those symptoms queer—
Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,
Can anything in life be more pathetic
Than when he turns to us his wretched face?—
But would it mend his case
To be decillionth-dosed
With something like the ghost
Of an emetic?

Lo! now a darken'd room!
Look through the dreary gloom,
And see that coverlet of wildest form,
Tost like the billows in a storm,
Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges
A ghastly head!
While two impatient arms still beat the bed,
Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges;

There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,
With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—
What shall support the body in its trial,
Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,
And tame the raging malady within—
A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial?

Oh! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh,
And cry together, half and half,
Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,
To think, whilst I have crow'd like chanticleer,
Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
Hath gush'd, with my light levity at schism,
To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism!
Perchance, on thy own system, I have given
A pang superfluous to the pains of Sorrow,
Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;
Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
Sighing to one sad strain,
"She will not come again,
To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow!"

Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe
A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,
Inserting a few serious words by stealth;
Above all price of wealth
The Body's Jewel,—not for minds profane,
Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—
Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.
A heavenly gift within a holy shrine!
To be approach'd and touch'd with serious fear,
By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,
Even as the Priesthood of the ONE divine!

But, zounds! each fellow with a suit of black,
And, strange to fame,
With a diploma'd name,
That carries two more letters pick-a-back,
With cane, and snuff-box, powder'd wig, and block,
Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrism,
And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism,
Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock;
Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,
Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,
Who having some such time-keeper on trial,
And finding it too fast, enforced the dial,
To strike upon the Homœopathic plan
Of fourteen to the dozen?

Take my advice, 'tis given without a fee,
Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms deep
Like Prospero's beneath the briny sea,
For spells of magic have all gone to sleep!
Leave no decillionth fragment of your works,
To help the interests of quacking Burkes;
Aid not in murdering even widow's mites,—
And now forgive me for my candid zeal,
I had not said so much, but that I feel
Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,
An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

A PASTORAL REPORT.

ONE Sunday morning—service done—
'Mongst tombstones shining in the sun,
A knot of bumpkins stood to chat
Of that and this, and this and that;
What people said of Polly Hatch—
Which side had won the cricket match;
And who was cotch'd, and who was bowl'd;—
How barley, beans, and 'taters sold—
What men could swallow at a meal—
When Bumstead Youths would ring a peal—
And who was taken off to jail—
And where they brew'd the strongest ale—
At last this question they address,
"What's Agricultural Distress?"

HODGE.

"For my peart, it's a thought o' mine,
It be the fancy farming line,
Like yonder gemman,—him I mean,
As took the Willa nigh the Green,—
And turn'd his cattle in the wheat;
And gave his porkers hay to eat;
And sent his footman up to town,
To ax the Lonnon gentry down,
To be so kind as make his hay
Exactly on St. Swithin's day;—

With consequences you may guess—
That's Hagricultural Distress."

DICKON.

"Last Monday morning, Master Blogg
Com'd for to stick our bacon-hog;
But th' hog he cook'd a knowing eye,
As if he twigg'd the reason why,
And dodged and dodged 'un such a dance,
He didn't give the noose a chance;
So Master Blogg at last lays off,
And shams a rattle at the trough,
When swish! in bolts our bacon-hog
Atwixt the legs o' Master Blogg,
And flops him down in all the muck,
As hadn't been swept up by luck—
Now that, accordin' to my guess,
Be Hagricultural Distress."

GILES.

"No, that arn't it, I tell'ee flat;
I'ze bring a worser case nor that!
Last Friday week, I takes a start
To Reading, with our horse and cart;
Well, when I'ze set the 'taters down,
I meets a crony at the Crown;
And what betwixt the ale and Tom,
It's dark afore I starts for home;
So whipping hard, by long and late,
At last we reaches nigh the gate,
And, sure enough, there Master stand,
A lantern flaring in his hand,—

'Why, Giles,' says he, 'what's that 'un thear?
Yond' chestnut horse bean't my bay mear!
He bean't not worth a leg o' Bess!'
There's Hagricultural Distress!"

HOB.

"That's nothin' yet, to Tom's mishap!
A-gooing through the yard, poor chap,
Only to fetch his milking-pails,
When up he shies like head or tails;
Nor would the Bull let Tom a-be,
Till he had toss'd the best o' three;—
And there lies Tom with broken bones,
A surgeon's job for Doctor Jones;
Well, Doctor Jones lays down the law,
'There's two crackt ribs, besides a jaw,—
Eat well,' says he, 'stuff out your case,
For that will keep the ribs in place;'
But how was Tom, poor chap, to chaw,
Seeing as how he'd broke his jaw?
That's summut to the pint—yes, yes,
That's Hagricultural Distress!'

SIMON.

"Well, turn and turn about is fair:
Tom's bad anough, and so's the mare;
But nothing to my load of hay.
You see, 'twas hard on quarter-day,
And cash was wanted for the rent;
So up to Lonnon I was sent,
To sell as prime a load of hay
As ever dried on summer's day.

"Well, standing in Whitechapel Road,
A chap comes up to buy my load,
And looks, and looks about the cart,
Pretending to be 'cute and smart;
But no great judge, as people say,
'Cause why? he never smelt the hay.
Thinks I, as he's a simple chap,
He'll give a simple price mayhap,
Such buyers comes but now and then,
So slap I axes nine pun' ten.
'That's dear,' says he, and pretty quick
He taps his leathers with his stick.
'Suppose,' says he, 'we wet our clay,
Just while we bargin 'bout the hay.'
So in we goes, my chap and me;
He drinks to I, and I to he;
At last, says I, a little gay,
'It's time to talk about that hay.'
'Nine pund,' says he, 'and I'm your man,
Live, and let live—for that's my plan.'
'That's true,' says I, 'but still I say,
It's nine pun' ten for that 'ere hay.'
And so we chaffers for a bit,
At long and last the odds we split;
And off he sets to show the way,
Where up a yard I leaves the hay.
Then, from the pocket of his coat,
He pulls a book, and picks a note.
'That's Ten,' says he—'I hope to pay
Tens upon tens for loads of hay.'
'With all my heart, and soon,' says I,
And feeling for the change thereby;

But all my shillings com'd to five—
Says he, 'No matter man alive!
There's something in your honest phiz
I'd trust, if twice the sum it is;—
You'll pay next time you come to town.'
'As sure,' says I, 'as corn is brown.'
'All right,' says he.—Thinks I 'huzza!
He's got no bargain of the hay!'

"Well, home I goes, with empty cart,
Whipping the horses pretty smart,
And whistling ev'ry yard o' way,
To think how well I'd sold the hay—
And just cotch'd Master at his greens
And bacon, or it might be beans,
Which didn't taste the worse sure*ly*,
To hear his hay had gone so high.
But lord! when I laid down the note,
It stuck the victuals in his throat,
And choked him till his face all grew
Like pickling-cabbage, red and blue;
With such big goggle eyes, Ods nails!
They seem'd a-coming out like snails'!
'A note,' says he, half mad with passion,
'Why, thou dom'd fool? thou'st took a flash 'un!'
Now, wasn't that a pretty mess?
That's Hagricultural Distress."

COLIN.

"Phoo! phoo! You're nothing near the thing!
You only argy in a ring;
'Cause why? You never cares to look,
Like me, in any larned book;

But schollards know the wrong and right
Of every thing in black and white.

"Well, Farming, that's its common name,
And Agriculture be the same:
So put your Farming first, and next
Distress, and there you have your text.
But here the question comes to press,
What farming be, and what's distress?
Why, farming is to plough and sow,
Weed, harrow, harvest, reap and mow,
Thrash, winnow, sell,—and buy and breed
The proper stock to fat and feed.
Distress is want, and pain, and grief,
And sickness,—things as wants relief;
Thirst, hunger, age, and cold severe;
In short, ax any overseer,—
Well, now, the logic for to chop,
Where's the distress about a crop?
There's no distress in keeping sheep,
I likes to see 'em frisk and leap;
There's no distress in seeing swine
Grow up to pork and bacon fine;
There's no distress in growing wheat
And grass for men or beasts to eat;
And making of lean cattle fat,
There's no distress, of course, in that.
Then what remains?—But one thing more,
And that's the *Farming of the Poor!*"

HODGE, DICKON, GILES, HOB, AND SIMON.

"Yea!—aye!—sure*ly*!—for sartin!—yes!—
That's Hagricultural Distress!"

ODE TO MESSRS. GREEN, HOLLOND, AND MONCK MASON,

ON THEIR LATE BALLOON EXPEDITION.

"Here we go up, up, up,—and there we go down, down, downy."
Old Ballad.

O LOFTY-minded men!
Almost beyond the pitch of my goose pen!
And most inflated words!
Delicate Ariels! ethereals!—birds
Of passage! fliers! angels without wings!
Fortunate rivals of Icarian darings!
Male-witches, without broomsticks,—taking airings!
Kites—without strings!
Volatile spirits! light mercurial humours!
O give us soon your sky adventures truly,
With full particulars, correcting duly
All flying rumours!

Two-legg'd high-fliers!
What upper-stories you must have to tell!
And nobody can contradict you well,
Or call you liars!
Your Region of Romance will many covet;
Besides that, you may scribble what you will,
And this great luck will wait upon you, still
All criticism, you will be above it!
Write, then, Messrs. Monck Mason, Hollond, Green!
And tell us all you have, or havn't seen!—

['Twas kind, when the balloon went out of town,
To take Monck Mason up and set him down,
For when a gentleman is at a shift
For carriage—talk of carts and gigs, and coaches!
Nothing to a balloon approaches,
For giving one *a lift!*]
O say, when Mr. Frederick Gye
Seem'd but a speck—a mote—in friendship's eye,
Did any tongue confess a sort of dryness
Seeming the soaring rashness to rebuke;
Or did each feel himself, like Brunswick's Duke,
A most serene Highness!

Say, as you cross'd the Channel,
Well clothed in well air'd linen and warm flannel,
How did your company, perceived afar,
Affect the tar?
Methinks I see him cock his weather eye
Against the sky,
Turning his *ruminating* quid full oft,
With wonder sudden taken all aback—
"My eyes!" says he,
"I'm blow'd if there arn't *three!*
Three little Cherubs smiling up aloft,
A-watching for poor Jack!"

Of course, at such a height, the ocean
Affected no one by its motion—
But did internal comfort dwell with each,
Quiet and ease each comfortable skin in?
Or did brown Hollond of a sudden bleach
As white as Irish linen?

Changing his native hue,
Did Green look blue?—
In short was any air-sick? P'rhaps Monck Mason
Was forc'd to have an air-pump in a bason?

Say, with what sport, or pleasure,
Might you fill up your lofty leisure?
Like Scotchman, at High jinks?
(High-spy was an appropriate game methinks)
Or cards—but playing very high;—
Or skying coppers, almost to the sky;—
Or did you listen, the first mortal ears
That ever drank the music of the spheres?—
Or might you into vocal music get,
A trio—highly set?
Or, as the altitude so well allow'd,
Perchance, you "blew a cloud."
Say, did you find the air
Give you an appetite up there?
Your cold provisions—were you glad to meet 'em?
Or did you find your victuals all so *high*,—
Or blown so by your *fly*—
You couldn't eat 'em?

Of course, you took some wine to sup,
Although the circumstance has not been stated;
I envy you the effervescing cup!
Warn't your champagne *well up*?
Nay, you, yourselves, a little *elevated*?

Then, for your tea and breakfast, say,
Was it not something delicately new,

To get *sky-blue*
Right genuine from the real *milky way*?

Of course, you all agreed,
Whate'er your conversation was about,
Like friends indeed,—
And faith! not without need,
'Twas such an awkward place for *falling-out*!

Say, after your gastronomy,
Kept you a watch all night,
Marking the planets bright,
Like three more Airys, studying astronomy;
Or near the midnight chime,
Did some one haul his nightcap on his head,
Hold out his mounted watch, and say "*high* time
To go to bed?"

Didn't your coming scare
The sober Germans, until every cap
Rose lifted by a frighten'd fell of hair;
Meanwhile the very pipe, mayhap,
Extinguish'd, like the vital spark in death,
From wonder locking up the smoker's breath!
Didn't they crouch like chickens, when the kite
Hovers in sight,
To see your vehicle of huge dimension
Aloft, like Gulliver's Laputa—nay,
I'd better say,
The Island of Ascension?

Well was it plann'd
To come down thus into the German land,

Where Honours you may score by such event,—
For, if I read the prophecy aright,
You'll have the Eagle-Order for your flight,
And all be Von'd, because of your *descent!*

[It was during this year that the Copyright question began to occupy the public attention. On this subject my father wrote five letters—three during this year, just before the House of Commons was called on to legislate, and two more in 1842, when that so-called collective wisdom of England refused to protect and encourage England's men of letters. I believe my father was never very sanguine as to the result of the appeal to the Legislature: indeed, to have done anything so obviously and simply just, as to protect a man's mental property in the same way as his tangible goods and chattels, would have been a sufficient departure in that body from its usual line of conduct, to entitle it to the designation of a House of un-Commons.]

COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.

LETTER I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

My dear Sir,

I have read with much satisfaction the occasional exposures in your Journal of the glorious uncertainty of the Law of Copyright, and your repeated calls for its revision. It is high time, indeed, that some better system should be established; and I cannot but regret that the Legislature of our own country, which patronizes the great cause of liberty all over the world, has not taken the lead in protecting the common rights of Literature. We have a national interest in each; and their lots ought not to be cast asunder. The French, Prussian, and American governments, however, have already got the start of us, and are concerting

measures for suppressing those piracies, which have become, like the influenza, so alarmingly prevalent. It would appear, from the facts established, that an English book merely *transpires* in London, but is *published* in Paris, Brussels, or New York.

> 'Tis but to sail, and with to-morrow's sun
> The pirates will be *bound*.

Mr. Bulwer tells us of a literary gentleman who felt himself under the necessity of occasionally going abroad to preserve his self-respect; and, without some change, an author will equally be obliged to repair to another country to enjoy his circulation. As to the American reprints, I can personally corroborate your assertion, that heretofore a Transatlantic bookseller "has taken five hundred copies of a single work," whereas he now orders none, or merely a solitary one, to set up from. This, I hope, is a matter as important as the little question of etiquette, which, according to Mr. Cooper, the fifty millions will have to adjust. Before, however, any international arrangements be entered into, it seems only consistent with common sense that we should begin at home, and first establish what copyright *is* in Britain, and provide for its protection from native pirates or Book-aneers. I have learned, therefore, with pleasure, that the state of the law is to be brought under the notice of Parliament by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, who, from his legal experience and literary tastes, is so well qualified for the task. The grievances of authors have neither been loudly nor often urged on Lords or Commons; but their claims have long been lying on the library table, if not on the table of the House,—and methinks their wrongs have only to be properly stated to obtain redress. I augur for them at least a good hearing, for such seldom and low-toned appeals ought to find their way to organs as "deaf

to clamour" as the old citizen of Cheapside, who said that "the more noise there was in the street, the more he didn't hear it." In the meantime, as an author myself, as well as proprietor of copyrights in "a small way," I make bold to offer my own feelings and opinions on the subject, with some illustrations from what, although not a decidedly serious writer, I will call my experiences. And here I may appropriately plead my apology for taking on myself the cause of a fraternity of which I am so humble a member; but, in truth, this very position, which forbids vanity on my own account, favours my pride on that of others, and thus enables me to speak more becomingly of the deserts of my brethren, and the dignity of the craft. Like P. P., the Clerk of the Parish, who, with a proper reverence for his calling, confessed an elevation of mind in only considering himself as "a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron," I own to an inward exultation at being but a Precentor, as it were, in that worship which numbers Shakspeare and Milton amongst its priests. Moreover, now that the rank of authors, and the nature and value of literary property, are about to be discussed, and, I hope, established for ever, it becomes the duty of every literary man —as much as of a Peer when his Order is in question—to assert his station, and stand up manfully for the rights, honours, and privileges of the Profession to which he belongs. The question is not a mere sordid one—it is not a simple inquiry in what way the emoluments of literature may be best secured to the author or proprietors of a work; on the contrary, it involves a principle of grave importance, not only to literary men, but to those who love letters,—and, I will presume to say, to society at large. It has a moral as well as commercial bearing; for the Legislature will not have to decide *directly*, by a formal act, whether the literary interest is worthy of a place beside the shipping interest, the landed

interest, the funded interest, the manufacturing, and other public interests, but also it will have *indirectly* to determine whether literary men belong to the privileged class,—the higher, lower, or middle class,—the working class,—productive or unproductive class,—or, in short, to any class at all.* "Literary men," says Mr. Bulwer, "have not with us any fixed and settled position as men of letters." We have, like Mr. Cooper's American lady, no precedence. We are, in fact, nobodies. Our place, in turf language, is nowhere. Like certain birds and beasts of difficult classification, we go without any at all. We have no more caste than the Pariahs. We are on a par—according as we are scientific, theologic, imaginative, dramatic, poetic, historic, instructive, or amusing—with quack doctors, street-preachers, strollers, ballad-singers, hawkers of last dying speeches, Punch-and-Judies, conjurers, tumblers, and other "divarting vagabonds." We are as the Jews in the East, the Africans in the West, or the gipsies anywhere. We belong to those to whom nothing can belong. I have even misgivings—heaven help us—if an author have a parish! I have serious doubts if a work be a qualification for the workhouse! The law apparently cannot forget, or forgive, that Homer was a vagrant, Shakspeare a deer-stealer, Milton a rebel. Our very cracks tell against us in the statute; Poor Stoneblind, Bill the Poacher, and Radical Jack have been the ruin of our gang. We have neither character to lose nor property to protect. We are by law—outlaws, undeserving of civil rights. We may be robbed, libelled, outraged with impunity, being at the same time liable, for such offences, to all the rigour of the code. I will not adduce, as I could do, a long catalogue of the victims of this system which seems to have been drawn up by the "Lord of

* At a guess, I should say we were classed, in opposition to a certain literary sect, as Inutilitarians.

Misrule," and sanctioned by the "Abbot of Unreason." I will select, as Sterne took his captive, a single author. To add to the parallel, behold him in a prison! He is sentenced to remain there during the monarch's pleasure, to stand three times in the pillory, and to be amerced besides in the heavy sum of two hundred marks. The sufferer of this threefold punishment is one rather deserving of a triple crown, as a man, as an author, and as an example of that rare commercial integrity which does not feel discharged of its debts, though creditors have accepted a composition, till it has paid them in full. It is a literary offence—a libel, or presumed libel, which has incurred the severity of the law; but the same power that oppresses him, refuses or neglects to support him in the protection of his literary character and his literary rights. His just fame is depreciated by public slanderers, and his honest, honourable earnings are forestalled by pirates. Of one of his performances no less than twelve surreptitious editions are printed, and 80,000 copies are disposed of at a cheap rate in the streets of London. I am writing no fiction, though of one of fiction's greatest masters. That captive is —for he can never die—that captive author is Scott's, Johnson's, Blair's, Marmontel's, Lamb's, Chalmers's, Beattie's—good witnesses to character these!—every Englishman's, Britain's, America's, Germany's, France's, Spain's, Italy's, Arabia's; all the world's DANIEL DE FOE!

Since the age of the author of Robinson Crusoe, the law has doubtless altered in complexion, but not in character, towards his race. It no longer pillories an author who writes to the distaste, or, like poor Daniel, above the comprehension of the Powers that be, because it no longer pillories any one; but the imprisonment and the fines remain in force. The title of a book is, in legal phrase, the worst title there is. Literary property is the lowest in the market. It is declared

by law worth only so many years' purchase, after which the private right becomes common; and in the meantime, the estate being notoriously infested with poachers, is as remarkably unprotected by game laws. An author's winged thoughts, though laid, hatched, bred, and fed within his own domain, are less his property than is the bird of passage that of the lord of the manor, on whose soil it may happen to alight. An author cannot employ an armed keeper to protect his preserves; he cannot apply to a pindar to arrest the animals that trespass on his grounds;—nay, he cannot even call in a common constable to protect his purse on the King's highway! I have had thoughts myself of seeking the aid of a policeman, but counsel, learned in the law, have dissuaded me from such a course! there was no way of defending myself from the petty thief but by picking my own pocket! Thus I have been compelled to see my own name attached to catch-penny works, none of mine, hawked about by placard-men in the street; I, who detest the puffing system, have apparently been guilty of the gross forwardness of walking the pavement by proxy for admirers, like the dog Bashaw! I have been made, nominally, to ply at stage-coach windows with my wares, like Isaac Jacobs with his cheap pencils, and Jacob Isaacs with his cheap pen-knives, to cut them with:—and without redress, for, whether I had placed myself in the hands of the law, or taken the law in my own hands, as any bumpkin in a barn knows, there is nothing to be thrashed out of a man of straw. Now, with all humility, if my poor name be any recommendation of a book, I conceive I am entitled to reserve it for my own benefit. What says the proverb?—"When your name is up you may lie abed;" but what says the law?—at least, if the owner of the name be an author. Why, that any one may steal his bed from under him and sell it; that is to say, his reputation, and the revenue

which it may bring. In the meantime, for other street frauds there is a summary process: the vender of a flash watch, or a razor "made to sell," though he appropriates no maker's name, is seized without ceremony by A 1, carried before B 2, and committed to C 3, as regularly as a child goes through its alphabet and numeration. They have defrauded the public, forsooth, and the public has its prompt remedy; but for the literary man, thus doubly robbed, of his money and his reputation, what is his redress but by injunction, or action against walking shadows?—a truly homœopathic remedy, which pretends to cure by aggravating the disease. I have thus shown how an author may be robbed; for if the works thus offered at an unusually low price be genuine, they must have been dishonestly obtained—the brooms were stolen ready made; if, on the contrary, they be counterfeit, I apprehend there will be little difficulty in showing how an author may be practically libelled with equal impunity. For anything I know, the Peripatetic Philosophy ascribed to me by the above itinerants, might be heretical, damnable, libellous, vicious, or obscene; whilst, for anything they knew to the contrary, the purchasers must have held me responsible for the contents of the volumes, which went abroad so very publicly under my name. I know, indeed, that parties thus deceived have expressed their regret and astonishment that I could be guilty of such prose, verse, and worse, as they had met with under my signature. I believe I may cite the well-known Mr. George Robins as a purchaser of one of the counterfeits; and if he, perhaps, eventually knocked me down as a street-preacher of infidelity, sedition, or immorality, it was neither his fault nor mine. I may here refer, *en passant*—for illustrations are plenty as blackberries—to a former correspondence in the *Athenæum*, in which I had, in common with Mr. Poole and the late Mr. Colman, to

disclaim any connection with a periodical in which I was advertised as a contributor. There was more recently, and probably still is, one Marshall, of Holborn Bars, who publicly claims me as a writer in his pay, with as much right to the imprint of my name, as a print collector has to the engravings in another man's portfolio; but against this man I have taken no rash steps, otherwise called legal, knowing that I might as well appeal to Martial Law versus Marshall, as to any other. As a somewhat whimsical case, I may add the following:—Mr. Chappell, the music-seller, agreed to give me a liberal sum for the use of any ballad I might publish; and another party, well known in the same line, applied to me for a formal permission to publish a little song of mine, which a lady had done me the honour of setting to an original melody. Here seemed to be a natural recognition of copyright, and the moral sense of justice standing instead of law; but in the meantime a foreign composer— I forget his name, but it was set in G——, took a fancy to some of my verses, and without the semiquaver of a right, or the demisemiquaver of an apology, converted them to his own use. I remonstrated, of course; and the reply, based on the assurance of impunity, not only admitted the fact, but informed me that Monsieur, not finding my lines agree with his score, had taken the liberty of altering them at my risk. Now, I would confidently appeal to the highest poets in the land, whether they do not feel it quite responsibility enough to be accountable for their own lays in the mother tongue! but to be answerable also for the attempts in English verse by a foreigner—and, above all, a Frenchman—is really too much of a bad thing!

Would it be too much to request of the learned Serjeant who has undertaken our cause, that he would lay these cases before Parliament? Noble Lords and Honourable

Gentlemen come down to their respective Houses, in a fever of nervous excitement, and shout of "Privilege! Breach of Privilege!" because their speeches have been erroneously reported, or their meaning garbled in perhaps a single sentence; but how would they relish to see whole speeches, —nay, pamphlets,—they had never uttered or written, paraded, with their names, styles, and titles at full length, by those placarding walkers, who, like fathers of lies, or rather mothers of them, carry one staring falsehood pick-a-back, and another at the bosom? How would those gentlemen like to see extempore versions of their orations done into English by a native of Paris, and published, as the pig ran, down all sorts of streets? Yet to similar nuisances are authors exposed without adequate means of abating them. It is often better, I have been told, to abandon one's rights than to defend them at law,—a sentence that will bear a particular application to literary grievances. For instance, the law would have something to say to a man who claimed his neighbour's umbrella as his own parasol, because he had cut off a bit round the rim: yet, by something of a similar process, the better part of a book may be appropriated—and this is so *civil* an offence, that any satisfaction at law is only to be obtained by a very costly and doubtful course. There was even a piratical work, which,—to adopt Burke's paradoxical style,—disengenuously ingenuous and dishonestly honest, assumed the plain title of "The Thief," professing, with the connivance of the law, to steal all its materials. How this Thief died I know not; but as it was a literary thief, I would lay long odds that the law was not its finisher.

These piracies are naturally most injurious to those authors whose works are of a fugitive nature, or on topics of temporary interest; but there are writers of a more solid

stamp—of a higher order of mind or nobler ambition, who devote themselves to the production of works of permanent value and utility. Such works often creep but slowly into circulation and repute, but then become classics for ever. And what encouragement or reward does the law hold forth to such contributors to our Standard National Literature? Why, that after a certain lapse of years, coinciding probably with the term requisite to establish the sterling character of the work, or, at least, to procure its general recognition—then, aye, just then, when the literary property is realised, when it becomes exchangeable against the precious metals, which are considered by some political and more practical economists as the standard of value—the law decrees that then all right or interest in the book shall expire in the author, and by some strange process, akin to the Hindoo transmigrations, revive in the great body of the booksellers. And here arises a curious question. After the copyright has so lapsed, suppose that some speculative publisher, himself an amateur writer, should think fit to abridge, or expand the author's matter—extenuate or aggravate his arguments—French polish his style—Johnsonise his phraseology—or even, like Winifred Jenkins, wrap his own "bit of nonsense under his Honor's kiver,"—is there any legal provision extant to which the injured party could appeal for redress of such an outrage on all that is left to him, his reputation? I suspect there is none whatever. There is yet another singular result from this state of the law, which I beg leave to illustrate by my own case. If I may modestly appropriate a merit, it is that, whatever my faults, I have at least been a decent writer. In a species of composition, where, like the ignis fatuus that guides into a bog, a glimmer of the ridicrous is apt to lead the fancy into an indelicacy, I feel some honest pride in remembering that the reproach of

impurity has never been cast upon me by my judges. It has not been my delight to exhibit the Muse, as it has tenderly been called, "high-kilted." I have had the gratification, therefore, of seeing my little volumes placed in the hands of boys and girls; and as I have children of my own, to, I hope, survive me, I have the inexpressible comfort of thinking that hereafter they will be able to cast their eyes over the pages inscribed with my name, without a burning blush on their young cheeks to reflect that the author was their father. So whispers Hope, with the dulcet voice and the golden hair; but what thunders Law, of the iron tone and the frizzled wig? "Decent as thy Muse may be now—a *delicate* Ariel—she shall be indecent and indelicate hereafter! She shall class with the bats and the fowls obscene! The slow reward of thy virtue shall be the same as the prompt punishment of vice. Thy copyright shall depart from thee—it shall be everybody's and anybody's, and 'no man shall call it his own!'"

Verily, if such be the proper rule of copyright, for the sake of consistency two very old copywriters should be altered to match, and run thus:—"Virtue is its own *punishment!*"—"Age commands *disrespect!*"

To return to the author, whose fame is slow and sure—to be its own reward,—should he be dependent, as is often the case, on the black and white bread of literature—should it be the profession by which he lives, it is evident that under such a system he must beg, run into debt, or starve. And many have been beggars—many have got into debt; it is hardly possible to call up the ghost of a literary hero, without the apparition of a catchpole at his elbow, for, like Jack the Giant-killer, our elder worthies, who had the Cap of Knowledge, found it equally convenient to be occasionally invisible, as well as to possess the Shoes of Swiftness,—and

some have starved! Could the "Illustrious Dead" arise, after some Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund, and walk in procession round the table, like the resuscitated objects of the Royal Humane Society, what a melancholy exhibition they would make! I will not marshal them forth in order, but leave the show to the imagination of the reader. I doubt whether the Illustrious Living would make a much brighter muster. Supposing a general summons, how many day-rules—how many incognitos from abroad—how many visits to Monmouth Street would be necessary to enable the members to put in an appearance! I fear, Heaven forgive me! some of our nobles even would show only Three Golden Balls in their coronets! If we do not actually starve or die by poison in this century, it is, perhaps, owing partly to the foundation of the Literary Fund, and partly to the invention of the Stomach Pump; but the truly abject state of Literature may be gathered from the fact, that, with a more accurate sense of the destitution of the Professors, than of the dignity of the Profession, a proposal has lately been brought forward for the erection of alms-houses for paupers of "learning and genius," who have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, under the specious name of Literary *Retreats*, or as a military man would technically and justly read such a record of our failures, Literary *Defeats*. Nor is this the climax: the proposal names half a dozen of these humble abodes to "make a beginning" with—a mere brick of the building—as if the projector, in his mind's eye, saw a whole Mile End Road of one-storied tenements in the shell, stretching from Number Six—and "to be continued!"

> "Visions of paupers, spare my aching sight,
> Ye unbuilt houses, crowd not on my soul!"

I do hope, before we are put into yellow-leather very small-

clothes, muffin-caps, green-baize coats and badges, — and made St. Minerva's charity-boys at once,—for *that* must be the first step,—that the Legislature will interfere, and endeavour to provide better for our sere and yellow leaves, by protecting our black and white ones. Let the law secure to us a fair chance of getting our own, and perhaps, with proper industry, we may be able — who knows?— to build little snuggeries for ourselves. Under the present system, the chances are decidedly against a literary man's even laying a good foundation of French bricks. To further illustrate the nature of a copyright, we will suppose that an author retains it, or publishes, as it is called, on his own account. He will then have to divide amongst the trade, in the shape of commission, allowances, &c., from 40 to 45 per cent. of the gross proceeds, leaving the Stationer, Printer, Binder, Advertising, and all other expenses to be paid out of the remainder. And here arise two important contingencies. 1st. In order that the author may know the true number of the impression, and, consequently, the correct amount of the sale, it is necessary that his publisher should be honest. 2ndly. For the author to duly receive his profits, his publisher must be solvent. I intend no disrespect to the trade in general by naming these conditions; but I am bound to mention them, as risks adding to the insecurity of the property: as two hurdles which the rider of Pegasus may have to clear in his course to be a winner. If I felt inclined to reflect on the trade, it would be to censure those dishonest members of it, who set aside a principle in which the interests of authors and booksellers are identical—the inviolability of copyright. I need not point out the notorious examples of direct piracy at home, which have made the foreign offences comparatively venial; nor yet those more oblique plagiarisms, and close parodies, which are alike hurtful in their degree. Of the

evil of these latter practices I fear our bibliopoles are not sufficiently aware; but that man deserves to have his head published in foolscap, who does not see that whatever temporary advantages a system of piracy may hold out, the consequent swamping of Literature will be ruinous to the trade, till eventually it may dwindle down to Four-and-Twenty Booksellers all in a Row,—and all in "the *old* book line," pushing off back-stock and bartering remainders.

But my letter is exceeding all reasonable length, and I will reserve what else I have to say till next post.

LETTER II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

MY DEAR SIR,

I have, perhaps, sufficiently illustrated the state of copyright, bad as it is, without the help of Foreign intervention: not, however, without misgivings that I shall be suspected of quoting from some burlesque code, drawn up by a Rabelais in ridicule of the legislative efforts of a community of ourang-outangs—or a sample by Swift, of the Constitution of the Sages of Laputa. I have proved that literary property might almost be defined, reversing the common advertisement, as something of use to everybody but the owner. To guard this precarious possession I have shown how the law provides, 1st, That if a work be of temporary interest it shall virtually be free for any Bookaneer to avail himself of its pages and its popularity with impunity. 2ndly. That when time has stamped a work as of permanent value, the copyright shall belong to anybody or nobody. I may now add, —as if to "huddle jest upon jest,"—that the mere registry

of a work, to entitle it to this precious protection, incurs a fee of eleven copies—in value, it might happen, some hundreds of pounds! Then to protect the author,—"aye, such protection as vultures give to lambs,"—I have instanced how he is responsible for all he writes—and subject, for libel and so forth, to fines and imprisonments—how he may libel by proxy—and how he may practically be libelled himself without redress. I have evidenced how the law, that protects his brass-plate on the door, will wink at the stealing of his name by a brazen pirate; howbeit the author, for only accommodating himself by a forgery, might be transported beyond seas. I have set forth how, though he may not commit any breach of privilege, he may have his own words garbled, Frenchified, transmogrified, garnished, taken in or let out like old clothes, turned, dyed and altered. I have proved, in short, according to my first position, that in the evil eye of the law, "we have neither character to lose nor property to protect,"—that there is "one law for the rich and another for the poor" (alias author)—and that the weights and scales which Justice uses in literary matters ought to be broken before her face by the petty jury.

And now let me ask, is this forlorn state—its professors thus degradingly appreciated, its products thus shabbily appraised—the proper condition of literature? The liberty of the press is boasted of as a part of the British constitution: but might it not be supposed that, in default of a censorship, some cunning Machiavel had devised a sly underplot for the discouragement of letters—an occult conspiracy to present "men of learning and genius" to the world's eye in the pitiful plight of poor devils, starvelings, mumpers, paupers, vagrants, loose fish, jobbers, needy and seedy ones, nobodies, ne'er-do-weels, shy coves, strollers, creatures, wretches, objects, small debtors, borrowers, dependents, lack-

pennies, half-sirs, clapper-dudgeons, scamps, insolvents, maunderers, blue-gowns, bedesmen, scarecrows, fellows about town, sneaks, scrubs, shabbies, rascal deer of the herd, animals "wi' letter'd braw brass collars"—but poor dogs for all that? Our family tree is ancient enough, for it is coeval with knowledge; and Mythology, the original Heralds' College, has assigned us a glorious blazonry. But would not one believe that some sneering Mephistopheles, willing to pull down "God Almighty's gentlemen," had sought to supply the images of their heraldry with a scurvier gloss; e. g. a Lady Patroness with an ægis, that gives more stones than bread: a Patron who dispenses sunshine in lieu of coal and candle: nine elderly spinsters, who have never married for want of fortune: a horse with wings, that failing oats he may fly after the chaff that is driven before the wind: a forked mount, and no knife to it: a lot of bay leaves—and no custards: a spring of Adam's ale! In fact, all the standing jests and taunts at authors and authorship, have their point in poverty: such as Grub-street—first floors down the chimney—sixpenny ordinaries—second hand suits—shabby blacks, holes at the elbow—and true as epaulette to the shoulder the hand of the bumbailiff!

Unfortunately, as if to countenance such a plot as I have hypothetically assumed above, there is a marked disproportion, as compared with other professions, in the number of literary men who are selected for public honours and employments. So far indeed from their having, as a body, any voice in the senate, they have scarcely a vote at the hustings; for the system under which they suffer is hardly adapted to make them forty-shilling freeholders, much less to enable them to qualify for seats in the House. A jealous-minded person might take occasion to say, that this was but a covert mode of effecting the exclusion of men whom the gods have

made poetical, and whose voices might sound more melodious and quite as pregnant with meaning as many a *vox et prætera nihil* that is lifted up to Mr. Speaker. A literary man, indeed,—Sheridan,—is affirmed by Lord Byron to have delivered the best speech that was ever listened to in Parliament,—and it would even add force to the insinuation that the rotten boroughs, averred to be the only gaps by which men merely rich in learning and genius could creep into the Commons, have been recently stopped up. Of course such a plot cannot be entertained; but in the meantime the effect is the same, and whilst an apparent slight is cast upon literature, the senate has probably been deprived of the musical wisdom of many wonderful Talking Birds, through the want of the Golden Waters. For instance, it might not only be profitable to hear such a man as Southey, who has both read history and written history, speak to the matter in hand, when the affairs of nations are discussed, and the beacon lights of the past may be made to reflect a guiding ray into the London-like fogs of the future. I am quite aware that literary genius *per se* is not reckoned a sufficient qualification for a legislator:—perhaps not—but why is not a poet as competent to discuss questions concerning the public welfare, the national honour, the maintenance of morals and religion, or the education of the people, as a gentleman, without a touch of poetry about him, who had been schooling his intellects for the evening's debate by a course of morning whist? Into some of these honorary memberships, so to speak, a few distinguished men of letters might be safely franked—and if they did not exactly turn up trumps—I mean statesmen,—they would serve to do away with an awkward impression that literature, which as a sort of Natural religion is the best ally of the Revealed one, has been kindly denied any share in that affectionate

relationship which obtains between Church and State. As for the Upper House, I will not presume to say whether the dignity of that illustrious assembly would have been impaired or otherwise by the presence of a Baron with the motto of *Poeta nascitur, non fit;* supposing Literature to have taken a seat in the person of Sir Walter Scott beside the Lords of law and war. It is not for me to decide whether the brain-bewitching art be worthy of such high distinction as the brain-bewildering art, or that other one described by a bard, himself a Peer; but in the absence of such creations it seems a peculiar hardship that men of letters should not have been selected for distinctions; the "Blue Ribbon of Literature" for instance, most legitimately their due. Finally, as if to aggravate these neglects, literary men have not been consoled, as is usual, for the loss of more airy gratifications by a share in what Justice Greedy would call "the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials." They have been treated as if they were unworthy of public employments, at least with two exceptions—Burns, who held a post very much under Government, and Wordsworth, who shares the reproach of "the loaves and fishes" for penny rolls and sprats. The want of business-like habits, it is true, has been alleged against the fraternity; but even granting such deficiency, might not the most practical Idlers, Loungers and Ramblers of them all fill their posts quite as efficiently as those personages who are paid for having nothing to do, and never neglect their duty? Not that I am an admirer of sinecures, except in the Irishman's acceptation of the word;* but may not

* One Patrick Maguire. He had been appointed to a situation the reverse of a place of all work; and his friends, who called to congratulate him, were very much astonished to see his face lengthen on receipt of the news. "A sinecure is it!" exclaimed Pat. "The divil thank them for that same. Sure I know what a sinecure is. It's a place where there's nothing to do, and they pay ye by the piece."

such bonuses to gentlemen who write as little as they well can, viz., their names to the receipts, appear a little like a wish to discountenance those other gentlemen who write as much as they well can, and are at the expense of printing it besides?

I had better here enter a little protest against these remarks being mistaken for the splenetic and wrathful ebullitions of a morbid or addled egotism. I have not "deviated into the gloomy vanity of drawing from self;" I charge the State, it is true, with backing literature as the champion backed Cato—that is to say, tail foremost—but I am far from therefore considering myself as an overlooked, underkept, wet-blanketed, hid-under-a-bushel, or lapped-in-a-napkin individual. I have never, to my knowledge, displayed any remarkable aptitude for business, any decided predilection for politics, or unusual mastery in political economy—any striking talent at "a multiplicity of talk,"—and withal, I am a very indifferent hand at a rubber. I have never, like Bubb Doddington, expressed a determined ambition "to make a public figure—I had not decided what, but a public figure I was resolved to make." Nay, more, in a general view, I am not anxious to see literary men "giving up to a party what was meant for mankind," or hanging like sloths on the "branches of the revenue," or even engrossing working situations, such as gauger-ships, to the exclusion of humbler individuals, who, like Dogberry, have the natural gifts of reading and writing, and nothing else. Neither am I eager to claim for them those other distinctions, titles, and decorations, the dignity of which requires a certain affluence of income for its support. A few orders indeed, domestic or foreign, conferred through a bookseller, hang not ungracefully on an author, at the same time that they help to support his slender revenue; but there would be something

too ludicrous even for my humour, in a star—and no coat; a Garter—and no stocking; a coronet—and no nightcap; a collar—and no shirt! Besides, the creatures have, like the glow-worm and the firefly (but at the head instead of the tail), a sort of splendour of their own, which makes them less in need of any adventitious lustre. If I have dwelt on the dearth of state patronage, public employments, honours and emoluments, it was principally to correct a Vulgar Error, not noticed by Sir Thomas Browne; namely, that poets and their kind are "marigolds in the sun's eye,"—the world's favourite and pet children; whereas they are in reality its snubbed ones. It was to show that Literature, neglected by the government, and unprotected by the law, was placed in a false position; whereby its professors present such anomalous phenomena as high priests of knowledge—without a surplus; enlarged minds in the King's Bench; schoolmasters obliged to be abroad; great scholars without a knife and fork and spoon; master minds at journeywork; moral magistrates greatly underpaid; immortals without a living; menders of the human heart breaking their own; mighty intellects begrudged their mite; great wits jumping into nothing good; ornaments to their country put on the shelf; constellations of genius under a cloud; eminent pens quite stumped up; great lights of the age with a thief in them; prophets to booksellers;—my ink almost blushes from black to red whilst marking such associations of the divine ore with the earthly—but, methinks, 'tis the metal of one of the scales in which we are weighed and found wanting. Poverty is the badge of all our tribe, and its reproach. There is, for instance, a well-known taunt against a humble class of men, who live by their pens, which, girding not at the quality of their work, but the rate of its remuneration, twits them as penny-a-liners! Can the world be aware of the range of the

shaft? What, pray, was glorious John Milton, upon whom rested an after-glow of the holy inspiration of the sacred writers, like the twilight bequeathed by a midsummer sun? Why he was, as you may reckon any time in his divine Paradise Lost, not even a ha'penny-a-liner! We have no proof that Shakspere, the high priest of humanity, was even a farthing-a-liner, and we know that Homer not only sold his lines "gratis for nothing," but gave credit to all eternity! If I wrong the world I beg pardon—but I really believe it invented the phrase of the *republic* of letters, to insinuate that taking the whole lot of authors together, they have not got a *sovereign* amongst them!

I have now reduced Literature, as an arithmetician would say, to its lowest terms. I have shown her like Misery,—

> "For Misery is trodden on by many,
> And, being low, never relieved by any,"—

fairly ragged, beggar'd, and down in the dust, having been robbed of her last farthing by a pickpocket (that's a pirate). There she sits, like Diggon Davie—"Her was her while it was daylight, but now her is a most wretched wight," or rather like a crazy Kate; a laughing-stock for the mob (that's the world), unprotected by the constable (that's the law), threatened by the beadle (that's the law too), repulsed from the workhouse by the overseer (that's the government), and denied any claim on the parish funds. Agricultural distress is a fool to it! One of those counterfeit cranks, to quote from "The English Rogue," "such as pretend to have the falling sickness, and by putting a piece of white soap into the corner of their mouths will make the froth come boiling forth, to cause pity in the beholders."

If we inquire into the causes of this depression, some must undoubtedly be laid at the doors of literary men themselves;

but perhaps the greater proportion may be traced to the want of any definite ideas amongst people in general, on the following particulars:—1. How an author writes. 2. Why an author writes. 3. What an author writes. And firstly, as to how he writes, upon which head there is a wonderful diversity of opinions; one thinks that writing is "as easy as lying," and pictures the author sitting carefully at his desk "with his glove on," like Sir Roger de Coverley's poetical ancestor. A second holds that "the easiest reading is d—d hard writing," and imagines Time himself beating his brains over an extempore. A third believes in inspiration, i. e., that metaphors, quotations, classical allusions, historical illustrations, and even dramatic plots—all come to the waking author by intuition; whilst ready-made poems, like Coleridge's Kubla Khan, are dictated to him in his sleep. Of course the estimate of his desert will rise or fall according to the degree of learned labour attributed to the composition: he who sees in his mind's eye a genius of the lamp, consuming gallons on gallons of midnight oil—will assign a rate of reward, regulated probably by the success of the Hull whalers; whilst the believer in inspiration will doubtless conceive that the author ought to be fed as well as prompted by miracle, and accordingly bid him look up, like the apostle on the old Dutch tiles, for a bullock coming down from heaven in a bundle. 2ndly. *Why* an author writes; and there is as wide a patchwork of opinions on this head as on the former. Some think that he writes for the present—others, that he writes for posterity—and a few, that he writes for antiquity. One believes that he writes for the benefit of the world in general—his own excepted—which is the opinion of the law. A second conceives that he writes for the benefit of booksellers in particular—and this is the trade's opinion. A third takes it for granted that he writes

for nobody's benefit but his own—which is the opinion of the green-room. He is supposed to write for fame—for money—for amusement—for political *ends*—and, by certain schoolmasters, "to improve his mind." Need it be wondered at, that in this uncertainty as to his motives, the world sometimes perversely gives him anything but the thing he wants. Thus the rich author, who yearns for fame, gets a pension; the poor one, who hungers for bread, receives a diploma from Aberdeen; the writer for amusement has the pleasure of a mohawking review in a periodical; and the gentleman in search of a place has an offer from a sentimental milliner! 3rdly. *What* an author writes. The world is so much of a Champollion, that it can understand hieroglyphics, if nothing else; it can comprehend outward visible signs, and grapple with a tangible emblem. It knows that a man on a table stands for patriotism, a man in a pulpit for religion, and so on, but it is a little obtuse as to what it reads in King Cadmus's types. A book hangs out no sign. Thus persons will go through a chapter, enforcing some principal duty of man towards his Maker or his neighbour, without discovering that, in all but the name, they have been reading a sermon. A solid mahogany pulpit is wanting to such a perception. They will con over an essay, glowing with the most ardent love of liberty, instinct with the noblest patriotism, and replete with the soundest maxims of polity, without the remotest notion that, except its being delivered upon paper instead of *vivâ voce*, they have been attending to a speech. As for dreaming of the author as a being who could sit in Parliament, and uphold the same sentiments, they would as soon think of chairing an abstract idea. They must see a *bonâ fide* waggon, with its true blue orange or green flag, to arrive at such a conclusion. The material keeps the upperhand. Hence the sight of a substantial

Vicar may suggest the necessity of a parsonage and a glebe; but the author is, according to the proverb, "out of sight, out of mind"—a spirituality not to be associated with such tangible temporalities as bread and cheese. He is condemned *par contumace* to dine, *tête-à-tête*, with the Barmecide or Duke Humphrey, whilst, for want of a visible hustings, or velvet cushion, the small still voice of his pages is never conceived of as coming from a patriot, a statesman, a priest, or a prophet. As a case in point: there is a short poem by Southey, called the "Battle of Blenheim," which from the text of some poor fellow's skull who fell in the great victory—

> "For many a thousand bodies there
> Lay rotting in the sun"—

takes occasion to ask what they killed each other for, and what good came of it in the end? These few quaint verses contain the very essence of a primary Quaker doctrine; yet lacking the tangible sign—a drab coat or a broad-brimmed hat—no member of the sect ever yet discovered that, in all but the garb, the peace-loving author was a Friend, moved by the spirit, and holding forth in verse in a strain worthy of the great Fox himself! Is such poetry, then, a *vanity*, or something worthy of all quakerly patronage? Verily, if the copyright had been valued at a thousand pounds the Society ought to have purchased it—printed the poem as a tract—and distributed it by tens of thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands, till every fighting man in the army and navy had a copy, including the marines. The Society, however, has done nothing of the kind; and it has only acted like society in general towards literature, by regarding it as a vanity or luxury rather than as a grand moral engine, capable of advancing the spiritual as well as the temporal interests of

mankind. It has looked upon poets and their kind as common men, and not as spirits that, like the ascending and descending angels in Jacob's vision, hold commerce with the sky itself, and help to maintain the intercourse between earth and heaven.

I have yet a few comments to offer on the charges usually preferred against literary men, but shall reserve them for another and concluding letter.

LETTER III.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

MY DEAR SIR,

Now to the sins which have been laid at the doors, or tied to the knockers of literary men: those offences which are to palliate or excuse such public slights and neglects as I have set forth; or may be, such private ones as selling a presentation copy, perhaps a dedicatory one, as a bookseller would sell the Keepsake, with the author's autograph letters—without the *delicacy* of waiting for his death, or the *policy;* for, as Crabbe says, one's writings then fetch a better price, because there can be no more of them—at a sale of Evans's. Literary men, then, have been charged with being eccentric—and so are comets. They were not created to belong to that mob of undistinguishable—call them not stars, but sparks—constituting the Milky Way. It is a taunt, as old as Chesterfield's Letters, that they are not polished—no more was that Chesterfield's son. They do not dress fashionably, for, if they could afford it, they know better, in a race for immortal fame, than to be *outsiders.* Some, it has been alleged, have run through their

estates, which might have been easily traversed at a walk; and one and all have neglected to save half-a-crown out of sixpence a day. Their disinterestedness has been called imprudence, and their generosity extravagance, by parties who bestow their charity like miser Mould.* The only charge—not a blank charge—that has been discharged against them, their poverty, has been made a crime, and, what is worse, a crime of their own seeking. They have not, it is true, been notorious for hoarding or funding—the last would, in fact, require the creation of a stock on purpose for them—the Short Annuities. They have never any weight in the city, or anywhere else; in cash temperature their pockets are always at Zero. They are not the "warm with," but the "cold without;" but it is to their credit—if they have any credit—that they have not worshipped Plutus. The Muse and Mammon never were in partnership; and it would be a desperate speculation indeed to take to literature as the means of amassing money. He would be a simple Dick Whittington indeed who expected to find its ways paved with philosophers' stones; he must have Dantzic water, with its gold leaf, in his head, who thinks to find Castaly a Pactolus; ass indeed must he be who dreams of browsing on Parnassus, like those asses, which feed on an herb—(a sort of *mint?*)—that turns their very teeth to gold. A line-maker, gifted with brains the gods have made poetical, has no chance of making an independence—like Cogia Hassan Alhabbal, the rope-maker, gifted only with a lump of lead. Look into any palm, and if it contains the lines of poetry,

* An illiterate personage, who always volunteered to go round with his hat, but was suspected of sparing his own pocket. Overhearing, one day, a hint to that effect, he made the following speech:—"Other gentlemen puts down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I gives is *nothing to nobody*."

the owner's fortune may be foretold at once—viz., a hill very hard to climb, and no prospect in life from the top. It is not always even a Mutton Hill, Garlick Hill, or Cornhill (remember Otway), for meat, vegetable, or bread. Let the would-be Crœsus then take up a Bank pen, and address himself to the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street, but not to the Muse: she may give him some "pinch-back," and pinch-front too, but little of the precious metals. Authorship has been pronounced, by a judge on the bench, as but a hand-to-mouth business; and I believe few have ever set up in it as anything else: in fact, did not Crabbe, though a reverend, throw a series of summersets, at least mentally, on the receipt of a liberal sum from a liberal publisher, as if he had just won the capital prize in the grand lottery? Need it be wondered at, then, if men who embrace literature more for love than for lucre, should grasp the adventitious coins somewhat loosely; nay, purposely scatter abroad, like Boaz, a liberal portion of their harvest for those gleaners with whom they have, perhaps, had a hand-and-glove acquaintance—Poverty and Want! If there be the lively sympathy of the brain with the stomach that physiologists have averred, it is more than likely that there is a similar responsive sensibility between the head and the heart; it would be inconsistent, therefore it would be unnatural, if the same fingers that help to trace the woes of human life were but as so many feelers of the polypus Avarice, grasping everything within reach, and retaining it when got. We, know, on the contrary, that the hand of the author of the "Village Poorhouse" was "open as day to melting charity;" so was the house of Johnson munificent in proportion to his means; and as for Goldsmith, he gave more like a rich Citizen of the World than one who had not always his own freedom.

But graver charges than improvidence have been brought

against the literary character—want of principle, and offences against morality and religion. It might be answered, pleading guilty, that in that case authors have only topped the parts allotted to them in the great drama of life—that they have simply acted like vagabonds by law, and scamps by repute, "who have no character to lose, or property to protect;" but I prefer asserting, which I do fearlessly, that literary men, as a body, will bear comparison in point of conduct with any other class. It must not be forgotten that they are subjected to an ordeal quite peculiar, and scarcely milder than the Inquisition. The lives of literary men are proverbially barren of incident, and consequently, the most trivial particulars, the most private affairs, are unceremoniously worked up, to furnish matter for their bald biographies. Accordingly, as soon as the author is defunct, his character is submitted to a sort of Egyptian post-mortem trial; or rather, a moral inquest, with Paul Pry for the coroner, and a Judge of Assize, a Commissioner of Bankrupts, a Jew broker, a Methodist parson, a dramatic licenser, a dancing-master, a master of the ceremonies, a rat-catcher, a bone collector, a parish clerk, a schoolmaster, and a reviewer for a jury. It is the province of these personages to rummage, ransack, scrape together, rake up, ferret out, sniff, detect, analyse, and appraise, all particulars of the birth, parentage, and education, life, character and behaviour, breeding, accomplishments, opinions, and literary performances, of the departed. Secret drawers are searched, private and confidential letters published, manuscripts, intended for the fire, are set up in type, tavern bills and washing bills are compared with their receipts, copies of writs re-copied, inventories taken of effects, wardrobe ticked off by the tailor's account, by-gone toys of youth—billets-doux, snuff-boxes, canes exhibited—discarded hobby-horses are trotted out,—perhaps

even a dissecting surgeon is called in to draw up a minute report of the state of the corpse and its viscera: in short, nothing is spared that can make an item for the clerk to insert in his memoir. Outrageous as it may seem, this is scarcely an exaggeration—for example: who will dare to say that we do not know, at this very hour, more of Goldsmith's affairs than he ever did himself? It is rather wonderful, than otherwise, that the literary character should shine out as it does after such a severe scrutiny. Moreover, it remains yet to be proved that the follies and failings attributed to men of learning and genius are any more their private property than their copyrights after they have expired. There are certain well-educated ignorant people who contend that a little learning is a dangerous thing—for the poor; and as authors are poor, as a class, these hornbook monopolists may feel bound, in consistency, to see that the common errors of humanity are set down in the bill to letters. It is, of course, the black and white schoolmaster's dogs in a manger that bark and growl at the slips and backslidings of literary men; but to decant such cant, and see through it clearly, it is only necessary to remember that a fellow will commit half the sins in the Decalogue, and all the crimes in the Calendar —forgery excepted—without ever having composed even a valentine in verse, or the description of a lost gelding in prose. Finally, if the misdeeds of authors are to be pleaded in excuse of the neglect of literature and literary men, it would be natural to expect to see these practical slights and snubbings falling heaviest on those who have made themselves most obnoxious to rebuke. But the contrary is the case. I will not invidiously point out examples, but let the reader search the record, and he will find, that the lines which have fallen in pleasant places have belonged to men distinguished for anything rather than morality or piety.

The idea, then, of merit having anything to do with the medals, must be abandoned, or we must be prepared to admit a very extraordinary result. It is notorious, that a foreign bird, for a night's warbling, will obtain as much as a native bard—not a second-rate one either—can realise in a whole year: an actor will be paid a sum per night equal to the annual stipend of many a curate; and the twelvemonth's income of an opera-dancer will exceed the revenue of a dignitary of the church. But will any one be bold enough to say, except satirically, that these disproportionate emoluments are due to the superior morality and piety of the concert-room, the opera, and the theatre? They are, in a great measure, the acknowledgments of physical gifts—a well-tuned larynx—a well-turned figure, or light fantastic toes, not at all discountenanced in their vocation for being associated with light fantastic behaviour. Saving, then, an imputed infirmity of temper—and has it not peculiar trials?—the only well-grounded failing the world has to resent, as a characteristic of literary men, is their poverty, whether the necessary result of their position, or of a wilful neglect of their present interests, and improvidence for the future. But what is an author's future, as regards his worldly prosperity? The law, as if judging him incapable of having heirs, absolutely prevents his creating a property, in copyrights, that might be valuable to his descendants. It declares, that the interest of the literary man and literature are not identical, and commends him to the composition of catch-penny works—things of the day and hour; or, so to speak, encourages him to discount his fame. Should he, letting the present shift for itself, and contemning personal privations, devote himself, heart and soul, to some great work or series of works, he may live to see his right and temporal interest in his books pass away from himself to

strangers, and his children deprived of what, as well as his fame, is their just inheritance. At the best he must forego the superintendence of the publication and any foretaste of his success, and like Cumberland, when he contemplated a legacy "for the eventual use and advantage of a beloved daughter," defer the printing of his MSS. till after his decease. As for the present tense of his prosperity, I have shown that his possession is as open to inroad as any estate on the Border Land in days of yore; such is the legal providence that watches over his imputed improvidence! The law, which takes upon itself to guard the interest of lunatics, idiots, minors, and other parties incapable of managing their own affairs, not merely neglects to commonly protect, but connives at the dilapidation of the property of a class popularly supposed to have a touch of that same incompetence. It is, perhaps, rather the indifference of a generous spirit, which remembers to forget its own profit; but even in that case, if the author, like the girl in the fairy tale, drops diamonds and pearls from his lips, without stooping to pick up any for himself, the world he enriches is bound to see that he does not suffer from such a noble disinterestedness. Suppose even that he be a man wide awake to the value of money, the power it confers, the luxuries it may purchase, the consideration it commands—that he is anxious to make the utmost of his literary industry—and literary labour is as worthy of its hire as any other—there is no just principle on which he can be denied the same protection as any other trader. It may happen, also, that his "poverty, and not his will," consents to such a course. In this imperfect world there is nothing without its earthly alloy; and, whilst the mind of the poet is married to a body, he must perform the divine service of the Muses without banishing his dinner-service to the roof of the house, as in that

Brazilian cathedral, which, for want of lead, is tiled with plates and dishes from the Staffordshire potteries. He cannot dwell even in the temple of Parnassus, but must lodge sometimes in an humbler abode, like the old Scotch songsters,

> "With bread and cheese for its door-cheeks,
> And pancakes the rigging o't."

Moreover, as authors—Protestant ones, at least—are not vowed to celibacy, however devoted to poverty, fasting and mortification, there may chance to exist other little corporealities, sprouts, offsets, or suckers, which the nature of the law, as well as the law of nature, refers for sustenance to the parent trunk. Should our bards, jealous of these evidences of their mortality, offer to make a present of them to the parish, under the plea of the *mens divinior*, would not the overseer, or may be the Poor Law Commissioners, shut the workhouse wicket in their faces, and tell them that "the men's divinior must provide for the men's wives and children?" Pure Fame is a glorious draught enough, and the striving for it is a noble ambition; but, alas! few can afford to drink it *neat*. Across the loftiest visions of the poet earthly faces will flit; and even whilst he is gazing on Castaly little familiar voices will murmur in his ear, inquiring if there are no fishes, that can be eaten, to be caught in its waters!

It has happened, according to some inscrutable dispensation, that the mantle of inspiration has commonly descended on shoulders clad in cloth of the humblest texture. Our poets have been Scotch ploughmen, farmers' boys, Northamptonshire peasants, shoe-makers, old servants, milk-women, basket-makers, steel-workers, charity-boys, and the like. Pope's *protégé*, Dodsley, was a footman, and wrote "The Muse in Livery"—you may trace a hint of the double vocation in

his "Economy of Human Life."* Our men of learning and genius have generally been born, not with silver spoons in their mouths, but wooden ladles. Poetry, Goldsmith says, not only found him poor, but kept him so; but has not the law been hitherto lending a hand in the same uncharitable task? Has it not favoured the "Cormorants by the Tree of Knowledge"—the native Bookaneer?—and "a plague the Devil hath added," as Sir J. Overbury calls the foreign pirate.

To give a final illustration of the working of the Law of Copyright Sir Walter Scott, besides being a mighty master of fiction, resembles Defoe in holding himself bound to pay in full all the liabilities he had incurred. But the amount was immense, and he died, no doubt prematurely, from the magnitude of the effort. A genius so illustrious, united with so noble a spirit of integrity, doubly deserved a national monument, and a subscription was opened for the purpose of preserving Abbotsford to his posterity, instead of a public grant to make it a literary Blenheim. I will not stop to inquire whether there was more joy in France when Malbrook was dead than sorrow in Britain, or rather throughout the world, when Scott was no more; but I must point out the striking contrast between two advertisements in a periodical paper which courted my notice on the same page. One was a statement of the amount of the Abbotsford subscription, the other an announcement of a rival edition of one of Sir Walter's works, the copyright of which had expired. Every one may not feel with me the force of this juxtaposition, but I could not help thinking that the interest of any of his immortal productions ought to have belonged either to the

* The man of emulation, who panteth after fame. "The example of eminent men are in his visions by night—*and his delight is to follow them* [query, with a gold-headed cane?] *all the day long!*"

creditors or to the heritage. Can there be heir-looms, I asked myself, and not head-looms?—and looms, too, that have woven such rich tissues of romance? Why is a mental estate, any more than a landed one, made subject to such an Agrarian law?

In spite of all my knowledge of ethics, and all my ignorance of law, I have never yet been able to answer these questions to my own satisfaction. Perchance Mr. Serjeant Talfourd will be prepared with a solution, but, if not, I trust he will give us "the benefit of the doubt," and make an author's copyright heritable property, only subject to alienation by his own act, or in satisfaction of the claims of creditors. Such a measure will tend to retrieve our worldly respectability: instead of being nobodies with nothing, we shall be, if not freeholders, a sort of copyholders, with something between the sky and the centre, that we can call our own. It may be but a nominal possession, but if it were of any value, why should it be made common for the benefit of the Company of Stationers? They drink enough out of our living heads, without quaffing out of our skulls, like the kings of Dahomey. As to the probability of their revivals of authors who were adored, but have fallen into neglect and oblivion,—remembering how the trade boggled at Robinson Crusoe, and the Vicar of Wakefield—there would be as much chance of a speculative lawyer reviving such dormant titles. For my own part, I am far from expecting, personally, any pecuniary advantages from such an arrangement; but I have some regard for the abstract right. There is always a certain sense of humiliation attendant on finding that we are made exceptions, as if incapable or undeserving of the enjoyment of equal justice. And can there be a more glaring anomaly than that, whilst our private property is thrown open and made common, we daily see other commons enclosed

and made private property? One thing is certain, that, by taking this high ground at once, and making copyright analogous in tenure to the soil itself—and it pays its land tax in the shape of a tax upon paper—its defence may be undertaken with a better grace, against trespass at home, or invasion from abroad. For, after all, what does the pirate or Bookaneer commit at present, but a sort of practical anachronism, by anticipating a period when the right of printing will belong to everybody in the world, including the man in the moon!

Such, it appears to me, is the grand principle upon which the future law of copyright ought to be based. I am aware that I have treated the matter somewhat commercially: but I have done so, partly because in that light principally the legislature will have to deal with it; and still more, because it is desirable, for the sake of literature and literary men, that they should have every chance of independence, rather than be compelled to look to extraneous sources for their support. Learning and genius, worthily directed and united to common industry, surely deserve, at least, a competence; and that their possessors should be something better than a Jarkman; that is to say, "one who can write and read, yea, some of them have a smattering in the Latin tongue, which learning of theirs advances them in office *amongst the beggars*." The more moderate in proportion the rate of their usual reward, the more scrupulously ought every particle of their interests to be promoted and protected so as to spare, if possible, the necessity of private benefactions or public collections for the present distress, and "Literary Retreats" for the future. Let the weight and worth of literature in the state be formally recognised by the legislature:—let the property of authors be protected, and the upholding of the literary character will rest on their

heads. They will, perhaps, recollect that their highest office is to make the world wiser and better; their lowest, to entertain and amuse it without making it worse. For the rest, bestow on literary men their fair share of public honours and employments,—concede to them, as they deserve, a distinguished rank in the social system, and they will set about effacing such blots as now tarnish their escutcheons. The surest way to make a class indifferent to reputation is to give it a bad name. Hence Literature having been publicly underrated, and its professors having been treated as vagabonds, scamps, fellows, "without character to lose or property to protect," we have seen conduct to match,—reviewers, forgetful of common courtesy, common honesty, and common charity, misquoting, misrepresenting, and indulging in the grossest personalities, even to the extent of ridiculing bodily defects and infirmities—political partisans bandying scurrilous names, and scolding like Billingsgate mermaids—and authors so far trampling on the laws of morals, and the rights of private life, as to write works capable of being puffed off as club books got up amongst the Snakes, Sneerwells, Candors, and Backbites, of the School for Scandal.

And now, before I close, I will here place on record my own obligations to Literature: a debt so immense, as not to be cancelled, like that of nature, by death itself. I owe to it something more than my earthly welfare. Adrift early in life upon the great waters—as pilotless as Wordsworth's blind boy afloat in the turtle-shell—if I did not come to shipwreck, it was, that in default of paternal or fraternal guidance, I was rescued, like the ancient mariner, by guardian spirits, "each one a lovely light," who stood as beacons to my course. Infirm health, and a natural love of reading, happily threw me, instead of worse society, into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages—to me good angels and ministers of

grace. From these silent instructors—who often do more than fathers, and always more than godfathers, for our temporal and spiritual interests—from these mild monitors —no importunate tutors, teasing Mentors, moral taskmasters, obtrusive advisers, harsh censors, or wearisome lecturers— but, delightful associates—I learned something of the divine, and more of the human religion. They were my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, and my guides among the Delectable Mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of undigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, and bewildering doubts —when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness like a new creation, and gave it "two great lights," Hope and Memory—the past for a moon, and the future for a sun.

> Hence have I genial seasons—hence have I
> Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thoughts;
> And thus from day to day my little boat
> Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
> Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
> Oh! might my name be number'd among theirs,
> How gladly would I end my mortal days.

[The "Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.," which here follows, was one of the results of a blind and unrelenting persecution, to which my father was life-long subjected, and which drew from him those few really bitter bursts of indignation at cant and hypocrisy, which to this day make serious folk lift up their eyes at times.

Mr. Rae Wilson, who but for this Ode would probably be by this time forgotten, was only one of those who assailed my father, on what should surely be the most private matter,—his religion;—and too often in language, which gentlemen and Christians do not apply to each other, but which some sectaries seem to consider the very Shibboleth of piety.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

MY DEAR SIR,

The following Ode was written anticipating the tone of some strictures on my writings, by the gentleman to whom it is addressed. I have not seen his book; but I know by hearsay that some of my verses are characterised as "profaneness and ribaldry"—citing, in proof, the description of a certain sow, from whose jaw a cabbage sprout—

> "Protruded, as the dove so staunch
> For peace supports an olive branch."

If the printed works of my Censor had not prepared me for any misapplication of *types*, I should have been surprised by this misapprehension of one of the commonest emblems. In some cases the dove unquestionably stands for the Divine Spirit; but the same bird is also a lay representative of the peace of this world, and, as such, has figured time out of mind in allegorical pictures. The sense in which it was used by me is plain from the context; at least, it would be plain to any one but a fisher for faults, predisposed to carp at some things, to dab at others, and to flounder in all. But I am possibly in error. It is the female swine, perhaps, that is profaned in the eyes of the Oriental tourist. Men find

strange ways of marking their intolerance; and the spirit is certainly strong enough, in Mr. W.'s works, to set up a creature as sacred, in sheer opposition to the Mussulman, with whom she is a beast of abomination. It would only be going the whole sow.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

"Close, close your eyes with holy dread,
And weave a circle round him thrice;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."—COLERIDGE.

"It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be."—*Old Ballad.*

A WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,
Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,
Where rolls between us the eternal sea,
Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand,—
Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall;
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call;
Across the wavy waste between us stretch'd,
A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,
Wherein my likeness you have darkly etch'd,
And though I have not seen the shadow sketch'd,
Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features:—in a line to paint
Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint.
Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,

Censors who sniff out mortal taints,
And call the devil over his own coals—
Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,
Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibb'd;
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,
Commending sinners, not to ice thick-ribb'd,
But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax—
Yet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they'd cribb'd
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!

Of such a character no single trace
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face;
There wants a certain cast about the eye;
A certain lifting of the nose's tip;
A certain curling of the nether lip,
In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky;
In brief it is an aspect deleterious,
A face decidedly not serious,
A face profane, that would not do at all
To make a face at Exeter Hall,—
That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,
And laud each other face to face,
Till ev'ry farthing-candle *ray*
Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace

Well!—be the graceless lineaments confest!
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;
And dote upon a jest
"Within the limits of becoming mirth;"—
No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious—
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious
To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.

I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;
And love my neighbour far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract
That's turn'd by application to a libel.
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As anybody's rotten borough.

What else? no part I take in party fray,
With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging tartars,
I fear no Pope—and let great Ernest play
At Fox and Goose with Fox's Martyrs!
I own I laugh at over-righteous men,
I own I shake my sides at ranters,
And treat sham-Abr'am saints with wicked banters,
I even own, that there are times—but then
It's when I've got my wine—I say d—— canters!

I've no ambition to enact the spy
On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry—
'Tis said that people ought to guard their noses,
Who thrust them into matters none of theirs;
And tho' no delicacy discomposes
Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray'rs
Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.

On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk;
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—
For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat;
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
A man has got his belly full of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!

Mere verbiage,—it is not worth a carrot!
Why, Socrates—or Plato—where's the odds?—
Once taught a jay to supplicate the Gods,
And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot!

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is
Not a whit better than a Mantis,—
An insect, of what clime I can't determine,
That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,
By simple savages—thro' sheer pretence—
Is reckon'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.

But where's the reverence, or where the *nous*,
To ride on one's religion thro' the lobby,
Whether a stalking-horse or hobby,
To show its pious paces to "the House?"

I honestly confess that I would hinder
The Scottish member's legislative rigs,
That spiritual Pinder,
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,
That must be lash'd by law, wherever found.
And driv'n to church, as to the parish pound.
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,
I view that grovelling idea as one

Worthy some parish clerk's ambitious son,
A charity-boy, who longs to be a beadle.

On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd
How much a man can differ from his neighbour:
One wishes worship freely giv'n to God,
Another wants to make it statute-labour—
The broad distinction in a line to draw,
As means to lead us to the skies above,
You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,
And I—the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?

I do confess that I abhor and shrink
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—
My soul revolts at such a bare hypocrisy,
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
The Lord of Hosts with an Exclusive Lord
Of this world's aristocracy.
It will not own a notion so unholy,
As thinking that the rich by easy trips
May go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial sod
Where all mankind are equalised by death;
Another place there is—the Fane of God,
Where all are equal, who draw living breath;—
Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole—
He who can come beneath that awful cope,
In the dread presence of a Maker just,
Who metes to ev'ry pinch of human dust
One even measure of immortal hope—
He who can stand within that holy door,
With soul unbow'd by that pure spirit-level,
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—
Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil!

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,
In your last Journey-Work, perchance you ravage,
Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say
I'm but a heedless, creedless, godless savage;
A very Guy, deserving fire and faggots,—
A Scoffer, always on the grin,
And sadly given to the mortal sin
Of liking Mawworms less than merry maggots!

The humble records of my life to search,
I have not herded with mere pagan beasts;
But sometimes I have "sat at good men's feasts,'
And I have been "where bells have knoll'd to church."
Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!
And trembling all about the breezy dells

As flutter'd by the wings of Cherubim.
Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn;
And lost to sight th' ecstatic lark above
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,—
With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon;—
O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels and Doubters!
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?

A man may cry "Church! Church!" at ev'ry word,
With no more piety than other people—
A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.
The Temple is a good, a holy place,
But quacking only gives it an ill savour;
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavour!

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
Who, binding up his Bible with his Ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,
A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak
Against the wicked remnant of the week,
A saving bet against his sinful bias—
"Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,
"I lie—I cheat—do anything for pelf,
But who on earth can say I am not pious?"

In proof how over-righteousness re-acts,
Accept an anecdote well based on facts.

One Sunday morning—(at the day don't fret)—
In riding with a friend to Ponder's End
Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend
A certain mansion that we saw To Let.
"Ay," cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple,
"You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it
'Twas built by the same man as built yon chapel,
And master wanted once to buy it,—
But t'other driv the bargain much too hard—
He ax'd sure-*ly* a sum purdigious!
But being so particular religious,
Why, *that*, you see, put master on his guard!"

Church is "a little heav'n below,
I have been there and still would go,"—
Yet I am none of those, who think it odd
A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,
And, passing by the customary hassock,
Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,
And sue in formâ pauperis to God.

As for the rest,—intolerant to none,
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,
Ev'n the poor Pagan's homage to the Sun
I would not harshly scorn, lest even there
I spurn'd some elements of Christian pray'r—
An aim, tho' erring, at a "world ayont"—
Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility,
A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed
That very thing so many Christians want—
Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews or turban'd Turks,
Such is my spirit—(I don't mean my wraith!)
Such, may it please you, is my humble faith;
I know, full well, you do not like my *works!*
I have not sought, 'tis true, the Holy Land,
As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,
The Bible in one hand,
And my own common-place-book in the other—
But you have been to Palestine—alas!
Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,
Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther!
Worthless are all such Pilgrimages—very!
If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive
The human heats and rancour to revive
That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury.
A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,
To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,
Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,
Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,
At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,
Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull
Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak!

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,
Scotland, renown'd for sanctity of old,
Far distant Catholics to rate and scold
For—doing as the Romans do at Rome?
With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit
The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,
About the graceless images to flit,
And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers,

Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collops?—
People who hold such absolute opinions
Should stay at home, in Protestant dominions,
Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,
Yet weak at the same time,
Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;
And as the climate and the soil may grant,
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
Consider then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,
You aim your club at any creed on earth,
That, by the simple accident of birth,
You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

For me—thro' heathen ignorance perchance,
Not having knelt in Palestine,—I feel
None of that griffinish excess of zeal,
Some travellers would blaze with here in France.
Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,
Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker
Like crazy Quixote at the puppet's play,
If their "offence be rank," should mine be *rancour*?
Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan
To cure the dark and erring mind;
But who would rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop
Around a canker'd stem should twine,
What Kentish boor would tear away the prop
So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the bine?

The images, 'tis true, are strangely dress'd,
With gauds and toys extremely out of season;
The carving nothing of the very best,
The whole repugnant to the eye of reason,
Shocking to Taste, and to Fine Arts a treason—
Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect
One truly *Catholic*, one common form,
At which uncheck'd
All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,
One bright and balmy morning, as I went
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,
If hard by the wayside I found a cross,
That made me breathe a pray'r upon the spot—
While Nature of herself, as if to trace
The emblem's use, had trail'd around its base
The blue significant Forget-me-not?
Methought, the claims of Charity to urge
More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,
The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge
Of a delicious slope,
Giving the eye much variegated scope;—
"Look round," it whisper'd "on that prospect rare,
Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue;
Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh, and fair,
But"—(how the simple legend pierced me thro'!)
"PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX."

With sweet kind natures, as in honey'd cells,
Religion lives, and feels herself at home;
But only on a formal visit dwells
Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.

Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,
Fancy a peacock in a poultry yard.
Behold him in conceited circles sail,
Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,
In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!
As for the humble breed retain'd by man,
He scorns the whole domestic clan—
He bows, he bridles,
He wheels, he sidles,
At last, with stately dodgings in a corner
He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her
Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!
"Look here," he cries (to give him words),
"Thou feather'd clay—thou scum of birds!"
Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes,—
"Look here, thou vile predestined sinner,
Doom'd to be roasted for a dinner,
Behold these lovely variegated dyes!
These are the rainbow colours of the skies,
That Heav'n has shed upon me *con amore*—
A Bird of Paradise?—a pretty story!
I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!
Look at my crown of glory!

Thou dingy, dirty, drabbled, draggled jill!"
And off goes Partlet, wriggling from a kick,
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill!
That little simile exactly paints
How sinners are despised by saints.
By saints!—the Hypocrites that ope heav'n's door
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches—
But put the wicked, naked, barelegg'd poor,
In parish stocks instead of breeches.

The Saints!—the Bigots that in public spout,
Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fustian,
And go like walking "Lucifers" about
Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints!—the aping Fanatics that talk
All cant and rant, and rhapsodies highflown—
That bid you baulk
A Sunday walk,
And shun God's work as you should shun your own.

The Saints!—the Formalists, the extra pious,
Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,
By trundling with a mere mechanic bias,
To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl!

The Saints!—the Pharisees, whose beadle stands
Beside a stern coercive kirk.
A piece of human mason-work,
Calling all sermons contrabands,
In that great Temple that's not made with hands!

Thrice blessed, rather, is the man, with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,
Recall the good Creator to his creature,
Making all earth a fane, all heav'n its dome!
To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chant of clerk;
For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet;
The sod's a cushion for his pious want;
And, consecrated by the heav'n within it,
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians
Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dust,
Is stoked, coked, smoked, and almost choked; but must
Religion have its own Utilitarians,
Labell'd with evangelical phylacteries,
To make the road to heav'n a railway trust,
And churches—that's the naked fact—mere factories?

Oh! simply open wide the Temple door,
And let the solemn, swelling, organ greet,
With *Voluntaries* meet,
The willing advent of the rich and poor!
And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,

With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
And brooks with music of their own,
Voices may come to swell the choral song
With notes of praise they learn'd in musings lone.

How strange it is while on all vital questions,
That occupy the House and public mind,
We always meet with some humane suggestions
Of gentle measures of a healing kind,
Instead of harsh severity and vigour,
The Saint alone his preference retains
For bills of penalties and pains,
And marks his narrow code with legal rigour!
Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,
What men of all political persuasion
Extol—and even use upon occasion—
That Christian principle, Conciliation?
But possibly the men who make such fuss
With Sunday pippins and old Trots infirm,
Attach some other meaning to the term,
As thus:

One market morning, in my usual rambles,
Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,
Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter,
I had to halt awhile, like other folks,
To let a killing butcher coax
A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.

A sturdy man he look'd to fell an ox,
Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak

Of well-greased hair down either cheek,
As if he dee-dash-dee'd some other flocks
Beside those woolly-headed stubborn blocks
That stood before him, in vexatious huddle—
Poor little lambs, with bleating wethers group'd,
While, now and then, a thirsty creature stoop'd
And meekly snuff'd, but did not taste the puddle.

Fierce bark'd the dog, and many a blow was dealt,
That loin, and chump, and scrag and saddle felt,
Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it,—
And shunn'd the tainted door as if they smelt
Onions, mint sauce, and lemon juice behind it.
At last there came a pause of brutal force,
The cur was silent, for his jaws were full
Of tangled locks of tarry wool,
The man had whoop'd and holloed till dead hoarse.
The time was ripe for mild expostulation,
And thus it stammer'd from a stander-by—
"Zounds!—my good fellow,—it quite makes me—why,
It really—my dear fellow—do just try
Conciliation!"

Stringing his nerves like flint,
The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,—
At least he seized upon the foremost wether,—
And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop
Just *nolens volens* thro' the open shop—
If tails come off he didn't care a feather,—
Then walking to the door and smiling grim,
He rubb'd his forehead and his sleeve together—
"There!—I have *con*ciliated him!"

Again—good-humouredly to end our quarrel—
(Good humour should prevail!)
I'll fit you with a tale,
Whereto is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass
Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,
Cough, hectic flushes, ev'ry evil sign,
That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,
The Doctors gave her over—to an ass.
Accordingly, the grisly Shade to bilk,
Each morn the patient quaff'd a frothy bowl
Of asinine new milk,
Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal
Which got proportionably spare and skinny—
Meanwhile the neighbours cried "poor Mary Ann!
She can't get over it! she never can!"
When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny
The one that died was the poor wetnurse Jenny.

To aggravate the case,
There were but two grown donkeys in the place;
And most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,
The other long-ear'd creature was a male,
Who never in his life had given a pail
Of milk, or even chalk and water.
No matter: at the usual hour of eight
Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,
With Mister Simon Gubbins on its back,—
"Your sarvant, Miss,—a werry spring-like day,—
Bad time for hasses tho'! good lack! good lack!
Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I'ze brought ye Jack,
He doesn't give no milk—but he can bray."

So runs the story,
And, in vain self-glory,
Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his bliudness—
But what the better are their pious saws
To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,
Without the milk of human kindness?

[This Letter in the "Athenæum," referring to the "Comic" for 1838, appears to be intended to contradict an advertisement which announced it for November. What would my father have thought of the style adopted by many of the Magazines now—which are issued every month about a week before their dates?]

Dear Sirs,

Having seen in the newspapers a stamped rumour that "The Comic" will appear on the 1st of November, I beg you will take prompt measures to contradict the report.

To say nothing of courtesy or modesty, it would be the height of impolicy for "The Comic" to offer itself to public notice so near the publication of that "Splendid Annual," the Lord Mayor of London; particularly when he is coming out with Extraordinary Embellishments, under the Especial Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen. If I were capable of the vanity and indelicacy of leading up to such honours, I know enough of cards to be aware that a Court Blaze sweeps the Board; and truly my poor ninth Volume would make a very sorry show indeed near such an effulgent Ninth of November!

You will be pleased, therefore, to chain up your circulars, muzzle your paragraphs, hoard your puffs, save your chalk, husband your broadsides, restrain your bill-stickers, postpone your placard men, and all the other immodesties that modest merit is compelled to commit in this age of speaking

trumpets and gongs, till after the gorgeous solemnity. Then at such interval as may seem safe, my humble piece of work may be brought forward at Cornhill with some chance of attracting attention; but pray do not be rash: keep my "pretty pages" at a secure distance from the heels of the City Marshal's charger.

I think I told you that I had picked up some little German whims and oddities during a halt by the Rhine, and a march with a Prussian regiment. They are in a fair way for getting on box-wood and into paper and print; and you may therefore add them to my list of irons in the fire.

N.B. The fire is not only laid but lighted, in witness whereof I send you one of the sticks, that is to say, the blocks.

I am, dear sirs,

Yours truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

[In this year two papers, one on Fly-fishing, and one on Donkey-racing, appeared in Nimrod's "Sporting," a book now out of print, and not likely, I believe, to be republished. Permission to make use of these papers for the present Edition has been refused by the proprietor of that work. The reason of this may be discovered, by those curious in the matter, in the second chapter of the second volume of the Memorials, and in a letter of my father's, to be found on page 829 of the Athenæum for 1840—a letter of which I beg my readers by no means to omit the perusal.]

THE

DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM,

The Murderer.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

WITH DESIGNS BY W. HARVEY.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

E. MOXON, SON, & CO., DOVER STREET.

DEDICATION.

To J. H. REYNOLDS, Esq.

DEAR REYNOLDS,

Induced to this reprint by a series of Illustrations from the pencil of an Artist whose genius you highly estimate; remembering some partiality you have expressed for the Poem itself;—and, above all, that you stand nearest to me in a stricter form of the brotherhood which the Dream is intended to enforce; I feel that I cannot inscribe it more appropriately or more willingly than to yourself. It will be accepted I know, with the kind feeling which is mutual between you and

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

PREFACE.

THE remarkable name of Eugene Aram, belonging to a man of unusual talents and acquirements, is unhappily associated with a deed of blood as extraordinary in its details, as any recorded in our calendar of crime. In the year 1745, being then an Usher, and deeply engaged in the study of Chaldee, Hebrew, Arabic, and the Celtic dialects, for the formation of a Lexicon, he abruptly turned over a still darker page in human knowledge, and the brow that learning might have made illustrious, was stamped ignominious for ever with the brand of Cain. To obtain a trifling property, he concerted with an accomplice, and with his own hand effected, the violent death of one Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. For fourteen years nearly the secret slept with the victim in the earth of St. Robert's Cave, and the manner of its discovery would appear a striking example of the Divine Justice, even amongst those marvels narrated in that curious old volume, alluded to in the Fortunes of Nigel, under its quaint title of "God's Revenge Against Murther."

The accidental digging up of a skeleton, and the unwary and emphatic declaration of Aram's accomplice, that it could not be that of Clarke, betraying a guilty knowledge of the true bones, he was wrought to a confession of their deposit. The learned homicide was seized and arraigned; and a trial of uncommon interest was wound up by a defence as memo-

rable as the tragedy itself for eloquence and ingenuity; —too ingenious for innocence, and eloquent enough to do credit even to that long premeditation which the interval between the deed and its discovery had afforded. That this dreary period had not passed without paroxysms of remorse, may be inferred from a fact of affecting interest. The late Admiral Burney was a scholar, at the school at Lynn, in Norfolk, where Aram was an Usher, subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated that Aram was beloved by the boys, and that he used to discourse to them of Murder, not occasionally, as I have written elsewhere, but constantly, and in somewhat of the spirit ascribed to him in the Poem.

For the more imaginative part of the version I must refer back to one of those unaccountable visions, which come upon us like frightful monsters thrown up by storms from the great black deeps of slumber. A lifeless body, in love and relationship the nearest and dearest, was imposed upon my back, with an overwhelming sense of obligation—not of filial piety merely, but some awful responsibility, equally vague and intense, and involving, as it seemed, inexpiable sin, horrors unutterable, torments intolerable,—to bury my dead, like Abraham, out of my sight. In vain I attempted, again and again, to obey the mysterious mandate—by some dreadful process the burthen was replaced with a more stupendous weight of injunction, and an appalling conviction of the impossibility of its fulfilment. My mental anguish was indescribable;—the mighty agonies of souls tortured on the supernatural racks of sleep are not to be penned—and if in sketching those that belong to blood-guiltiness I have been at all successful, I owe it mainly to the uninvoked inspiration of that terrible dream.

T. H.

THE

DEFENCE OF EUGENE ARAM.

For the convenience of those who cannot readily refer to the *Biographia Britannica*, or the *Newgate Calendar*, the defence of EUGENE ARAM is appended. It was apparently delivered, like the more recent one of Thurtell, as if extempore; but was, no doubt, got as much by head, and certainly more by heart, than the set oration of the gravel-hearted Barnadine, of Gill's Hill.

"MY LORD,

"I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar, and at this time, to attempt a defence, incapable and uninstructed as I am to speak; since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with I know not what expectancy, I labour not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity; for, having never seen a Court but this, being wholly unacquainted with law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it exceeds my hope if I shall be able to speak at all.

"I have heard, my lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest crime, with an enormity I am altogether incapable of; a fact, to the commission of which there goes far more insensibility of heart, more profligacy of morals, than ever fell to my lot; and nothing possibly could have admitted a presumption of this nature but a depravity not inferior to that imputed to me. However, as I stand indicted at your lordship's bar, and have heard what is called evidence adduced in support of such a charge, I very humbly solicit your

lordship's patience, and beg the hearing of this respectable audience, while I, single and unskilful, destitute of friends, and unassisted by counsel, say something, perhaps like argument, in my defence. I shall consume but little of your lordship's time; what I have to say will be short; and this brevity, probably, will be the best part of it; however, it is offered with all possible regard and the greatest submission to your lordship's consideration, and that of this honourable Court.

"First, my lord, the whole tenour of my conduct in life contradicts every particular of the indictment; yet had I never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no schemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's person or property! my days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious; and I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unseasonable, but, at least, deserving some attention; because, my lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy precipitately and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind is never corrupted at once; villainy is always progressive, and declines from right, step after step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of all moral obligation totally perishes.

"Again, my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to health; for, but a little space before, I had been confined to my bed, and suffered under a very long and severe

disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me, indeed - yet slowly, and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches; and, so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could, then, a person in this condition take anything into his head so unlikely, so extravagant? I, past the vigour of my age, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact; without interest, without power, without motive, without means.

"Besides, it must needs occur to every one that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of but when its springs are laid open; it appears that it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real or some imaginary want: yet I lay not under the influence of any of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistently with both truth and modesty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this.

"In the second place, the disappearance of Clarke is suggested as an argument of his being dead; but the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort from such a circumstance, are too obvious and too notorious to require instances; yet, superseding many, permit me to produce a very recent one, and that afforded by this castle.

"In June, 1757, William Thompson, for all the vigilance of this place, in open daylight, and double-ironed, made his escape; and, notwithstanding an immediate inquiry set on foot, the strictest search, and all advertisement, was never seen or heard of since. If then Thompson got off unseen, through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clarke, when none of them opposed him? But what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson?

"Permit me next, my lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said (which, perhaps, is saying very far), that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible, indeed, it may; but is there any certain known criterion which incontestably distinguishes the sex in human bones. Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

"The place of their depositum, too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for, of all places in the world, none could have mentioned any one wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones than a hermitage, except he should point out a church-yard; hermitages, in time past, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too: and it has scarce, or never, been heard of, but that every cell now known contains, or contained, these relics of humanity; some mutilated, and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary Sanctity, and here the hermit or the anchoress hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed when living.

"All the while, my lord, I am sensible this is known to your lordship, and many in the Court, better than to me; but it seems necessary to my case that others, who have not at all, perhaps, adverted to things of this nature, and may have concern in my trial, should be made acquainted with it. Suffer me then, my lord, to produce a few of many evidences that these cells were used as repositories of the dead, and to enumerate a few in which human bones have been found, as it happened in this question; lest, to some, that accident might seem extraordinary, and, consequently, occasion prejudice.

"1. The bones, as was supposed, of the Saxon Saint, Dubritius, were discovered buried in his cell at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

"2. The bones, thought to be those of the anchoress Rosia,

were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain interred for several centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukely.

"3. But my own country, nay, almost this neighbourhood, supplies another instance; for in January, 1747, were found, by Mr. Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentleman, the bones, in part, of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholm, near Hatfield. They were believed to be those of William of Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

"4. In February, 1744, part of Woburn Abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpse appeared, even with the flesh on, and which bore cutting with a knife; though it is certain this had lain above two hundred years, and how much longer is doubtful; for this abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538 or 1539. What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

"Farther, my lord:—it is not yet out of living memory that at a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriot baronet who does that borough the honour to represent it in parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at his head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

"About the same time, and in another field, almost close to this borough, was discovered also, in searching for gravel, another human skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

"Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of these in question may appear more singular and extraordinary? whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, in

commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones; and our present allotments for rest for the departed are but of some centuries.

"Another particular seems not to claim a little of your lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell: and in the cell in question was found but one; agreeable, in this, to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon. But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some labourer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clarke's as this. My lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, and chance exposed? And might not a place where bones lay be mentioned by a person by chance as well as found by a labourer by chance? Or is it more criminal accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?

"Here too is a human skull produced, which is fractured; but was this the cause, or was it the consequence, of death? was it owing to violence, or was it the effect of natural decay? If it was violence, was that violence before or after death? My lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William, lord archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in this cathedral, and the bones of the skull were found broken; yet certainly he died by no violence offered to him alive that could occasion the fracture there.

"Let it be considered, my lord, that, upon the dissolution of religious houses, and the commencement of the Reformation, the ravages of those times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken up, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished; and it ceased about the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I entreat your lordship, suffer not the violence, the depredations, and the iniquities of those times, to be imputed to this.

"Moreover, what gentleman here is ignorant that Knaresborough had a castle, which, though now a ruin, was once considerable both for its strength and garrison? All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of the Parliament; at which siege, in sallies, conflicts, flights, pursuits, many fell in all the places round it, and, where they fell, were buried; for every place, my lord, is burial earth in war; and many, questionless, of these rest yet unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover.

"I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and the integrity of this place, to impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done—what nature may have taken off, and piety interred—or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

"As to the circumstances that have been raked together, I have nothing to observe but that all circumstances whatever are precarious, and have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible; even the strongest have failed. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability, yet they are but probability still. Why need I name to your lordship the two Harrisons recorded by Dr. Howell, who both suffered upon circumstances because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affair of Jacques de Moulin, under King Charles II., related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? and why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocently, though convicted upon positive evidence; and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiously admitted king's evidence; who, to screen himself, equally accused Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dun; the first of whom, in 1749,

was executed at Winchester; and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of Gosport hospital?

"Now, my lord, having endeavoured to show that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time; that no rational inference can be drawn that a person is dead who suddenly disappears; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse; that the proofs of this are well authenticated; that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, have mangled or buried the dead; the conclusion remains, perhaps, no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, at last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candour, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship: and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they cours'd about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees;

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanc'd aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-ey'd.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp;
"Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

The young boy gave an upward glance,
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

And how the sprites of injur'd men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name!

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone.

"Oh, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream.

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleans'd my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy Cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare.

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!